THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Stewart Edward White—Brigadier General Mitchell—Victor Shawe—Tony Sarg
Kenneth L. Roberts—Thomas McMorrow—F. Scott Fitzgerald—Freeman Tilden

"Best in the Long Run"

Stand Up Under Heavy Loads . . . "Equipped our 6½ ton Pierce Arrow Truck with four 40 x 7 Goodrich Tractor Type Truck Tires about a year ago..Service rendered satisfactory...Truck hauls a trailer.., When both are loaded weight is about 14 tons .....Tires have gone nearly 14,000 miles, and still going strong ....Best nonskid solid tires we ever used ... No occasion to use chains."

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..... Allen Bros., Los Angeles, Calif.

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WHAT YOU ALWAYS NOTICE FIRST
—AND LAST

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*Feature for Spring: Piping Rock Flannels, exclusive, moderate in price

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5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.

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"This is a timely presentation of the case."

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TILLICUM

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

FOR the first time since his marriage Marshall found himself again in Vancouver, and again strolling idly down the backbone of the peninsula on which that fortunate city is situated. As was the case two years before, the day was crisp with early spring. Coal Harbor gleamed blue on one side, and on the other the wide waters of English Bay twinkled under a singing breeze. Lion Peaks rose high and snow-clad across the way, and the masts of tall ships. Even the same birds apparently made the same cheerful remarks to him from the shrubbery of the tiny park through which his steps led him.

But, he reflected, the situation had very considerably altered since that former occasion. Then he had been sick to the death of a profound indifference; unable either to live or die with any satisfaction to himself; at loose ends with the universe; with no future, with no past that he cared to remember, and the present gray. Now he was happily married to a woman whose possibilities, he felt, would suffice for the explorations of several lifetimes. Each of his days rose with a song of invitation and each seemed to reveal to him new energies of which he would never have believed himself capable. The beginning of the change, of the cure of his spirit, had taken place in this city.

Indeed, as he looked about him, he told himself it must have been on this very street. Yes; yonder was the square brick house where he had first met that queer, humorous, wise, human entity who had called himself the healer of souls, and who had led him forth into the series of adventures that had culminated in a complete cure and an equally complete wife. After which the magician had disappeared for foreign parts, leaving his sister and her new husband to the manifold devices possible to youth and wealth.

Marshall crossed the street. He knew that the square brick house had been only a temporary abode—in fact rented for the week; but his sentimental interest for it was strong. As he drew nearer he could mark no alteration. It was one of those houses ageless with commonplace. Its picket fence, its bit of lawn, its hydrangeas and geraniums, its brick squareness, its cupola atop, its wooden veranda, its prim lace curtains—had not changed, would never change until the whole fabric should be overwhelmed by a commercial expansion that, in this quiet street, could not take place for many years. Even the corner where the healer of souls had displayed his fantastic business plate was now furnished with a similar brass sign; probably, Marshall supposed, of dressmaking or millinery or some kindred respectable calling. Nothing was changed. It might have been two years agone.

Then abruptly he stopped short, his eyes starting from his head. He shut the said eyes tight, then opened them again to see if they insisted on the same report. They did. There was no doubt of it. The sign was of brass; it had been recently and sedulously polished. X. ANAXAGORAS, HEALER OF SOULS, was the inscription it carried.

Marshall stood electrified. It was unbelievable! He pushed open the gate, strode to the door, jerked at the old-fashioned bell pull. Apparently the same maid admitted him to the same interior, ushered him into the same banal commonplace parlor. She took his card and disappeared. It seemed to him that her manner, even, was that of two years ago. She seemed to be suppressing an amusement for the sake of that rigid propriety appropriate to well-trained maids. The same echo of a closing door. The same breathless silence should have been broken by the ticking of the ormolu clock, which, however, continued fatuously to believe that it was twenty minutes past eight. These things could not be! They were of the past. Their elements had been long scattered. The house, after its week's tenancy, should have passed into other hands which must somewhere have left their impress. The maid should have quit domestic service to sell things in some shop in Granville Street. Somebody should have wound or repaired the ormolu clock or chucked it disgustedly into an ash bin. A vanished episode that should live only in memory seemed to have been reconstructed from the invisible where memories dwell. An absurd wave of panic swept through the young man. He was seized with a sudden impulse to escape, to rush forth to assure himself that the Spindrift actually lay at anchor in Coal Harbor; that Betsy existed and was aboard her; that the past two years were realities, and that he was not in very truth back in that other May morning.

The maid reappeared. He arose and followed her to the same small consulting room at the back with the blue walls and the blue glass in the windows and the flat-topped desk and the two chairs. He seated himself in one of the latter and stared at the ornamental door opposite. After an interval, he felt impelled to address the emptiness; and, strangely enough, after he had done so, he realized that he had used about the same words as before.

"I'm sufficiently impressed," he said. "Come in." Then he added on his own account, "Don't be absurd, Sid. Explain yourself."

But he obtained no response. With a shrug, he settled back to wait. The eerie feeling was passing. Another of his brother-in-law's eccentricities. Useless to try to force the issue.

At the end of five minutes the ornamental door opened to admit a young man clad in the white of a hospital surgeon. He entered briskly, and ignoring Marshall's eager start of welcome, seated himself on the opposite side of the desk.

"Sit down, Mr. Marshall," he commanded authoritatively. "I am pleased to see you here again."

"Goodness, Plutarch!" Cried Betsy. "How Do You Do It? You Always Give Me Jumps Appearing Suddenly Like That"

"What in the world are you doing here?" cried Marshall. "I thought you were in India!"

"I recently returned."

"But what in the world is all this flummery? And how are you, anyway? And why didn't you let us know? Betsy is here. We have the Spindrift down in the harbor. She'll be crazy to see you."

But the healer of souls did not abate his extreme formality.

"I am, of course, aware of those facts," said he. "But let us first of all attend to the matter of this consultation." He drew a pad of paper toward him and poised his pencil.

"Good Lord, Sid, drop it!" cried Marshall, vexed. "I'm not consulting you. There's nothing the matter with me."

X. Anaxagoras listened impersonally and made a note on his pad.

"Ah!" he remarked cryptically. "And then?"

"And then what?" demanded Marshall. "Come, be human!"

"You have stated that you are unaware of the fact that you require treatment," stated the healer of souls. "Then what, in your mind, is the reason for consulting me?"

Marshall surveyed him disgustedly.

"Well," he remarked at last with elaborate sarcasm, "as you happen to be my brother-in-law, not to speak of being what I consider a pretty good friend; and as I haven't seen you for two years; and as I find you here when you're supposed to be consorting with mahatmas somewhere in the Himalayas, I naturally come in to clasp your manly hand and invite you to have a drink. Then, too, you have a sister with whom, as far as I know, you are still on terms, and whom also you have not seen for two years. Anything significant and pathological in that? You old idiot!" he added.

Again Anaxagoras made notes.

"I must ask you some questions," he announced briskly, then. "Please reply as accurately as possible."

Marshall looked at him with affectionate amusement, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Shoot!" said he resignedly. Useless to combat Sid in one of his freakish moods; might as well play up.

"No trace of the old trouble?"

"Eh?"

"The soul numbness—the complete indifference. Feel a normal interest in life? Look forward to the future? Fully alive?"

Marshall laughed.

"Oh, that! No trouble in that respect. As you pointed out once, Betsy is capable of supplying that to a dead man, and I'm far from dead. Why, Sid ——"

X. Anaxagoras cut him short.

"The treatment in that respect seems to be permanently successful. Happy?"

"As a clam!"

"Well, what are you going to do with it?"

"What?" asked Marshall blankly.

"Your happiness—your aliveness."

"I don't believe I get you."

"What are your plans for a future?"

"We're cruising up the coast toward Alaska."

"And then—after that?"

"No plans."

"Does that satisfy you as a permanent prospect?"

"There's always plenty to do," rejoined Marshall slowly.

"And after that?"

"I—I hadn't thought."

"You have wealth; you have energy; you have happiness. Are you going to allow them to devour one another?"

Marshall's air of amusement had faded; but the struggle against taking a serious attitude toward an absurdity resulted in a suppressed irritation. Nevertheless, a door that had been closed seemed to have opened, disclosing new things.

"Shall you continue to be happy in that?" X. Anaxagoras allowed a pause. "And then what?" he repeated. The young man did not reply. "Business?"

"It does not interest me. I have sufficient money. There are enough people making things."

"Art? Literature? Music?"

"I have no taste or knowledge."

"Philanthropy? Politics?" Marshall made a gesture of distaste. "The pursuit of knowledge?"

"I'm a regular bonehead and you know it!" cried the young man resentfully.

X. Anaxagoras leaned back in his chair.

"The case, as you see, is sufficiently serious," he enunciated crisply. "Unused tools tarnish, rust and decay. You have wealth, energy and happiness. They are worth preserving. Your soul is not in disorder as it was before, but it soon will be. Preventive therapeutics is wiser than cures. Your position is dangerous. You have done well to seek this consultation at just this time."

"But I tell you I did not seek it!" rejoined Marshall with a return of his exasperation. "It was pure chance that brought me here!"

"The Fortune Has Always Been Here," Said X. Anaxagoras Dryly; "and I Don't Know That the World Actually Needs More Gold"

"In the web of life, if one looks deeply enough, there is no pure chance. A hunger of the spirit orients it unerringly toward its need, can we but recognize that fact." He arose. "Wait one minute," he abruptly finished and disappeared through the ornamental door.

He was gone not one minute, but five. At the end of that period he reappeared. He was now tweed-clad and carried a suitcase. His professional manner had vanished with his white hospital clothes.

"Hiyu tillicum!" he cried, clasping his visitor's hand. "That's Chinook for 'heap big friend.' How are you, anyway? And how have you been? And is Betsy flourishing? Have you room for me aboard the Spindrift?"

He led the way through the hall. Marshall, bewildered by this sudden change, followed him. At the front door he turned the key and pocketed it.

"Just a moment."

He halted Marshall.

From his coat pocket he produced a screw driver with which he proceeded carefully to detach the brass sign from the corner of the house. He tucked it under his arm and picked up the suitcase.

"All ready!" he cried cheerfully.

"But—but ——" stammered Marshall, waving his hand feebly at the house.

"Oh, that's all right. I just rented it for three days. The maid was only in for the day. All finished."

"But ——" repeated Marshall inanely.

"I knew you'd be along," said X. Anaxagoras.

II

THEY strolled together down toward Granville Street in search of a taxi, X. Anaxagoras chatting cheerfully upon diverse but utterly irrelevant topics, Marshall nearly silent when he found he could pin his volatile companion down to nothing profitable in the way of personal information. The healer of souls seemed to discover of supreme interest and importance such subjects as liquor control; why in thunder there should be a bounty on the killing of eagles; how ling cod can swallow rock cod whole, spines and all; whether a senator or a representative is the lowest form of wit. He appeared to deem there could be no merit in discoursing on whence he had come, and why and what he was going to do about it; nor in the exchange of any other personal gossip that should absorb those two years separated.

"Betsy will be surprised to see you," Marshall made a last attempt as they stepped into the taxi.

"Oh, not so very," X. Anaxagoras replied easily.

They drove around the beautiful curve of Coal Harbor and through the natural lawns and giant cedars of Stanley Park, until they had reached the quarters of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.

Here they stood for a moment on the elevated platform before descending the incline to the floats. At the latter lay a long file of power cruisers of all sizes. Beyond, each at its mooring, rode dozens of sail yachts—schooners, yawls, sloops—all trim and white and shipshape.

They swung in double rows as though drilled, answering the vagrant suggestions of the breeze that hummed over the trees from the gulf. On the floats and on the decks of some of the craft were young men in the most smeared of white dungarees, happily doing the small and puttery things the amateur sailorman loves.

Out beyond the orderly rows of resident yachts lay a schooner longer than the rest. She, too, gleamed a dazzling white. Her spars twinkled in the sun as the wavelets twinkled below her; brasswork heliographed; the standing and running rigging stood taut as bowstrings. Even at this distance it was evident that the canvas sail covers had been drawn and laced smooth and tight with a loving care, and that such gadgets as the hand ropes on the gangway overside and the covered rails of the after deck had been freshly whitened. Altogether a craft to delight the yachtsman's eye.

X. Anaxagoras lingered over her details. Astern floated the ensign; the truck on the foremast flew a burgee; on the mainmast a device which was evidently the owner's private signal. At the main starboard spreader had been hoisted a small square blue flag, indicating the owner's absence. All was as correct as a New Yorker going to church.

"The Spindrift," said Marshall, who had been watching his companion with pride; "seagoing; a hundred horse power auxiliary."

"She's a pretty craft," agreed the healer of souls.

Marshall produced a whistle from his pocket which he blew shrilly thrice. Three white figures almost instantly

appeared, dropped into a small boat tethered at the end of the mooring boom. One took its place at the stern. The two others seized long oars which they simultaneously raised to a perpendicular, and then, as one man, dropped into the water.

"True nautical precision," commented X. Anaxagoras.

Marshall nodded in satisfaction, and the slight trace of anxiety with which he had watched these proceedings faded from his eyes.

"Two of my men were trained in the Navy," said he. "These fellows know the proper thing when they see it." He nodded toward the dungaree-clad Royal members.

They descended the incline to the float, against which the boat made a smart landing. X. Anaxagoras searched in his pockets and finally produced a bundle of claim checks. From these he selected one.

"I wonder if your quartermaster, or bos'n, or chief steward, or chief hereditary manipulator of the royal wash-tub, or whatever you call him there in the stern sheets, could see to getting this steamer trunk down for me. It's all I want. The rest of my plunder can stay in storage."

The faces of the three men remained wooden.

"Here, Benton, see to it," commanded Marshall crisply.

He took the man's place in the stern sheets at the tiller lines. X. Anaxagoras seated himself alongside. The boat flew back across the frosted silver of the bay toward the Spindrift.

At the yacht two more white-clad figures first caught the boat's bow with a boat hook, then steadied her while the passengers disembarked, then stood at attention while the latter ascended the short companion. At the instant Marshall's feet touched the deck the little blue absence flag fluttered down from the starboard spreader. "Congratulations," murmured X. Anaxagoras. "Never've seen it done better, even on the stage."

He glanced up and down the deck. It was a beautiful cream color from scrubbing and holystoning. The coils of the standing rigging were laid down Bristol fashion.

"Even to the single modest pearl in the cravat," murmured X. Anaxagoras cryptically.

Marshall had advanced eagerly to the companionway down which he was calling, "Betsy! Betsy! Come on deck! We have a visitor!"

He stood aside dramatically to give full scope to the expected surprise.

A young woman appeared. She was a slender, vivid-looking and daintily built creature, dressed all in white, with a mop of bobbed hair glowing with bronze glints, wide apart humorous black eyes and a whimsical mouth. She glanced toward X. Anaxagoras.

"Why, hullo, Sid," said she calmly. "Where did you pop from? Are you visiting, or just calling?"

She threw her arms around him with a quick pressure that belied the casual tone of her greeting, and kissed him.

"I thought I'd visit a while, if you'll invite me."

She appeared to consider for a minute.

"Can I invite you? You see, I have to stop and think about these things so as not to make any horrible mistakes. It's terrible to make mistakes aboard a yacht; much more terrible than on shore. But now I remember; he's the supreme boss only when we are under way. When we're at anchor I can be boss. So I can invite you. I do."

"Don't be absurd!" ejaculated Marshall.

"Oh, I'm trying not to be; indeed I am!" she protested humbly. "Even now I'm uncertain. Isn't there some sort of flag we should hoist, now we have a visitor? Or do we shoot the little brass cannon? There must be something; there always is something."

Marshall laughed in spite of himself.

"In case of a visitor you splice the main brace," he reminded her.

"Well, I know what that is!" she said gratefully, and withdrew her head down the companionway in which she had been standing.

The men followed her into the main cabin. It was, however, more like a room than a cabin. At one end was a practicable fireplace in which apparently glowed a genuine fire.

"It's warm and it's cheerful"—she followed X. Anaxagoras' eye—"but it's a fake. It burns electricity."

Fresh and dainty cretonne curtains shaped the ports into windows. Easy-chairs fronted the fire. Books stood on racked shelves. Bright sofa cushions strewed the transoms. In whatever direction one looked one was impressed anew with the feeling of a small but cheerful room in some bungalow by the sea.

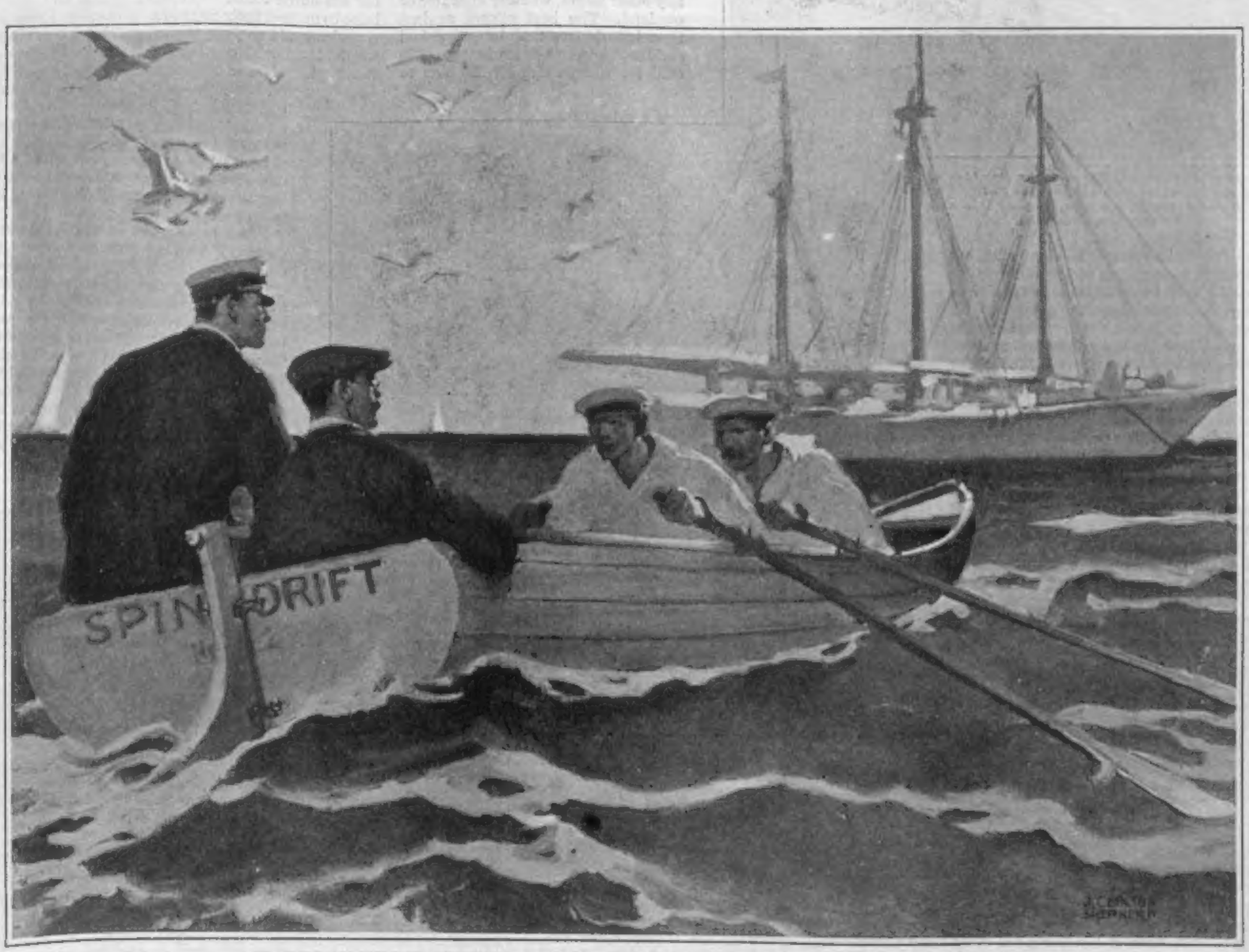
III

MARSHALL dispensed the common hospitality that had to do with the main brace, then excused himself in order to see to the reception and stowage of certain stores' which were reported to him as having arrived.

"I'm my own skipper," he said; "wouldn't have much fun if I weren't. Benton's my mate, but he's uptown. Make yourself at home."

He departed, smiling indulgently to himself over the solved mystery of X. Anaxagoras' appearance. The rented house and the temporary mounting of the brass plate and the little drama of the consultation were so exactly what one might expect of his erratic brother-in-law. But when thought over, the affair required no great perspicacity. Given his knowledge that the Spindrift had dropped anchor in Vancouver, what more certain than that Marshall would, for the sake of old sentiment, be led to wander back up the street where he had first drifted into the current of events that had brought him to a charming wife? And if he did enter that street, he could not fail to see the brass sign. Of course, the healer of souls might quite well simply have announced himself aboard, sure of a hearty welcome; but that simple procedure would have deprived him of his little comedy. The only mystery in the whole procedure—how did he know the Spindrift was due in Vancouver at all?—seemed to Marshall adequately cleaned up by the casualness of the greeting when he and his beloved sister had met, presumably after an almost complete silence of a year. Evidently the silence had not been so complete as Betsy had led him to believe. She, in connivance with her brother, had been arranging for him this pretty and typical little surprise.

(Continued on Page 142)



The Boat Flew Back Across the Frosted Silver of the Bay Toward the Spindrift

HOW SHOULD WE ORGANIZE OUR NATIONAL AIR POWER?

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

ASSISTANT CHIEF OF AIR SERVICE

"WHERE there is no vision, the people perish." This old Biblical quotation is more applicable to the development of aviation and air power than to any other undertaking. We are at the turning of the ways in the development of our air power, and the people, who are the judges of what should be done, should weigh the evidence on the subject carefully. In order to be successful in anything it is necessary to concentrate one's mind, one's time and one's money on it in such a way as to get the greatest good with the least effort. In doing this with aviation, vision is a most important matter, because its great possibilities lie ahead and not behind us. At this juncture the United States is faced with the alternative of progressing in its aëronautical organization and consolidating its air activities under one responsible head, or going on with its effort split up between other services that have a major function apart from aëronautics.

OFFICIAL PHOTOS, U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

A Series of Photographs Showing the Bombing of One of the Strongest Battleships Ever Built. The Bomb Hitting the Ostfriesland, Raising Her Bow and Depressing Her Stern

Aviation is very different from either armies or navies in its economic aspect. Every military airplane can be used in time of peace for some useful undertaking not necessarily connected with war. Every pilot employed in civil aviation can be used in case of war, and is 90 per cent efficient, at least, in time of peace. Every mechanic used in civil aviation is 100 per cent efficient in time of war. In time of peace the bulk of the effort and thought of a nation in an aëronautical way may be applied to civil and commercial development of aëronautics, and this same effort and thought can be shifted at once to military purposes. There is no reason, for instance, why the air forces in time of peace should not be employed in mapping the country, patrolling the forests to prevent forest fires, carrying the mail, eliminating insect pests from cotton, fruit trees and other vegetation, and in making an aëronautical commercial transportation survey of the country to determine what can be carried economically and at a profit through the air instead of on boats, railroads and by automobiles, and in working out new commercial air routes.

Submarine Warfare

THE Government, for instance, in time of peace should maintain only a small percentage of its total aërial strength on strictly military duty; the rest could be used on civil work for the greater part of the time and assembled for a month or so each year to perform maneuvers and to get military training.

The great countries of the world are using their vision and are straining every effort to establish their aëronautical position so that the future will not see them hopelessly distanced by their rivals. So far as national defense is concerned, they have carefully studied the whole problem as affected by aviation, so that they will get a maximum benefit from each dollar of money expended and from each man hour of work put in. From a military standpoint the airmen have to study the effect that air power has on navies and what their future will be. They know that within the radius of air power's activities it can completely destroy any surface vessels or warships. They know that in the last war, surface ships—battleships, cruisers and other seacraft—took comparatively little active part except as transportation and patrol vessels. No battleship sank another battleship, and of the 134 warships sunk or destroyed during the war, the submarines sank sixty-two British warships and eight large French and Italian ships. No American battleship saw any fighting in the last war, not even those in European waters. Aircraft have great difficulty in attacking and destroying submarines at sea. They are very hard to detect, dive with great rapidity and are very difficult to see under water. The effect of air power on submarines is probably less than on any other target, whether on water or on land. The best offense against them is to destroy their bases and fuel stations. Direct offense is very difficult, for though aircraft are able to attack, disable and sink surface vessels, they have great difficulty in seeing and destroying submarines. It is necessary to consult the best available information about them, as they will be the future means of operating on the seas.

Ready for the Final Plunge. 12:37 P. M.

Existing records show that submarines sank, either by torpedoes or mines, the battleship, Audacious; they sank the cruiser, Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener on board; they sank the cruisers, Cressy, Aboukir and Hogue in a few minutes. From that time on, the British battleships were either tied up in their ports behind torpedo nets and screens of destroyers and submarines or they were zigzagging their course at great speed for a few hours on the high seas. It is stated that the submarines sank two battleships in the Dardanelles and drove the Allied fleets into Mudros harbor. Men even landed from a submarine in Turkish territory and blew up a bridge by setting an explosive charge off on it.

A modern battleship, according to the old system of naval thought, may cost somewhere between $50,000,000 and $70,000,000; it may require, on an average, one cruiser costing between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000, four destroyers costing $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 each, four submarines, a certain amount of air power, to protect it, and, in addition to this, great stores for maintaining the personnel of more than 1000 men, and dock yards and supply facilities to keep them up. So that every time a battleship is built, the nation constructing it is binding itself to about $100,000,000 or more of expenditure and a certain amount a year to keep it up. Battleships have required heretofore complete replacement every four years to prevent their becoming obsolete.

Military Views of Airmen

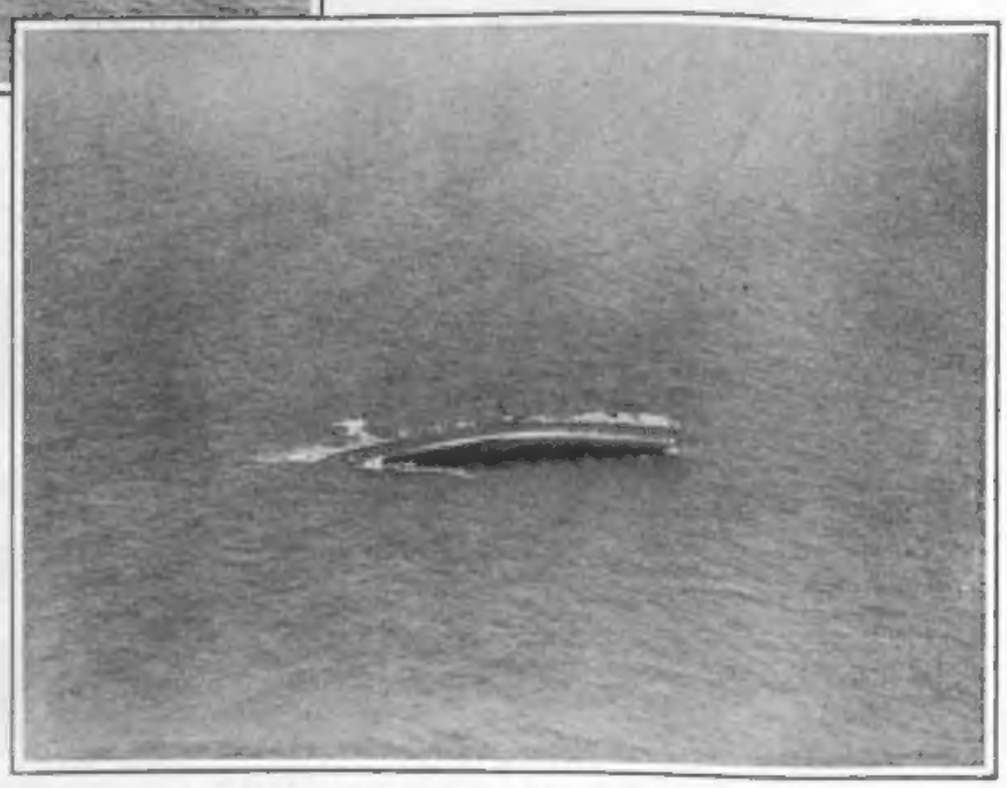
AS BATTLESHIPS and surface craft are helpless against aircraft unless they themselves are protected by air power, and as their influence on the destruction of seagoing trade is secondary to that of the submarines, nations are gradually abandoning battleship construction. Three are keeping it up—England, Japan and the United States.

England is entirely dependent for existence on her sea-borne trade; Japan, also, is dependent almost entirely on her sea-borne trade. Whereas England and Japan would have to protect their commerce in the Seven Seas or starve, America could entirely dispense with her seagoing trade if she had to, and continue to exist and defend herself. Where, therefore, a nation might have to expend a tremendous amount of effort and treasure on the maintenance of its sea-borne trade at great distances from home, it would be better for one not so dependent on sea-borne trade to put its national-defense money and effort into active offensive equipment designed directly to defeat the enemy instead of dissipating its power in an indecisive theater.

The airman looks at the development of a country's military effort as follows: National defense consists roughly of four phases:

First, the maintenance of domestic tranquillity in the country itself so that the preparation of active fighting *matériel* can go on unhindered. An army on the ground to insure tranquillity and an air force in the air to prevent hostile air raids can take care of this.

Second, the protection of the coasts and frontiers. An air force can do this and fight any hostile aircraft or destroy hostile warships while its home country is policed and protected on the ground by a land force.



Starting of the Final Plunge. 12:38 P. M.

Third, the control of sea communications. This can be done by aircraft within their radius of action and otherwise by submarines. Surface craft have a secondary value for this.

Fourth, the prosecution of offensive war across or beyond the seas. This may be carried out primarily under the protection of air power, assisted by submarines and an army.

A succession of land bases held by land troops must be occupied and the enemy must be attacked directly through the air. Floating bases or aircraft carriers cannot compete with aircraft acting from land bases. So, in future, surface transports escorted by war vessels, such as carried the American troops to Europe, cannot exist in the face of a superior air force. Only when complete dominion of the air has been established can a war of invasion across the seas be prosecuted under present conditions. Air power, therefore, has to be employed as a major instrument of war, no matter whether a land force or a sea force is acting on the surface of the earth.

Submarines have proved themselves to be the great destroyers of commerce. Existing records show that during the war the Germans maintained only about thirty submarines at sea. They started the war with a total of about forty submarines, counting all sizes. That was a small number, but they had a good start in their design and men. The Allies employed more than 1,000,000 men in an attempt to counteract these thirty vessels.

Very few of all who crossed the Atlantic in our transports experienced a real attack or even knew of the presence of enemy submarines, and there is still wonder why attacks were not more frequent. No one of our transports was successfully attacked while going east, and our only considerable loss of troops en route was in one British ship, the Tuscania. The question is why we did not suffer losses of troops at sea. The rather common supposition is that it was plain lack of nerve to face the risks entailed in attacking vessels escorted by destroyers plentifully supplied with depth charges. Undoubtedly this was so to a limited extent. It is not safe, however, to count on lack of courage in Germans, and there were skillful German submarine captains who did have the necessary nerve. It is therefore necessary to look further for the cause of their failure against our loaded troop ships.

It has been learned from captured instructions, from quizzing prisoners from German submarines, and from evidence procured since the Armistice, that the criterion of efficiency held up to them was the amount of tonnage put on the bottom. All the promotions, decorations, and so on, were based on that. They were told what kind of ships counted most from their standpoint. At the head of their list stood tankers. Warships did not stand high. Incidentally, although torpedoes from German submarines accounted for sixty-two of the 134 surface ships that the British Navy lost and eight large French and Italian ships, they seem rarely to have gone out of their way to make such attacks. It was all a matter of estimate; they reasoned that they would win the war by the destruction of merchant tonnage. Their submarines having run the gantlet to their operating grounds, strove to put down a ship with every torpedo; they could hope to do that only with easy shots, and found they could stay out long enough to get an easy shot for each torpedo. A transport coming west was an easier shot than while going east because she was not strongly escorted, and they estimated that in the long run it wouldn't make much difference whether she was loaded or not, at least not enough difference to make it profitable to face extra risk. The submarines sank 11,153,506 tons of Allied shipping, of which 6,692,642 tons were British.

In 1918 England lost 1,668,972 tons by submarines.

The losses were about 40 per cent of her total merchant marine. They brought England to the verge of starvation.

The Germans sent five submarines, two of which were probably mine layers, to the United States. These sank fifty ships of all classes immediately along our coast. A mine layer caused the loss of the armored cruiser San Diego, off Fire Island. The battleship Minnesota narrowly escaped being sunk by a mine near the Delaware Capes. The Germans built a total of 420 submarines, of which about 146 were sunk, as follows:

By anchored mines, including those in nets	42
By depth charges, from all classes of vessels	35
By gunfire, including those on decoy ships	24
By torpedoes of submarines	20
By ramming, including all instances	18
By air attack	7
Total	146

In the past, the first cost of all classes of surface ships and of submarines has been approximately the same per ton. Submarines wear fully as well as capital ships and have much longer life than light, fast vessels. Their maintenance, fuel, personnel and other running costs are much lower than anything else—whether reckoned per ton or for potential war value.

The submarine's defensive power does not get out of date; the oldest boats are defensively as strong as the newest ones. Their defense depends upon neither speed nor the offensive power of self or other vessels. This unique defense by simple concealment is inherent in the type, and is the quality which makes the submarine able to act unsupported and to play a lone hand. No other ship can, unless with long-sustained speed sufficient to get away from everything that is stronger.

Taking the Final Plunge. 12:39 P.M.

Going Down. 12:39½ P.M.

Gone. 12:39¾ P.M.

development work. As they increased the numbers they improved their characteristics, and the Allies were occasioned several surprises. The radius of action and the periods that German submarines kept the sea, even early in the war, were not previously believed possible. The guns which they installed on deck like any surface craft and with which they fought in fairly rough seas constituted a novel idea. Mining from submarines was entirely a surprise, and a very disagreeable one. The Germans could do little or nothing on the British and French coasts with surface vessels, but their submarine mine layers, of which the British or French had no inkling until they began operating, could reach any coasts of the British Isles or France, and were at it for years. They not only mined a great many ships but forced their enemies into employing an enormous force of mine sweepers. Large areas off the British and French coasts are mining waters, necessarily used by the extensive shipping, and had to be swept continually. Many sweeping details did not find a mine for months, but since a mine layer was likely to plant a few of her eggs any night, the sweeping had to continue.

Submarine Performance Summarized

IN ALL, the Germans built or had building when the war ended 430 submarines. They lost, either by the Allies' action or through accident while operating, 180, and they destroyed between fifteen and twenty in Belgian and Austrian ports before signing the Armistice or while en route to be surrendered. They surrendered about 170, many of which were not in operating condition, either not completed or damaged; and, at the end of the war, had building about sixty others. There was also a large additional program started by Admiral Scheer soon after he was put in charge of their entire navy near the end of the war. The Austrians had a small submarine force which accomplished little; they lost eight boats during the war. The whole German submarine service was handled by about 10,000

Just as Formidable as Ever

IT IS no doubt believed by many that hydrophones or kindred devices have entirely compromised the submarine's defense. These devices are as extensively used in submarines as in anything else. They are at their best in a submerged submarine, and such use is most favorable for estimating their value. While diving, they do hear and locate each other at some distance if the conditions are favorable; otherwise they don't. When it comes to dependence upon hearing an extremely faint noise through hydrophones used amid the loud and numerous noises of a formation of surface ships running at usual speed, it's quite another matter. It is true that some German submarines were followed and destroyed by use of hydrophones, but the average was not high, and it is said that the captain of any well-conditioned submarine will bet you to his last dollar, and give you big odds, that he can get away from any hydrophone pursuit which can now be organized. Possibly the listening devices will improve, but no advance since the Armistice nor any projected device threatens the submarine very much. It is to be remembered that since the submarine is the ideal listening vessel, its use of those devices is a great aid in outmaneuvering anti-submarine craft.

The fuel radius of submarines is higher than in any other class of vessels. Even small ones run long distances, and a large one could make a nonstop run around the earth. Their Diesel engines are more than twice as economical as any steam plant. Their fuel and ballast tanks hold large stocks of fuel, which are carried without sacrifice other than sluggishness in a seaway and some reduction in speed. Since their defense is independent of speed, it is entirely safe to load them down thus with fuel.

By sea endurance is meant habitability and capacity for consumable supplies, including ammunition. Long periods of living in a submarine are none too pleasant, but have been and can be endured. In fact, if a boat is

(Continued on Page 214)

BLIND SPOTS

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

WE FEW who know, divide the credit in true halves between Mrs. Eustace Rawlins and that notorious John Henderson whose Wall Street name is Johnny. The popular theory, however, holds otherwise. It insists that hereafter Eustace Rawlins will be gathering only his proper reward for long and loyal service when he draws his fat little salary for doing barely more than wearing his fine new title—secretary of the Deepwater and Western Railroad. And doubtless that notion will endure. Eustace himself believes it and uses a combination of smile and shrug to register confirmation when it is mentioned in his presence. Surely one could not ask higher authority.

Yet it is less than a year since this same Eustace Rawlins came tardily home to his untroubled family one night with all vigor gone from his stride. Worry was newly marked in gray on his pale face, and fear weighed heavily somewhere within him. Through dinner he sat coated in gloom and found no savor in his food. His monosyllables dripped despair and self-pity when they were called for to disprove the quick suspicion of appendicitis or worse voiced by the plump, gray-eyed little woman who is Mrs. Eustace; and all the cheerfulness she feigned thereafter failed to stir him where he slouched and stared. At last, when the children had gone, she reached out to catch his hand.

"What is it, Stace, dear?" she asked softly. "What's wrong?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "It's come, Kate," he said dully. "I'm looking for a job."

"Job!" she gasped with sudden wide-eyed alarm. "Stace! What's happened? What is it?"

Eustace answered with a quick sneer. "Oh, it's not that. They're not after me—yet. But my job's gone—or soon will be. That's enough, isn't it? They're going to close the office. The Seaboard is going to take over Deepwater—going to swallow the whole thing. How does that hit you? No more Deepwater and no more job. I'm out. We're all out. My luck, eh?"

"But I don't understand, Stace." Her voice was unsteady and she clung to his hand. "When—when will this be?"

Eustace showed irritation. "How do I know? Maybe in a month; maybe in two. But I've got to get busy now, haven't I? I've got to look for another place. And I'm past forty, Kate—past forty; and I don't know anything but Deepwater. And there are no more Deepwaters. How many five-thousand-dollar jobs do you think there'll be for a man past forty who knows nothing but Deepwater? Can you think of as many as one?"

She choked down what might have been a sob and smiled with lips that would tremble.

"There will be one somewhere, Stace," she said bravely, "and we'll find it."

At that he flared, suddenly angry; and his anger was hysterical.

"Now don't start talking rot!" he cried, glaring. "Don't be a fool! I can't stand any of that Pollyanna thing now. My God! Can't you see what it means, Kate—how serious it is?" He beat his clenched fist on the table. "What are we going to do? Tell me that. There's nothing to fall back on, and you know it. If I'm out a month we'll be in debt. There's no chance of another place at five thousand—no, nor half that. What about the children? Oh, Kate, don't you see what it means? What are we going to do? What am I going to do?"

He covered his working face with his hands and groaned; and Kate Rawlins stroked his head tenderly. He could not see how frightened her eyes were.

"Wait, Stace. Wait a minute, dear. Don't—don't go to pieces like this. Tell me more about this—this thing. How do you know? Have they told you? Has Mr. Parish told you?"

He mumbled sullenly, "Why would he tell me? Who am I to the president of Deepwater and Western? I found it out myself. I've seen the letters, I tell you. One that came to me by mistake this morning gave me the hint, and I managed to get into Parish's private file this afternoon. I'm not supposed to know how to open it, but I do. The whole story was there. They've been dickering for months on the quiet, and now they've come to terms. Oh, it's sure enough, Kate." He tapped his pocket. "I copied some of the letters."

"But once before, Stace—don't you remember?—several years ago, you thought the same thing, but it didn't come. Maybe this time ——"

His anger reared again. "Don't I tell you it's sure?" he demanded fiercely, hammering the table. "There's no maybe—none. Get that out of your head. Last time—yes. Then the thing was blocked by a crowd of stockholders—by the big ones of the minority. They went to the commerce commission and to court, and prevented it."

"Well, then, why won't they ——"

"No, they won't do it this time. Now those same big ones are in the deal themselves. Parish has lined them all up, and the Seaboard and Lake Michigan crowd have finally agreed to pay 75 for all the Deepwater stock that it doesn't own already. And that means Seaboard will get every share of it, for it's a big price. The stock's been going up, but it's only a little above 50 now."

Kate asked, "Do you mean fifty dollars a share?"

"Certainly. That's about what it is now, but the Seaboard will pay 75 to get it all in. First, they are to pay that for the block that Chesapeake Northwestern owns, and then offer the same for the balance that is in the public's hands. And everybody will be glad to sell out at 75. Seaboard will get every share of it. Parish has put over a good thing, hasn't he? A good thing for his dear stockholders and for himself. You can bet that he'll get his out of it, and it won't be a thin slice either. But what about me, eh? What about me? Where do I come in? Twenty-two years working for them, and what now? Why, damn them ——"

(Continued on Page 106)

Parish Said Thickly, "You are Threatening Me. How Dare You, Sir?"

McELVANEY'S THIRD ONE

"And Will You Tell Me, Miss McElvaney, Why in the World You Have Been Going Around Disguised as a Tomboy?"

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

PERHAPS their names had something to do with the affair. Agnes McElvaney and Archie MacLeod! Scotch-Irish? Of course. Only a girl with a blending of Scotch and Irish blood could have had such blue eyes with such black lashes, such yellow hair, and such a thin angular little body as Agnes had, and still be good to look upon. And only a lad predominatingly Scotch could have been as lean and sandy and freckled and homely as Archie, and still possess a certain attractiveness. His eyes were dark blue like the girl's; his fortune a quick smile and ready wit that won for him unquestioning welcome on whatever range he rode.

Now could such a lad as Archie and such a girl as Agnes have been sweethearts, or even friends? Or would they naturally have been bound to fight? I'm asking you. Because the girl had, in her own mind, definitely settled the question of matrimony for herself and her two sisters before Archie appeared on their horizon. At that, it was only a few hours before he appeared.

Agnes was riding in search of a wild horse that day when she made up her mind the time had come for her to marry. Her sudden decision was more or less incidental to the occasion; sort of a reaction to her unexpected encounter with the Loren boys. The horse was her immediate interest—a dappled, golden buckskin, fleet and crafty beyond belief. She claimed him as her own. The Lorens claimed him as theirs. She did not blame them. In fact there were times when she was more than half convinced they had a better right to him than she had. But she had no intention of relinquishing her claim until the horse was captured—time enough then for a show-down. And believing possession would constitute the best title, she intended to capture him herself. She had commenced her ride that morning secure in the belief that they would both be busy with their grain harvest. She had scarcely reached the open range when she met them. She was leading two of her father's ranch mares, and Jim Loren made pointed reference to the fact.

"Well, see what little sister is doing now!" he jested. "She's going to turn the mares loose, thinking the buckskin will follow them right back to her daddy's corrals."

John Loren, the elder and graver, continued the jest.

"Tell you what I'll do, Babe," he said, without smiling: "If you'll square things for me with one of your sisters, either one of them—matrimony intended, you understand—the day one of them, either one of them, promises to be mine I'll ride out and rope the horse and bring him in to you as a gift."

"Thanks," she replied rather indignantly. They had been teasing her this way ever since she could remember, and her long-harbored resentment was revealed in her tone. "If I find I can't snare him myself I'll try to fix things for you with one of the girls—maybe with both of them—seeing you're not smart enough to fix things for yourself. And, oh, yes, I'm supposed to stop at your pa's ranch and leave word there's to be a dance at the Community Hall this coming Saturday night—a harvest dance. You're invited to attend." Then she added this curse: "Hope your horses throw you and break your legs or necks or something so you won't be able to go."

She could hear them chuckling as she rode away, and this peeved her to the exploding point. Speaking softly to herself, she began to call them bad names—shockingly bad names to be voiced by such apparently sweet and sensitive young lips. Long before she had exhausted her vocabulary of uncomplimentary adjectives the big idea presented itself. She'd marry one of them, that's what she'd do. She'd marry one of them and move over to the Loren ranch. Then if they didn't quit picking on her she'd be in a position to keep hell a-popping under their feet all the time.

By those who knew the families it was tacitly understood that the two Loren brothers would some day marry the two older McElvaney girls. The only question that seemed undecided was which one of the boys would marry which one of the girls. The Lorens seemed quite impartial, escorting one of the sisters one time and the other the next time. The sisters, too, seemed equally impartial with their favors. It was into this apparently indecisive courting arrangement that Agnes decided to precipitate herself. She was still pondering the advantages and disadvantages of this new idea of hers when she came to the rim of a narrow, steep-walled cañon—a cañon that cut like a deep wound from beneath one of the lava flows of the high Cascades down through the timbered foothills, and opened finally into a narrow fertile valley where the Loren ranch lay.

The cañon, stratum upon alternating stratum of red basalt and black lava superimposed upon a bed of bowlders and gravel and sand that had once been the shore line of a prehistoric lake, was an open record of the geology of the district.

But the girl had no interest in geological records that morning, nor conscious appreciation of the cañon's bold and barbaric coloring. She was too engrossed in this new idea of hers. Riding along the cañon's rim, she led the mares up and still farther up until she came to the edge of the grim forbidding lava flows beyond which were neither trees nor grass nor living creature. Here she removed the halters and turned the mares loose. Then she led her saddle horse up a rough and jagged face of lava that reared its black porous crest high above its surroundings. Indifferent to the sharp unweathered surfaces of the lava, she stretched

herself full length in the sunlight and lay with her chin pillowed in her palms, staring out across the hills. There, revealed in clear detail, was her range and her world. Beyond and almost at right angles to the cañon along which she had ridden, she could see the deeper, more magnificent cañon of the Deschutes. To the south, near the point where the river left the timbered hills to enter its cañon, she could discern the haze that lifted above the lumber mills of Bend. To the north, on the plateau beyond the Deschutes, was Redmond, with its surrounding checkerboard of green and golden irrigated fields; still farther north, Terrebonne, Culver, Madras. On the eastern horizon she could see where Prineville lay in the valley of the Crooked River. But it was no lesson in geography she was conning as she basked in the warm sunlight. Her active young mind was busy tabulating and classifying the masculine possibilities of that Oregon range. Now she had had time to consider the matter, she wasn't so sure that she wanted to marry either of the Loren boys. There were many other men to choose from—men who made a much stronger appeal to her fancy.

The sun was far past its high meridian before she mounted her horse and turned homeward, this time following a seldom-used cattle trail that led angling down through the hills to her father's ranch.

Archie MacLeod, on his way down from one of the high passes in the Cascades, came into that same trail ahead of her. A calculating sort of lad was Archie; not one of the kind who think chance is a deciding factor in the affairs of life. He was a materialist, predicating his philosophy on the premise that action controlled by cold logic was the infallible high card in every deal. He would have scoffed had he been told that chance and a girl were to be the deciding factors in a career he had been at some pains to plan for himself; would have hooted derisively had he been told the girl would be able to persuade him to go riding after a wild horse, that most profitless of all pursuits. Not that he had never ridden after wild horses. Indeed, that was about all he ever had done. But for him those days were past forever. He had recently made up his mind to that effect. In fact, he had recently formulated very definite plans for his future. In carrying out those plans he was on his way to find a new range where his record as an idler, a ne'er-do-well hunter of horses, would be unknown. He was in search of a hay ranch that could be rented or purchased on contract.

Later he would begin accumulating cattle. Then, when he was well established, he would marry. He had even made up his mind regarding the kind of lady he was going to select. But that was all for the future. His first concern was to find a suitable ranch.

"Glad to Meet You, Mr. MacLeod. I'll Call You Archie So You'll Feel Right at Home"

MacLeod had camped the preceding night in a natural meadow far back in the mountains. That morning he had found the body of his saddle horse stretched out under some jack pines that grew at the meadow's edge. Near by, in some swampy ground, he discovered a patch of poison camas. Fortunately for him, his pack pony had strayed into the timber and was unharmed. The easy thing for him to have done would have been to ride the pack horse and to cache his blankets and supplies. But that would have meant a long return ride. He decided the practical thing to do would be to walk until he came to a ranching district where another saddle horse could be purchased. After a hasty breakfast, he packed his outfit, balanced his saddle on top the pack, then with a deftly thrown hitch lashed everything securely in place.

He had known of other riders being left afoot, and he recalled that invariably they returned with their feet in bad shape due to the punishment inflicted by their high-heeled, narrow-toed boots. Recalling this fact, he took off his own boots, tied them to his saddle and was on his way. He found the going wasn't so unpleasant as he had expected.

Late that afternoon, his feet somewhat blistered but still going nicely, he saw a rider coming down out of the hills to his right. He stopped to pass the time of day and to inquire regarding the range that lay ahead of him.

"Howdy," he greeted when the rider drew up beside him. "Where am I, and where am I going, and how long will it take to get there?"

"You're here, mister," Agnes told him gravely. "And how can I tell where you are going or how long it will take you to get there? But wherever you're going would be a long way for me if I were afoot."

MacLeod was more interested in her horse than in the rider. His indifferent glance revealed merely a slim youthful figure garbed in faded, well-worn overalls. Then he observed a shock of yellow curls that hung almost to her narrow shoulders. Finally he became aware of amused blue eyes that appraised him from under the wide brim of a high-crowned hat; observed, too, the suggestion of an impish, calculating smile that lifted the corners of firm full lips.

"A likable kid, and wise, too," he decided, assuming without conscious thought that this rider was a boy. Then he asked another question: "If a fellow kept on going, would he reach a good camping place before dark? Or are there ranches close by where a fellow might buy a fair-to-middling saddle horse—and stay for the night?"

Agnes pointed down the trail.

"Our ranch is down yonder just a few miles. But why should you spend good money for a horse when there are still some wild ones running in the timber?"

MacLeod did not tell her he was off that sort of thing for life, nor did he enumerate the many and excellent reasons why he had quit riding for wild horses. Why hurt a kid's feelings? So he made the obvious reply:

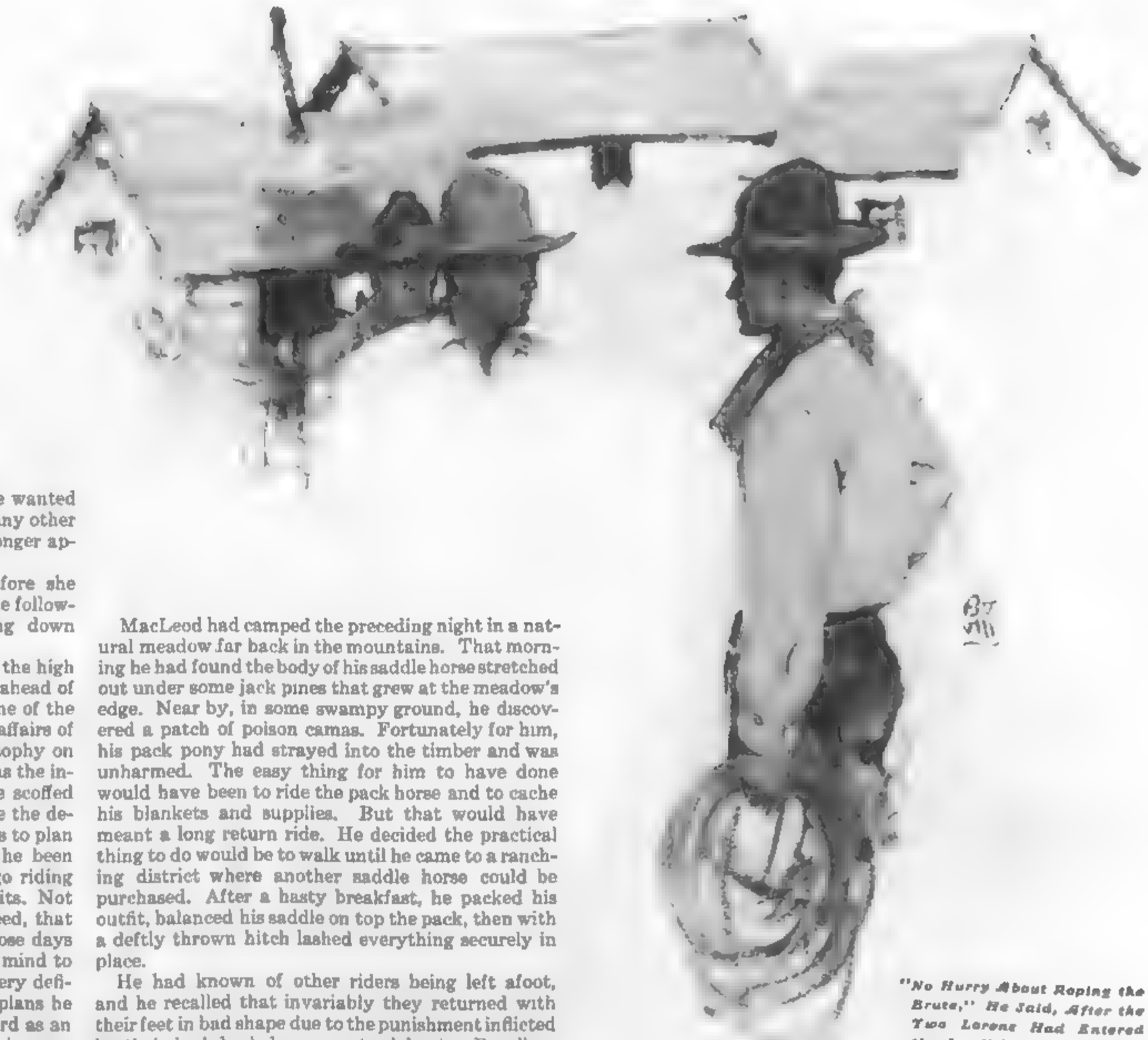
"No chance to run down a wild one on foot."

Then he asked a personal question, just by way of abruptly changing the subject:

"Why the long hair? Has no one told you that style went out with the passing of Buffalo Bill and the rest of the old-timers?"

Agnes did not take offense.

"'Tain't so short as I'd like to have it," she explained. "But pa says he'll lick the first one of us girls who bobs her hair."



"No Hurry About Roping the Brute," He Said, After the Two Lorens Had Entered the Small Corral With Him. "Let's Get Acquainted First"

With quick self-consciousness Archie straightened up and removed his hat.

"Why—why," he stammered, "I didn't think that you were a girl!"

"You couldn't have been expected to—think," she told him dryly. "And there's no sense trying to hide that bare foot by stepping on it. 'Tain't no barer nor dirtier than the one on top."

Archie planted both his unbooted sockless feet solidly in the dust of the trail and looked up and smiled. He wasn't hard for a girl to look at when he smiled like that.

"Meet Archie MacLeod," he said, bowing deeply. "Barefooted and both of them blistered. Had a bit of bad luck last night. Horse ate some poison camas and died."

Agnes shook her head.

"Camas isn't poison to horses or cattle—just to sheep," she said positively.

MacLeod refused to argue.

"Well, the horse died. Maybe it was wild parsnip or larkspur that he ate. Anyhow, I have to buy another riding horse."

"If you feel you must buy one," the girl said, thinking of the buckskin, "I have a good horse back yonder in the timber I'll deal off to you if you'll help me bring him in. Of course he's a wild one," she added artfully, "and if you find you can't ride him, why, pa has some gentle ones you can choose from. Anyhow, you'd better come with me. Pa wouldn't like for any of your good money to get out of the family if you're aiming to buy a horse. Dan McElvaney is my father," she added by way of introducing herself. "And I'm McElvaney's Third One."

"McElvaney's Third One?" he questioned. "I don't quite get you."

"You wouldn't, being a stranger on this range. You see, it was this way: Pa's a big hell-twister of a man, and when he married ma he bragged around that he was going to raise him a threshing crew—all boys, you understand. That's what could be expected of a man like pa. Well, when the first one came he acknowledged Nature to the extent of calling her Lucy, and the neighbors began kidding pa by calling her McElvaney's First One.

"You'll like Lucy," she continued reflectively. "She's a big, docile girl, and a housekeeper—I'll tell the world. Tolerably good looking too. Yes, you'll most likely take

to Lucy. Most of the boys do. But maybe you'll like Belle better. Most of the boys do. She's McElvaney's Second One. She's a big girl too. But not so docile. I'll tell the world she's not! Not much of a housekeeper either. But she can sing, and she has a way about her. You'll understand, after you meet her.

"And I'm McElvaney's Third One. There weren't any more after I arrived. So that's that," she concluded, finishing her formal introduction of the McElvaney family. "Will your pack horse follow without being led? Then hop up beside my saddle and we'll be on our way."

MacLeod did not accept her invitation immediately. Instead, he studied her horse more closely. He had had experience with wall-eyed, rawboned roans before.

"Will he carry double?" he asked tentatively.

"That's what I want to find out," said she.

MacLeod took a step closer. The roan flopped a dejected-appearing ear, then lashed out with one hind foot, sidewise, like a mule. MacLeod stepped nimbly out of reach and held out a coaxing hand.

"Nice horsie," he commented.

"Lovely little son of a gun," the Third One agreed. "He's a waumpooing reptile." She gave the long sound to the f. "Come on and climb up behind me—if you're not afraid."

"Wait until I get my boots," Archie said with a slight display of peevishness.

That was the second time she had insinuated he might not be much of a rider. It took him but a moment to untie his boots from his pack and put them on. With tightened rein and spurred heel, the girl forced the roan to stand while he was swinging up behind her.

"Ready?" she asked. "Then ride 'im, cowboy!"

And the roan, refusing to accept the insult of a double load, humped his back and went snorting and bawling and bucking down the trail. Old stuff for Archie. He sat the horse easily, one hand on the girl's shoulder, the other gripping a loose saddle string.

"Just like—sitting—in a rocking—chair," he told her between jumps.

"Yes," she apologized; "he can't get up—much action—carrying double—like this."

Abruptly the roan stopped bucking, stood for a moment with rolling eyes and distended nostrils. At a word from the girl he started gingerly forward, his head swinging nervously from side to side.

They had ridden for perhaps a mile when Agnes began to vocalize her thoughts.

"I'm glad you happened along," she told him. "I'll have pa give you a job. And I want you to shine up to Lucy—that's the First One. She's easy to look at and she'd be easy to live with. But you, being a man, most likely will want to corral the Second One—that's Belle. Either way, it doesn't matter. But as I said, I'm glad you happened along."

"Thanks," Archie said politely. He could see it wouldn't be very long before he would have to show this take-it-for-granted kid where to head in at. Yet he continued speaking softly, courteously. "I'm sure your sisters are both fine girls. But I can't afford a wife yet. Won't be able to for—oh, maybe six or seven years."

Agnes turned in the saddle and looked at him, smiling as a tolerant mother might smile at the babbling of a favorite child.

"Uh-huh!" This was her only comment. She was thinking there was a wide difference between what he couldn't afford and what she was planning for his immediate future. After that she was silent until the trail led down into a sheltered valley.

"Squaw Creek," she told him. "Our place just ahead. And about buying a horse—don't talk to pa until you've had a look at that bronc of mine I was telling you about. We'll ride for him tomorrow. If you like his looks we'll make a deal. And as I said, if you find you can't ride him we'll select one of pa's gentle horses for you."

MacLeod's habitual smile and studied politeness suddenly failed him.

"That's twice you've made that crack," he told her. "What's the idea anyhow? Does your pa usually have to gentle the fuzz-tails for his riders? Or are you just being fresh because you don't know any better?"

A slight flush showed in his cheeks. If this kid had been a boy he would have been tempted to give her a proper bawling out. He was not in the least mollified by her next comment.

"But this horse of mine was getting a reputation for being something of an outlaw," she said mildly. "I reckon he'll put up a great battle when he's ridden for the first time. I wasn't intending to hurt your feelings by what I said. But it's something of a trick to bring in an outlaw—much more of a trick to ride him the first time."

"Well, I could bring him in, and I'd take a chance on riding him," he said bluntly. "But I'm off of that kind of stuff for life—see?"

The Third One shrugged her shoulders.

"We'll see, all right," she retorted. "We'll see tomorrow morning. And the way you're acting," she added, almost pathetically, "it seems that we are destined to fight instead of being friends."

"Huh!" was MacLeod's only comment. He was hard-boiled where girls were concerned.

A few minutes later they turned into a lane that led to the McElvaney ranch. Agnes took him directly to the men's bunk house, waited until he had unpacked his outfit. Then they went to the barn and she showed him where to put his pack pony for the night. Her father came in while they were unsaddling.

"Pa, come here," she called. "Pa, meet Archie MacLeod. Pa, here's a fellow who thinks it is poor business to spend time riding after wild horses. And he's not a marrying man. I take it he's that cautious he thinks a fellow shouldn't hitch double until he has a stake made—the kind of fellow you'll appreciate having around."

Mr. McElvaney laughed and held out his hand.

"I'll bet," he said, "you didn't tell her anything like that."

Now when Archie smiled, it was a quick, warm, friendship-winning smile. But sometimes he grinned—a slow, thin, dry grin. This time he grinned, partly because he had allowed this snip of a girl to peeve him so and partly because he was beginning to believe he would enjoy cultivating her acquaintance for the fun he would have scrapping with her.

"You are going to need a man to take the place of that rider you fired a few days ago," Agnes told her father. "I reckon Mr. MacLeod will do as well as anybody—but we'll talk about that after supper."

The rest of the men were joining them, and they went in a group to the house. Agnes walked beside Archie, giving him his first definite instructions.

"You make your play to the First One—that's Lucy," she said, speaking in an undertone. "She'll be in the kitchen helping ma, and Belle will be in the dining room. Belle's all right, but Jim Loren is tagging around after Belle, and she's good enough for him. Besides, she'd make a darned poor wife for a man like you. Come on in and meet 'em."

MacLeod followed unwillingly into the kitchen.

"Ma," said Agnes, "here's a new man pa has just hired—Archie MacLeod. I reckon he'll sort of look after the ranching end of the outfit so pa will have more time with the stock."

Mrs. McElvaney offered a welcoming hand.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. MacLeod. I'll call you Archie so you'll feel right at home. And now meet the First One. Lucy, this is Mr. MacLeod."

Archie turned to greet a tall, buxom, tranquil-appearing young woman, who acknowledged the introduction with a slow, placid smile and a firm, deliberate handclasp. Like most unmarried men of his age, Archie had long since created a mental image of the woman he wanted to marry. Of course, he had never expected to find his ideal. But here, materialized in the flesh, was the living woman of his dreams; a calm, clear-eyed woman; one who would know how to journey along through life with a man leisurely, comfortably. So impressed was MacLeod by his discovery that he failed to respond immediately to her words of welcome; failed, even, to release her hand until she tried to disengage it.

"Oh, excuse me," he said then, recovering to a degree his usual poise and self-assurance; "but it isn't every day that I meet a woman who is the living image ——"

"Easy!" cautioned Agnes, speaking with callous indifference to his feelings. "Don't start your roping exhibition until you've seen the Second One. Come on and meet her."

Again MacLeod followed unwillingly. He believed he wasn't going to be interested in the Second One. That was because he hadn't seen her yet. They found her seated at a piano in the living room. She was gazing thoughtfully through a window

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"Why, Bless Your Heart, Honey," He Answered Softly, "Didn't You Keep Count? That Was Our Third Dance"

ANTIQUAMANIA

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THERE is more to any business or pursuit than one sees on the surface, whether the pursuit or business be bird hunting, landscape painting, grocery-store keeping, the application of rouge to the face or ordering a dinner.

In the business of bird hunting, for example, one must consider the training of the dogs which are used in that activity; shall the dogs be rebuked for transgressions of the hunting code by the Montessori method—with a few severe words, that is to say; or shall they be kicked briskly in the short ribs; or shall they be corrected by means of a spiked collar or a charge of No. 10 shot? This is only one of many problems that do not occur to the person who goes hunting for the first time.

Of recent years the collecting of antique furniture, baubles and antique whim-whams of various sorts has reached a high position among American pursuits, and at the present time it is estimated that at least one out of every twelve people in the United States has had traffic with an antique dealer who claims to be collecting for Henry Ford.

It might be added at this point that if all the antique dealers who claim to have sold one or more antiques to Mr. Ford are telling the truth, Mr. Ford will be able to furnish as many houses as there are in Springfield, Massachusetts, with highboys, lowboys, carboys, wrought-iron skillets, Carver chairs, Franklin stoves, four-poster beds, Sheraton hatracks, Chippendale coat hangers, Adam andirons, Nebuchadnezzar whatnots, rare old New England carriage seats decorated with the original tobacco juice, fine old saddle bottles, graceful old Haig & Haig bottles, and thousands of other things that are dear to collectors' hearts for reasons that will always be a mystery, even to the collectors themselves.

Anatomy for Young Antiquers

IT MIGHT also be remarked in passing that if Mr. Ford had paid the prices that the garrulous antique dealers claim he paid for these objects of art, the vast earnings of his automobile factories would long ago have vanished away where the mournful cry of the bulbul is heard in the land, and he would have been obliged to touch President Coolidge for seven dollars at the same time that he relieved him of the old Coolidge sap bucket.

But in spite of the wide popularity of antique collecting, there are certain fine points to the pursuit that can only be learned by constant contact with antiques and antique collectors, just as one can only become thoroughly acquainted with seasickness by personal contact with several storms at sea.

One must know whether it is more desirable for the moldings on a chest of drawers to consist of a cyma reversa and a wide fillet, or of a quarter-round, a fillet, a cove and a fillet. One should even be able to argue in favor of having the moldings consist of a fillet, a cove, an astragal, a fillet and a small cove. One should have a comprehensive grasp of what it is that an astragal does to the base moldings, if any; and if one lacks that comprehensive grasp, one should be able to simulate comprehension with such assurance as to confound any other person who thinks that he knows all about it.

One should know all about feet and legs and knees and block fronts and swell fronts, and so on; not human legs and knees and swell fronts, of course, but the brand—frequently, but not always, the only brand—in which antique collectors take such a passionate interest.

If an antique dealer offers a chest for sale it is almost essential that one should know whether it has straight bracket feet, bird's-claw-and-ball bracket feet, or ogee bracket feet with a scroll finish, such as was characteristic of the Rhode Island type.

The embarrassment of the amateur antiquer who proceeds on the assumption that a chest of drawers has just plain feet, and is discovered in his ignorance, can be compared only to the embarrassement of the person who inquires solicitously for a friend's wife and learns that she obtained a divorce a few weeks previous, or to that of the furniture enthusiast who doesn't know the difference between a Rhode Island type chest and a Minnesota or South Dakota or Michigan type chest.

Since I am an antique collector of the sort who knows that in examining or purchasing an antique chair one must always turn the chair upside down and scrutinize all its concealed features with an absolute lack of delicacy and restraint, but has never been able to fathom the reason for this scrutiny—unless it is for the purpose of warning the owner of the chair that he would do well not to attempt to mislead, overcharge or otherwise hornswoggle the astute purchaser; since, I say, I am that sort of antique collector, I recently leaped at the opportunity of joining three of the leading amateur antiquers of America in one of the periodical raids that they make on the antique shops of old Virginia, where, if the antique dealers can be believed—and they almost always cannot—two-thirds of the poultry in the suburban districts have reared their broods for over half a century in rare old Hepplewhite sideboards, magnificent old cabriole-legged scrutoires or exquisite old block-front chests-on-chests that were long ago relegated to the old barn along with the old hair trunk and the little old gray shawl that old Aunt Callista used to wear.

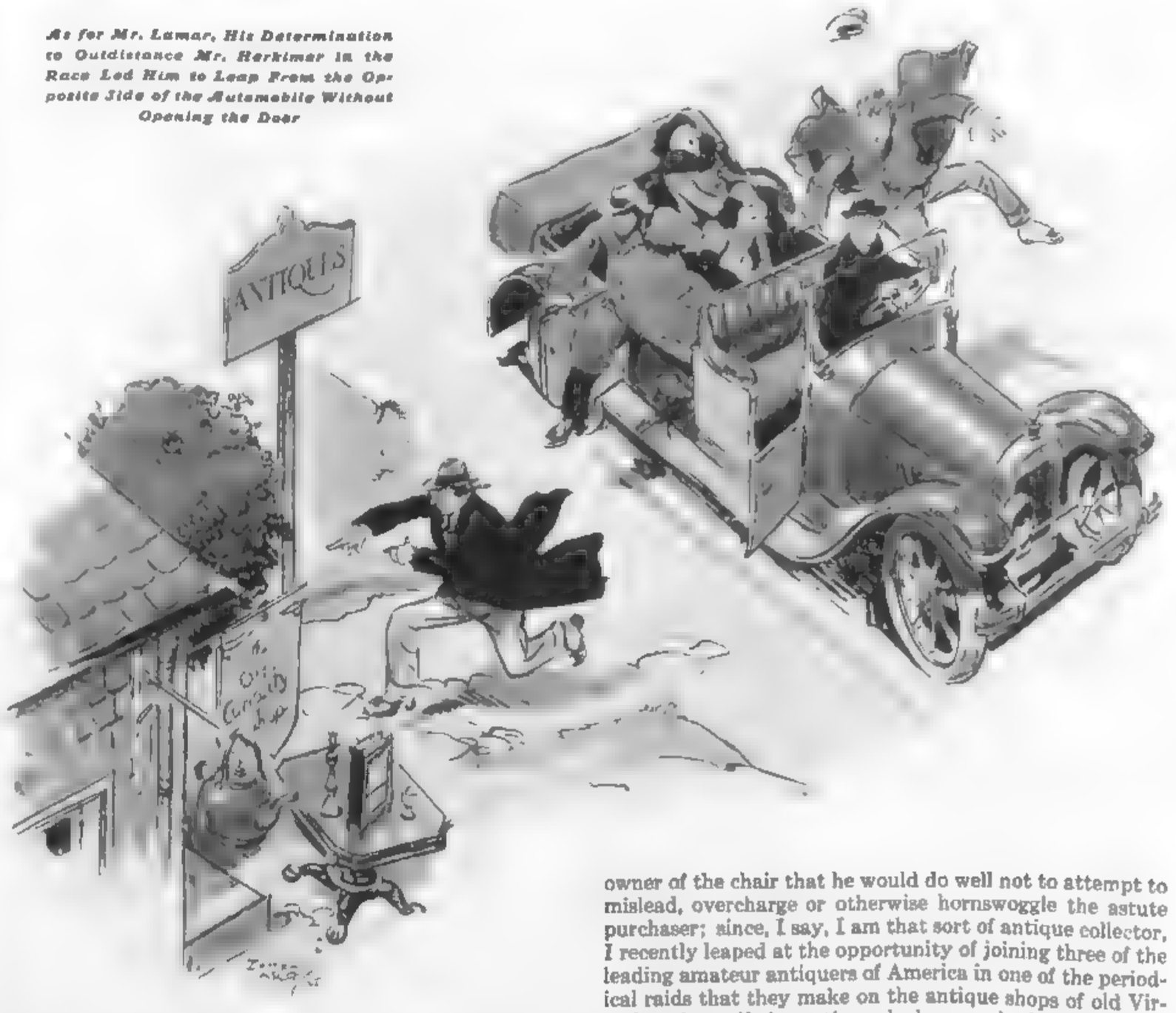
The raid was led by Mr. John A. Lamar, the distinguished editor whose collection of Georgian silver is almost large enough for all the Georges east of the Mississippi River to dine from at any given moment; and minor or branch raids were conducted from time to time by the two other raiders, Mr. Conrad Herkimer, the popular novelist, and Mr. Harry Beronol, the talented artist, both of whom admit that they know more about early American furniture than anyone else, including each other.

Ungallant Behavior of the Raiders

THE raiding party was further complicated by the presence of the wife of one of the raiders. Having been accustomed to the normal amenities and niceties of modern civilization, she had failed to realize that the ruthless competition between genuine antique-ferrets frequently causes them to thrust frail women rudely from their paths and crush the fairest flowers beneath their feet in their determination to have the first chance at a six-legged highboy with skirt and stretchers cut in a double cyma curve.

She realized it fully, however, at the first stop made by the raiders; for, in his anxiety to enter the antique emporium ahead of his friend, Mr. Lamar, Mr. Herkimer kicked her heartily in the knee while descending from the automobile. As for Mr. Lamar, his determination to outdistance Mr. Herkimer in the race led him to leap from the opposite side of the automobile without opening the door; and in the take-off he was unfortunate enough to step heavily on her hand bag and mash her lipstick into a welter of powder, mirror, street-car tokens, keys, small change, cooking recipes, pencil stubs and one-dollar bills.

She was, it is true, assisted from the automobile by the more gentlemanly Mr. Beronol; but because of this delay Mr. Beronol was done out of an opportunity to acquire a beautiful pewter slop bowl, and was later heard to declare openly that women were all the time asking for equal rights, and that thereafter any woman who went antiquing with him could have all the equal rights in the world so far as he was concerned.



As for Mr. Lamar, His Determination to Outdistance Mr. Herkimer in the Race Led Him to Leap From the Opposite Side of the Automobile Without Opening the Door

"Everything in it for Sale," Said He

Into This Room Instantly Squeezed the Eager Messrs. Lamar, Herkimer and Beronol, the Lady Wife of One of the Antiquers, the Skeptical But Interested Student

A raid into Virginia from northern territory would naturally be supposed to include an investigation into the contents of Washington antique shops. Unfortunately, the peculiar hot-air disease that afflicts legislators soon after their arrival in Washington has, in the past two or three years, spread to some of the Washington antique dealers as well, just as it spread years ago to the Washington real-estate dealers and house owners.

Few legislators, because of the ravages of the hot-air disease, are able to speak on any given subject without dragging in thousands of unrelated subjects and yawping interminably about them. The senator who rises to speak on the fertilizer industry or the necessity of investigating the prevalence of hair bobbing will almost inevitably dwell heavily on such matters as early Indian customs, the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin, the suffering farmer, the silent man in the White House, tungsten, vetch, the Isle of Pines, the contemptible political tactics of the distinguished senators on the opposite side of the aisle, oleomargarine, stamp collecting, European politics, the pride of the Japanese people, the approaching elections, the lesson of the last elections, the Prohibition Law, the Constitution, the outstretched hands of little children yet unborn, the voice of the American people and the sister republics to the south.

Where Dealers Drip With Sentiment

WASHINGTON real-estate dealers, when they came down with the disease, were not content merely to try to rent their houses, but became obsessed with the idea of renting all the social and political atmosphere that surrounded them. When the prospective tenant asked "How much is this house?" the real-estate dealer said, "Wait a minute. From the third floor of this house you can see over into the back yard of Mrs. J. Fingle Munk, who entertains once a day when Congress is in session and twice on holidays. You will keep your automobile in the same garage with two senators and a cabinet officer. The children of the richest congressman from New England will wake you up with their squalling at half past six every morning, bless the darling little kiddies. Two retired admirals, six wealthy widows and a justice of the Supreme Court buy their lamb chops at the meat market just around the corner. It is one of the most desirable locations in Washington." He then revealed the price, which was—and is—twice as much as anybody should be asked to pay.

Some antique dealers suffer from the same trouble. One enters a Washington antique shop and idly picks up a small piece of china two inches high and three inches wide. Not knowing whether it is intended to be used as an aquarium ornament or to throw at the cat, one says to the antique dealer, "What is this?"

"That," says the antique dealer, taking a long breath and shifting over onto his strong leg—"that belonged for many years to Mrs. Hebron M. Firbolg, the wife of Senator Firbolg, you know. She brought it in here herself. Senator Firbolg was very fond of it, because it was given to him by Admiral Blootie, and the admiral got it when he was privateering off the coast of France. It is a genuine piece of Balkan Staffordshire. See the colors on it! Aren't they lovely? It's a museum piece, you know; yes, it really belongs in the museum, but they haven't enough money, poor things."

Many antique dealers, not only in Washington but elsewhere, persist in attempting to sell the associations that cluster around their antiques as well as the antiques themselves; and some of them are unusually talented at making up associations for antiques that have none of their own. If one furnished a three-room apartment with antiques purchased in these antique shops, he would be more than likely to have about three hundred dollars' worth of furniture and objects of art and about thirty thousand dollars' worth of association—which may be all very well for the sentimental owner, but which holds less interest for his visitors, who like to sit in chairs because they are comfortable, and not because they are the ones in which the boy, Millard Fillmore, was accustomed to sit when roasting apples in the kitchen stove.

For this reason the true antique weasel usually refused to linger long amid historic old paper weights and cooking utensils and kitchen chairs and britannia ware, and hastens as rapidly as possible to less sophisticated antiquaries.

The Skeptical Student Stood Firmly and Uncompromisingly in the Middle of a Large Flock of Hens and Emitted a Flow of Language on the General Subject of Antiques

Consequently the three great amateur antiquers, Mr. Lamar, Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Beronol hurriedly crossed the Potomac and fared into Virginia with all possible speed, accompanied by one unsuspecting wife and one eager but somewhat suspicious student of the antique.

The cardinal maxim of all genuine antique hunters is "Get there in a hurry; somebody might beat you to it"; so they passed through the ancient town of Alexandria without a flicker of their eyelids, evinced no interest at all when they whizzed past the turn-off to Mount Vernon, and roared by the beautiful church at Pohick with a casual speculation as to whether one would have much difficulty in stealing the hardware from the front door on a dark night.

The Patter of the Wise Ones

IN SPITE of the speed with which they rushed through these historic spots, however, it was apparent from their conversation that their devotion to the loveliest products of America's early craftsmen might almost be regarded as the ruling passion of their lives.

"I'll tell you right now," declared Mr. Lamar in an arbitrary manner, "if there's a Windsor writing chair down at Lily Stirrup's place in Oakland, it's mine. I speak for it."

"It's yours if you get to it first," said Mr. Herkimer with apparent indifference.

"I've got one of those," said Mr. Beronol happily. "I got it for fifty dollars. The man that owned it didn't know what he had. We were driving by and saw it sitting out on the porch, so we went up and asked for a glass of water. I'd have paid two hundred for it. Fifty dollars, it was. I said to him 'What's that?' and he said, 'That's a chair.' It's one of the finest specimens ever discovered. Fifty dollars was what ——"

"Where do you date it?" interrupted Mr. Lamar with a cold look.

"Seventeen thirty," said Mr. Beronol with a pleased smile.

"What do you mean, 1730?" asked Mr. Herkimer savagely. "I've seen that chair, and it's 1790 and not earlier. It might even be 1795."

"How do you know, Herkie?" demanded Mr. Lamar, pretending indifference.

"Why, because I can tell," shouted Mr. Herkimer. "I can tell by looking at it. Anybody who knows anything about furniture can tell."

"Well, I know something about furniture," said Mr. Beronol joyously, "and I say it's 1730. It might even be 1725. It's right between 1725 and 1730."

"Grape jelly!" exclaimed the great author in a contemptuous manner. "Anyway, writing Windsors don't interest me. I get no reaction from them. The thing I care most about is a good sideboard. There is nothing so adorable as a Hepplewhite sideboard with a serpentine center and concave ends. There is something so adorably feminine about them, especially when they have eight adorable little legs. You know that adorable little sideboard that I have, don't you, Lamar, with the satinwood shells and oval panels on the stiles?"

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FOUND MONEY

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

NONSENSE! Everything has its price. Offer him thirty-seven-five, with twelve-five cash; but make him name his price," I said, and I hung up.

I'd been trying to buy a twenty-five-footer double flat on West Sixty-fifth Street to round out a plot for a building operation. The owner was a tough customer, not a drop of speculative blood in him, one of the kind that buys a piece of property and sits down on it for a generation. The broker said he wouldn't name a price, wasn't interested in taking a profit. Such people hold back building and make builders pay insane prices for plots, and that's why rents go up. If any operator had had that house, he'd have sold it to me for thirty-two, and been glad to turn it and take a short profit and grab something else. I was still all right at thirty-seven-five. I had sixty feet alongside, and that extra twenty-five feet was worth fifty thousand to me; but the profit on the plottage was mine and I wasn't going to give it away to this Dave Dibble. I wrote "Dave Dibble" in my desk book under a date a few days farther on.

Pethick came into the office—Horace T. Pethick. He was selling me inside brick for an operation I was putting up in the Bronx. His concern had sent me a lot of softs and swells, and I'd sent for Pethick to register a kick. I always get after the man who sells me, and don't bother with his office; I get better service that way, and help out the salesman, too, by making his concern think he's got me in his vest pocket. Pethick came in, looking in the pink, as usual—fur collar, Malacca cane, gray chin whisker, six feet and two hundred pounds, and all salesman.

"Good morning to Mr. Conway," he said in his pleasant and leisurely voice, running his eye over my desk to see what information he could snap up. I say "his eye." Pethick has two eyes, but they coöperate like a couple of good dogs; one keeps straight ahead and the other roves. It was the straightforward eye that picked up something to ease Pethick into a conversation about his bad brick.

"Dave Dibble!" he said. "And how's my old friend Dave Dibble these latter days?"

"Know him, do you, Pethick?" Pethick knows more people. "Maybe you can tell me something about him, help me to locate his soft spot. If you're a friend of his ——"

"I did business with him, Conway, in the old days."

"Oh!"

Pethick has been in a variety of businesses, and if he went back over his trail now it wouldn't be all a glad reunion. That's all I care to say about him. He's selling brick now, and his brick are all right, and when they're not all right he make them all right. I take people as I find them, and I've got no kick on Pethick. I like him, but I can believe there are slews of people who don't.

"Good old Dave Dibble," said Pethick, hanging up his coat and finding a cigar for me. There'd been a big snowstorm, and the job in the Bronx was stuck for brick and standing still, so I had nothing much to do but sit and scheme. Missionary work. "I know the man well and think the world of him; a fine, dependable type of man."

"Is he a little sawed-off and hammered-down, with a lumpy nose, and wearing a hand-me-down suit that's away too big for him?"

"Yes, that's Dave; and he'd wear something he picked up at a February sale. But a most reliable sort of man, Conway. If you're doing business with him, I felicitate you; I do, indeed. There's no one I'd prefer to do business with rather than with him."

"He doesn't impress me that way."

"How's that?"

"If You Insist on Gambling and Ending in the Gutter, Go to It"

"I mean ——" Well, what I had meant was that this Dave Dibble didn't impress me as a come-on and a live prospect for any get-rich-quick proposition; that's all I care to say, and it's strictly between us. Pethick's past is past. "I mean he's a poor gambler."

"Now will you believe me, Conway, when I tell you that Dave Dibble was a very good gambler in his time? Indeed, the man who sold him on sound investment and peace of mind was none other than I. Did I ever tell you about the time I was in the real-estate business, Conway? Yes, I was in the real-estate business for quite a while some fifteen years ago. That's why I can appreciate your difficulties, and perhaps be of more assistance to you than the average salesman who knows only his product.

"In those days I was president of the North American Improvement Company, with an office on Thirty-fourth Street. I never figured prominently in the real-estate affairs of the city. It was my habit to look about in the outlying sections and to settle on some acreage that was badly in need of improvement and to proceed to put that acreage on the map.

"Sometimes I had to make the map myself, to be perfectly candid with you. That was the fact with Montauk Heights, a development of mine. It wasn't even on the tax maps, and when property is not even on the tax maps it is high time to improve it. I picked up two hundred acres out there toward Montauk for twelve dollars an acre. There was no survey, and there was a question as to whether the acreage was not greater; but the seller was contented, and said that if there were ten or fifteen more acres in the tract I could have them and welcome. I gave him back a mortgage, five years standing, for twenty-two hundred dollars, paying the balance in cash.

"You know, Conway, there's going to be a great city out there at Montauk Point one of these days. The day doesn't seem so near now as it did fifteen years ago, but it's bound to come. Don't you think so?"

"Go ahead with your story, Pethick," I said, waving him off.

"It's a hundred and eighteen miles nearer Europe than New York is," he said obstinately. "It means cutting eight or ten hours off the voyage. You must admit that, Conway. I do think it was boomed a bit prematurely following the Spanish-American War, when the soldiers' camp out there gave it invaluable advertising: but a man with your real-estate sense must see the possibilities. This acreage of mine, which I called Montauk Extension, was only nine miles from Montauk proper, from the seaport; not so far from the water as your Bronx property is from New York Bay, and you must admit that New York is only a seaport, and that your Bronx stuff wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if it weren't for the ships."

"Continue, please," I said. "Tell me about Dave Dibble."

"No one ever got ahead in this country, Conway, by poohpoohing its possibilities; the men who made the big fortunes were the men who had vision, the men who could see far ahead. Look at the Astors and the Vanderbilts! People laughed at them when they bought Broadway lots for a few hundred dollars apiece away out in the country—bought them from a map on the wall. But the Astors and the Vanderbilts are sitting pretty, aren't they? And that's because they had vision. In the same way, I had vision for Montauk; I could see ahead, away ahead. That's why I didn't bother buying down on the Point in the midst of the factories and warehouses that were coming; I picked a high-class and desirable suburb where the fine residences would be built some day.

"I had my map made, and it set me back one hundred dollars and dangerously lowered my cash reserve; but, Conway, it was a stem-winder. The streets were one hundred feet wide and parked down the middle so as to prevent traffic accidents; and every block was square, affording a maximum of air and sunshine. Shrubbery and flowers—every house should look out upon a splendid thoroughfare and back up on a vast garden. In fact it was the garden type of apartment which is now being built so extensively about New York; I foresaw it years and years ago. And Montauk Extension was zoned. Why, Conway, only nine years ago a pirate could sail into a fine residential district right here on Manhattan and slap up a commercial garage; but he couldn't have done that in Montauk Extension. He'd be collared like a shot and sent where he belonged. And there in the very center of the map was the city hall, on Pethick Place, at the junction of Horace Boulevard and Telfair Crossway."

"What was your city hall built of, Pethick?" I asked. "Marble?" Pethick makes me smile.

"Well, no, Conway; one of the lot buyers was a stonecutter, and he advised me against the use of marble. Marble had been my first thought, to be perfectly candid with you. The stonecutter thought marble wouldn't stand up so well; it's the devil to keep clean. He advised the use of Indiana limestone, which was then coming into New York, and I let him have his way.

"I procured my buyers through newspaper advertising. One ad that used to draw well offered a free lot to the first fifty persons who should apply. The idea was to test the advertising values of different newspapers, with a view to concentrating upon the one which brought results. You can readily see that if we had contemplated spending fifty thousand dollars in advertising, we should have lost a

great part of it in dead space if we did not choose our medium with care. The information we sought was worth much more to us than were the lots we gave away to get it. And besides, we sought to save expenses. We required the lucky ones to pay for the cost of drawing the deeds—ten dollars per—and then when it was explained to them that the zoning regulations of Montauk Extension would not permit the erection of a dwelling on less than two lots, they were extremely hard-bitten if they refused to buy one more lot for from seventy-nine dollars to one hundred and fourteen-fifty for Crossway lots, and from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars for Boulevard lots and corners."

"And there are seventeen lots in an acre," I said, thinking out loud. "And you paid twelve dollars an acre seventy-five cents of it in cash. Those lots stood you nearly a nickel apiece."

"You forget the cost of improving, Conway. Sharpen your pencil and figure what it would have cost us to sewer and pipe for water, and to pave and sidewalk and light. Improving vacant stuff costs about two hundred and fifty a lot, doesn't it? Well, to be quite candid with you, I was maturing a plan to float improvement bonds on city credit, if and when we came to it; but that's by the by.

"Among the shrewd ones who guessed the missing letters in 'M-n-a-k E-t-n-i-n l-ts are the world's best bet. Guess the missing letters and get a free lot at Montauk Extension' was this Dave Dibble. He had seen the advertisement in The Railbird, a sporting sheet devoted to racing, which yielded us the highest average of clients. He had hurried down to collect, and after a great deal of painstaking explanation—he was abysmally ignorant of real-estate matters—he paid down ten dollars for his deed and signed a contract to purchase the two lots adjoining for a consideration of three hundred dollars, payable in installments of two dollars a month.

"I liked the little fellow right away. In spite of an apparent sophistication, he was of a confiding and credulous turn, and his large and slightly inflamed blue eyes were as honest as a dog's.

"He was a small man, young, pinched and starved in appearance, and dressed in a way that had inclined me on first glimpse to tell him that he was just too late, being Number Fifty-one. You say that he wears clothes that are too large for him. When I saw him first, he wore garments that, small as he was, were yet too small for him. He wore a black-and-white-check suit that had been very smart perhaps once upon a time; his red wrists protruded from the skimpy sleeves and his naked red heels showed through the holes in the socks that bridged the intervals between the frayed bottoms of his trousers legs and the tops of his broken patent leather shoes. He was unshaven and dirty. I took his money, but I doubted that he'd keep up his payments. He dallied about for a time, watching the winners rush in, and then he said, 'I've got a dollar that says the next one will be a woman.'

"'I never bet, sir,' I said.

"'I'll lay you three to two,' he said. 'Come on, you can't pass up that. I've got to hang around here till those papers are wrote up, and I don't want to lose no time. Three to two on his nose and two to three on his tail, what do you say? Anything to get a bet down!'

"'I assure you,' I said, 'that I don't care for anything of a speculative nature.'

"He tried to inveigle me into betting on various contingencies, and showed such a lack of attachment to his money and such an apparent plethora of available capital that I decided I had underestimated him. 'Come here, young man,' I said, rising and taking my stick and going to the map. 'You have funds to invest. Why don't you buy that hotel site at the corner of Beverley Boulevard and Kensington Crossway? You could put up a twenty-story hotel there under our zoning regulation which will permit you to go up three hundred feet into the air. You would draw a terrific income from it, and you can have the site today for only two thousand dollars, twenty dollars down and twenty dollars a month. You can build immediately, or you can hold the site for speculation, though we rather frown on that. You should be able to sell that plot a few years hence for fifty thousand dollars; you are as likely to make fifty thousand dollars there as you are to make a cent.'

"'Only twenty dollars a month?' he said. 'I could do that on my head.' I saw him measuring the distance to the city hall and to the community center; I had told him fairly that those public buildings and the others shown were merely projected.

"'And interest, of course,' I said; 'six per cent interest.'

"'What's that for?' said he.

"'On the deferred balance. If you want to buy that site now without putting up the cash, you can't expect this company to carry it for you during several years for nothing. Fair is fair, you know. The interest on the deferred balance will be about nine dollars a month during the first year—say, twenty-nine dollars in all. Can you meet those terms without undue hardship?'

"'Easy, if I make a winner once in a while,' he said, eyeing the site covetously.

"'Young man,' I said, with a solemnity that the occasion fairly warranted, 'pardon me for speaking a plain truth to you, but it would be the office of your best friend to advise you that nothing but eventual misery and poverty await you if you insist on betting on horse races. Do you know anybody who ever beat the races in the long run? Unless I have you wrong, and I don't want to do you an injustice, you're a race follower. If you had put into some sound investment the money you have lost on horse races, you would be independently rich today, or on the road to it. And if you are one of those rare birds who can say that the ponies owe them nothing, ask yourself what you have got beyond the barest subsistence. Your winnings have flown, and you're right back where you started from, having to make a winner tomorrow to live, conning the dope sheets, buying bum steers, chills and fever, abasing yourself to some bookie to get credit for a two-dollar bet. Are you wiser than the racing association that makes the odds? Then why do you lose time trying to study out a winner? They're all equalized by the odds; think that one out. What would you give to have every dollar you ever socked up on a horse, and then a profit on it? That's what we're offering you here. If you insist on gambling and ending in the gutter, go to it; Montauk Extension is no gamble. It's real estate, the world's best security, always going up and up. Look at the Astors and the Vanderbilts!'

"'You know, mister,' he said sincerely, 'what you just said ain't no more than every gambling man has said to himself. It's a bum game. I'm only sticking along till I make a great big winner, and then I'm through. When I get five or six grand I'm going to start a book, then no more betting for mine.'

"'You're kidding yourself, young man,' I said; 'but don't let me tell you your business. Buy that hotel site and it'll make you rich; do you want it?'

"'It'll be a real killing when it comes through, won't it?' he said. 'No chance of a scratch, hey?'

"'Here,' I said, slapping him on the shoulder so he shook, 'scratch your name on that contract and watch your money grow. Buy a piece of the U. S. A.! You'll be the first man ever went wrong doing it.'

"Well, Conway, things turned out just as I had feared; Dibble came through with two installments, and then he fell down, and all he had when he came down to see

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"No Reason Why I Should Lose a Day and Spend Seven Dollars Fare to See a Piece That I'd Only Bought to Sell"

COOTS

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THEIR first meeting was at the corner of Oleander Street and Mullens Avenue. He was not certain whether he had ever seen her before or not, but there was no doubt in her mind that she was having her first view of him. Not the slightest. For there was keen vision in those calm eyes, and at sixteen the memory is good. Besides, when one comes to town no oftener than three or four times a year one's impressions are apt to be vivid and lasting. At least, Cilla May's were. Anyway, she was positive that on none of her previous trips into Sandspur had she encountered anyone quite like the sorry specimen who had come out of Greb's grocery and now stood staring uncertainly in her direction.

"Sorry" was her word. It was the unspoken epithet which registered, somewhere under the sunburned mass of her tawny hair, her complete description of him. And as she felt neither fear of him nor was much moved by pity, she returned the stare with a look that was casually curious. Being as uninformed we might have done the same. Possibly some of us would have been satisfied with a glance, probably a few would have turned away in disgust. It all depends on what we are used to.

For the human specimen to whom Cilla May fitted the word "sorry" was not, at that particular moment, an eye-pleasing object. Avoiding sordid details let us say that he was unshaven, unkempt, far from clean, and not wholly sober. One moment, though. While you might picture the grease-splotched riding breeches, the rusty leather leggings tied with cord where buckles were missing, the collarless shirt with sleeves which had been shortened to elbow length by the simple process of hacking with a dull jackknife—the hat should not be left to the imagination. No. It was not that sort of hat. As for the rest of the costume, while perhaps it could not have been exactly duplicated by any male resident of Sandspur, it might have been matched in general untidiness by at least a score of them. But not one would have worn that hat. It had been originally an aristocratic straw, a finely braided sennit, with a silken lining on which was stamped the coat of arms which was used, with or without the sanction of Burke's, as the trade-mark of a well-known Fifth Avenue shop. So much as remained of the band still bore the colors of a great university.

But the top of the crown had loosened about the edges until it hung like the cover of a hastily opened tin can, and the brim had been sheared away, from the ears back, leaving only a kind of visor in front. So it had become a nondescript head covering; an ignoble, a degraded thing, almost a ribald hat. If it was any true index to the character of the wearer, as a man's hat is said to be, then it was flaunting for him a lack of decent pride, almost a total loss of shame. Yet it was precisely the kind of hat which Coots Avery was satisfied to wear.

Not that Cilla May was being analytical about the shameless sennit. Her casual interest was chiefly devoted to guessing at the contents of the various parcels pyramided so precariously in the crook of the fellow's left arm. The can of tomatoes, the flat tins of sardines, and the loaf of bread were obvious. The brown-paper wrapping of another suggested meat. Greb did sell fresh beef, at times. Or it might be pork or lamb. At any rate this staring stranger was one who could afford to eat heartily as well as drink deeply, bearing out what her Honey Pap so often said, "Seems jess thisaway, Cilla—that money don't care who gits it." Evidently money did not.

How much the wavering stare of Coots Avery revealed to him would be too vague a speculation. Probably no more than the blurred image of a bare-headed, bare-legged girl in a faded cotton dress. Still, there must have been, too, some hint of the easy grace of her lithe figure; a suggestion, at least, of early flowering womanhood; or was it the cool indifference of her wide-set eyes? Anyway, some sensory call rang up a clouded brain cell, muscles motivated, and with his free hand Coots Avery lifted the ignoble straw in a mocking salute.

"Hail, daughter of Diana, loveliest of the—the 'Phesians! Hail!"

His tongue was as yet in moderate control, even if his legs were not wholly dependable, but he should not have attempted Ephesians. Nor the bow. Down rolled the can of tomatoes, down clattered the sardine tins. The bread he saved by a desperate clutch and stood swaying as he planned how best to retrieve the fallen articles.

In one willowy swoop Cilla May picked up the can that had rolled almost to her feet, and in another she recovered the sardines. Then she tucked them all securely in among the other articles on his arm and stepped back to her post beside the entrance to Landers' hardware store. "Thanks, gracious maid; many and shin-shincere thanks."

Looking Over His Shoulder He Saw the Lank Figure of Lon Peete, Half Crouched in the Path, a Rifle in His Hands

Something in the leering mockery of the unaccustomed words roused quick resentment in Cilla May. Her firm chin stiffened, into her hazel eyes came a look of cold scorn.

"You better git along home, that's what you better do."

Coots Avery nodded in solemn agreement. "And wise as fair. Certainly. Wise as fair. Must get along. But home! Ah, that's where gracious maid does me too high honor. Home! Be it ever so humble—— Say, that's just lyrical joke. Must stop long enough to tell lovely maid ——."

"Aw, shet yer yap!" remarked the lovely maid, with no trace of petulance, but with a weary indifference, as she turned away to watch for the exit of someone from the hardware store.

And at that moment out from Landers' slouched a lanky sallow-faced man who swept them both with a quick, comprehending glance. He wore a pair of overalls which had once been blue but had never reached lower than his ankle tops, a black cotton shirt which was changing to a purplish tint, and a high-crowned, wide-brimmed black felt hat, gray with dust. This was Honey Pap, otherwise Mr. Lon Peete, father of Cilla May. Although no sign of recognition had passed between the two, Coots Avery must have guessed the relationship.

"Mean to say loveliest of 'Phesians is your offshpring, Lon?" he asked.

Mr. Peete neither replied nor bestowed on him a second glance. He merely gestured with a slack thumb toward the dock at the foot of Oleander Street and slouched ahead. The girl followed.

"Huh!" observed Coots Avery, blinking after them over his armful of provisions. Then, solemnly preoccupied with problems of equilibrium, he rounded the corner and went tacking up Mullens Avenue toward the straggling outskirts of Sandspur. If it had been a fateful meeting it had been a brief one. Perhaps not worthy of recording.

Two chips, bits of human flotsam, whirled together for a moment in an eddy of life.

But one at a time. Coots, for example. While he had come to be a familiar figure on the streets of Sandspur the fact that he had drifted there from some distant place was clear to all; save, perhaps, the greenest of winter tourists. His costume, for one thing, marked him as an outlander. Riding breeches of doeskin were unsuited for either the climate or the purse of Sandspur's native born. His speech for another. Allusions to characters in Greek mythology were not commonly employed when one citizen of that part of Florida spoke to his neighbor. And in certain moods Mr. Avery drew liberally, although not always accurately from the classics. So, even though his indolence and general untidiness might have seemed to merge him with the ill-favored group of loafers whose usual haunt was the public dock, he was generally classed as one who somehow did not quite belong.

Had such drifters been rare in the community a tinge of mystery might have spurred local curiosity as to who he was, where he had come from, and why he remained. But if the Gulf Coast beaches are practically bare of wreckage in its usual sense, the human variety is by no means uncommon.

No one asked of Coots who or where or why. And he volunteered nothing on any point.

When he had first appeared in Sandspur, afoot, unheralded, and without baggage, he had called himself Kenyon Avery. The doeskins were then unspotted by bacon fat, the sennit brim unshorn. His encounter with Cilla May Peete had not occurred until nearly a year later.

Meanwhile he had become known as Coots Avery, for some obscure reason which the water-front idlers might or might not have been able to explain. Anyway, it was into their ragged ranks that he unerringly gravitated. To be quite just, however, this fringe of men and half-grown boys which edged the stringpieces, sprawled luxuriously in the sun or crowded into the scant shade of the fish house, according to the temperature, was less of a blot on the fair fame of Sandspur than a fastidious stranger might guess. Its members were not useful citizens, neither did they constitute a social menace. Few were given over to more than the minor vices, in some might have been found traces of the greater virtues.

Chiefly they practiced the fine art of leisure and, barring occasional lapses, who can deny their success? For the most part they sat in sunny comfort, grouped congenially by twos and threes, about the dock. Between dangling legs they peered down through the still green water at the restful finny life below—gayly spotted sea trout nosing about the palmetto piling, goggle-eyed blowfish wiggling warily along the muddy bottom, a school of minnows frisking on the surface, now and then a stingaree flapping lazily on some submarine errand. Or they watched the gray gulls wheeling high against white masses of cumulus, the solemn antics of pelicans paddling in sedate rows along the channel edge. Their big moments came when infrequent motorboats chugged in through the Pass with catches of mullet and they gathered in the fish house to view the haul, learn where it had been made, guess the gross weight, and watch the process of icing and packing in barrels. For most of them were fishermen themselves, but with an unimpaired amateur standing. They caught flounders from the pierhead or ventured out in dinghies after trout and sheepshead along the bay channels. But only as the spirit moved or when empty larders urged. And a few, when low tide came at a reasonable hour, waded about the flats with gunny sacks and long iron hooks to pull the elusive stone crab from his hole.

Otherwise they spun not; at least, with no regularity. Odd jobs, such as boat painting, seine mending, fish cleaning, they accepted at times. Some, during the rush season, could be coaxed into the packing houses, where they wrapped and boxed oranges and grapefruit, but these renegades were few. How they managed to exist might have mystified others, but the problem seemed to give them no anxious moments. When there was food they ate, while their tobacco lasted they smoked and chewed, and if strong liquor came their way they drank according to their capacities. Still, they seldom broke the peace or violated the criminal code. Oh, there were exceptions. Recruits of any character, or without character, might be added to their number at any time. Theirs was not an exclusive company, a close corporation. And it would be unsafe to generalize about them. They were of all sorts, from far and near.

They accepted Coots Avery just as they did any drifter, not knowing whether he was to be with them for a day or a year, and not caring. He was asked for no credentials, there was no ceremony of initiation. He merely edged in among them on the dock, found it to be a natural loafing place, joined their fragmentary discussion of this and that, came to know most of them by their familiar names, was dubbed with one of his own, and slipped easily into his niche.

In due course he became a pal of Uncle Benny, and an oddly mated pair they made: Coots, in his early twenties, tall, dark, full-blooded, muscular; Uncle Benny, a slim, stoop-shouldered old fellow, well on in the sixties, with thin, graying hair and heat-thinned blood. But they managed to find a common bond between them, perhaps several. For one item, each had a certain facile gift of expression which set him aside from the other dock loafers, whose vocabularies were limited, for the most part, to trite phrases and time-worn oaths. Coots Avery was fond of saying odd, unexpected things and of dressing his freaky, trivial notions in high-sounding words. And always there would be an answering gleam in the faded blue eyes of Uncle Benny, a responsive twitching of the thin, whimsical lips. They were both Northerners, neither seemed to have hindering attachments in the shape of families or relatives, and each was in the habit of indulging in periodic drinking sprees.

So, after their friendship had lasted for a month or two, Coots gave up his quarters in the cheap rooming house where a slatternly landlady looked upon him with disfavor, and moved out to Uncle Benny's shack on the town's southerly edge. An unpainted, one-story, two-room affair it was, with a leaky shingled roof and in a general state of unrepair. Evidently it had been built by someone who had set out half a hundred orange trees and had expected Nature to do the rest, as promised in the gaudily printed land-booming pamphlets. But there had been a slip somewhere. Anyway, the would-be citrus magnate had abandoned his rosy project and gone away. Nature had done her best with the unpruned, uncultivated grove. A sparse crop of golden fruit hung from the overwooded trees. The sandy clearing had been partly covered with high-waving plumes of dog fennel. Also one of the stiltlike corner posts had rotted and left the building sagging dejectedly.

It was in that state when Uncle Benny had bought it for a small sum from a tax-deed owner, and he had made no improvements. One reached the place by plodding a quarter of a mile over a sandy lane running west from the rock road, and about an equal distance farther on the lane ended at the shore of the bay. There Uncle Benny kept moored a leaky old motorboat equipped with a wheezy, one-cylinder engine on which he lavished much picturesque profanity. In the lean-to kitchen was a two-burner oil stove which was also a trial to the soul of Uncle Benny, but when he could persuade it to give out nothing but smoke he could always take his frying pan and coffeepot to the open fireplace in the main room of the house where, as a matter of fact, most of the cooking was done. At the rickety pine table he ate, on an equally rickety corner cot he slept.

Such was the home which Coots Avery had derisively described to Cilla May as a lyrical joke. And it was toward this abode that he tacked uncertainly after their brief interview. Aside from his unsteady gait he was making slow progress, for at intervals he halted, leaned against whatever support was handiest, and seemed to ponder. Then he would shake his head, as if beaten in his attempt to solve some enigma, and resume his course.

Eventually he reached the shack, mounted the shaky steps to the sagged veranda, entered the littered room

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How Could the Daughter of Lon Peete be Like That?

LOVE IN THE NIGHT

The Voice, Low and Soft, Had Dropped Down From the Darkness Overhead

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE words thrilled Val. They had come into his mind sometime during the fresh gold April afternoon and he kept repeating them to himself over and over: "Love in the night; love in the night." He tried them in three languages—Russian, French and English—and decided that they were best in English. In each language they meant a different sort of love and a different sort of night—the English night seemed the warmest and softest with a thinnest and most crystalline sprinkling of stars. The English love seemed the most fragile and romantic—a white dress and a dim face above it and eyes that were pools of light. And when I add that it was a French night he was thinking about, after all, I see I must go back and begin over.

Val was half Russian and half American. His mother was the daughter of that Morris Hasylton who helped finance the Chicago World's Fair in 1892, and his father was—see the Almanach de Gotha, issue of 1910—Prince Paul Serge Boris Rostoff, son of Prince Vladimir Rostoff, grandson of a grand duke—"Jimber-jawed Serge"—and third-cousin-once-removed to the czar. It was all very impressive, you see, on that side—house in St. Petersburg, shooting lodge near Riga, and swollen villa, more like a palace, overlooking the Mediterranean. It was at this villa in Cannes that the Rostoffs passed the winter—and it wasn't at all the thing to remind Princess Rostoff that this Riviera villa, from the marble fountain—after Bernini—to the gold cordial glasses—after dinner—was paid for with American gold.

The Russians, of course, were gay people on the Continent in the gala days before the war. Of the three races that used Southern France for a pleasure ground they were easily the most adept at the grand manner. The English were too practical, and the Americans, though they spent freely, had no tradition of romantic conduct. But the Russians—there was a people as gallant as the Latins, and rich besides! When the Rostoffs arrived at Cannes late in January the restaurateurs telegraphed north for the Prince's favorite labels to paste on their champagne, and the jewelers put incredibly gorgeous articles aside to show to him—but not to the princess—and the Russian Church was swept and garnished for the season that the Prince might beg orthodox forgiveness for his sins. Even the Mediterranean turned obligingly to a deep wine color in the spring evenings, and fishing boats with robin-breasted sails loitered exquisitely offshore.

In a vague way young Val realized that this was all for the benefit of him and his family. It was a privileged paradise, this white little city on the water, in which he was free to do what he liked because he was rich and young and the blood of Peter the Great ran indigo in his veins. He was only seventeen in 1914, when this history begins, but he had already fought a duel with a young man four years his senior, and he had a small hairless scar to show for it on top of his handsome head.

But the question of love in the night was the thing nearest his heart. It was a vague pleasant dream he had, something that was going to happen to him some day that would be unique and incomparable. He could have told no more about it than that there was a lovely unknown girl concerned in it, and that it ought to take place beneath the Riviera moon.

The odd thing about all this was not that he had this excited and yet almost spiritual hope of romance, for all boys of any imagination have just such hopes, but that it actually came true. And when it happened, it happened so unexpectedly; it was such a jumble of impressions and emotions, of curious phrases that sprang to his lips, of sights and sounds and moments that were here, were lost, were past, that he scarcely understood it at all. Perhaps its very vagueness preserved it in his heart and made him forever unable to forget.

There was an atmosphere of love all about him that spring—his father's loves, for instance, which were many and indiscreet, and which Val became aware of gradually from overhearing the gossip of servants, and definitely from coming on his American mother unexpectedly one afternoon, to find her storming hysterically at his father's picture on the salon wall. In the picture his father wore a white uniform with a furred dolman and looked back impassively at his wife as if to say "Were you under the impression, my dear, that you were marrying into a family of clergymen?"

Val tiptoed away, surprised, confused -and excited. It didn't shock him as it would have shocked an American boy of his age. He had known for years what life was among the Continental rich, and he condemned his father only for making his mother cry.

Love went on around him—reproachless love and illicit love alike. As he strolled along the seaside promenade at nine o'clock, when the stars were bright enough to compete with the bright lamps, he was aware of love on every side. From the open-air cafés, vivid with dresses just down from Paris, came a sweet pungent odor of flowers and chartreuse and fresh black coffee and cigarettes—and mingled with them all he caught another scent, the mysterious thrilling scent of love. Hands touched jewel-sparkling hands upon the white tables. Gay dresses and white shirt fronts swayed together, and matches were held, trembling a little, for slow-lighting cigarettes. On the other side of the boulevard lovers less fashionable, young Frenchmen who worked in the stores of Cannes, sauntered with their fiancées under the dim trees, but Val's young eyes seldom turned that way. The luxury of music and bright colors and low

voices—they were all part of his dream. They were the essential trappings of Love in the night.

But assume as he might the rather fierce expression that was expected from a young Russian gentleman who walked the streets alone, Val was beginning to be unhappy. April twilight had succeeded March twilight, the season was almost over, and he had found no use to make of the warm spring evenings. The girls of sixteen and seventeen whom he knew, were chaperoned with care between dusk and bedtime—this, remember, was before the war—and the others who might gladly have walked beside him were an affront to his romantic desire. So April passed by—one week, two weeks, three weeks ——

He had played tennis until seven and loitered at the courts for another hour, so it was half-past eight when a tired cab horse accomplished the hill on which gleamed the façade of the Rostoff villa. The lights of his mother's limousine were yellow in the drive, and the princess, buttoning her gloves, was just coming out the glowing door. Val tossed two francs to the cabman and went to kiss her on the cheek

"Don't touch me," she said quickly. "You've been handling money."

"But not in my mouth, mother," he protested humorously.

The princess looked at him impatiently.

"I'm angry," she said. "Why must you be so late tonight? We're dining on a yacht and you were to have come along too."

"What yacht?"

"Americans." There was always a faint irony in her voice when she mentioned the land of her nativity. Her America was the Chicago of the nineties which she still thought of as the vast upstairs to a butcher shop. Even the irregularities of Prince Paul were not too high a price to have paid for her escape.

"Two yachts," she continued; "in fact we don't know which one. The note was very indefinite. Very careless indeed."

Americans. Val's mother had taught him to look down on Americans, but she hadn't succeeded in making him dislike them. American men noticed you, even if you were seventeen. He liked Americans. Although he was thoroughly Russian he wasn't immaculately so—the exact proportion, like that of a celebrated soap, was about ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent.

"I want to come," he said, "I'll hurry up, mother. I'll ——"

"We're late now." The princess turned as her husband appeared in the door. "Now Val says he wants to come."

"He can't," said Prince Paul shortly. "He's too outrageously late."

Val nodded. Russian aristocrats, however indulgent about themselves, were always admirably Spartan with their children. There were no arguments.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Prince Paul grunted. The footman, in red and silver livery, opened the limousine door. But the grunt decided the matter for Val, because Princess Rostoff at that day and hour had certain grievances against her husband which gave her command of the domestic situation.

"On second thought you'd better come, Val," she announced coolly. "It's too late now, but come after dinner. The yacht is either the Minnehaha or the Privateer." She got into the limousine. "The one to come to will be the gayer one, I suppose—the Jacksons' yacht ——"

"Find got sense," muttered the Prince cryptically, conveying that Val would find it if he had any sense. "Have my man take a look at you 'fore you start. Wear tie of mine 'stead of that outrageous string you affected in Vienna. Grow up. High time."

As the limousine crawled crackling down the pebbled drive Val's face was burning.

II

IT WAS dark in Cannes harbor, rather it seemed dark after the brightness of the promenade that Val had just left behind. Three frail dock lights glittered dimly upon innumerable fishing boats heaped like shells along the beach. Farther out in the water there were other lights where a fleet of slender yachts rode the tide with slow dignity, and farther still a full ripe moon made the water bosom into a polished dancing floor. Occasionally there was a swish! creak! drip! as a rowboat moved about in the shallows, and its blurred shape threaded the labyrinth of hobbled fishing skiffs and launches. Val, descending the velvet slope of sand, stumbled over a sleeping boatman and caught the rank savor of garlic and plain wine. Taking the man by the shoulders he shook open his startled eyes

"Do you know where the Minnehaha is anchored, and the Privateer?"

As they slid out into the bay he lay back in the stern and stared with vague discontent at the Riviera moon. That was the right moon, all right. Frequently, five nights out of seven, there was the right moon. And here was the soft air, aching with enchantment, and here was the music, many strains of music from many orchestras, drifting out from the shore. Eastward lay the dark Cape of Antibes, and then Nice, and beyond that Monte Carlo, where the night rang chinking full of gold. Some day he would enjoy all that, too, know its every pleasure and success—when he was too old and wise to care.

But tonight—tonight, that stream of silver that waved like a wide strand of curly hair toward the moon; those soft romantic lights of Cannes behind him, the irresistible ineffable love in this air—that was to be wasted forever.

"Which one?" asked the boatman suddenly.

"Which what?" demanded Val, sitting up.

"Which boat?"

He pointed. Val turned; above hovered the gray, sword-like prow of a yacht. During the sustained longing of his wish they had covered half a mile.

He read the brass letters over his head. It was the Privateer, but there were only dim lights on board, and no music and no voices, only a murmurous k-plash at intervals as the small waves leaped at the sides.

"The other one," said Val; "the Minnehaha."

"Don't go yet."

Val started. The voice, low and soft, had dropped down from the darkness overhead

"What's the hurry?" said the soft voice. "Thought maybe somebody was coming to see me, and have suffered terrible disappointment."

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It Made Her Helpless Before the Fate That Had Thrown Them Together

WHOSE BUSINESS IS TO SERVE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

One Day I Got a Chance to View My First Americans at Close Range

I HAD just removed the remains of the cheese and dessert and had crumbed the tablecloth and placed the two small cups which Pietro, whose omnibus or commis I was in the grillroom of a fashionable London hotel, was to fill with coffee, and had turned back toward the pantry when I discovered the passageway leading from the room was blocked by waiters and omnibuses. What I heard them say was responsible for changing my whole life.

"It is true," said Luigi, "for my brother works in America, in the great New York, and he so wrote me."

"Yes," echoed Hans, "my uncle, who has a saloon in Sixth Avenue in New York, was at our home in Stuttgart last summer and he told us all about it."

"But," objected Auguste, "it cannot be possible, for that is the very important M. Fischoff, son-in-law of the great *milliardaire* art dealer of the Place Vendôme, who is with him. When I was at the Café de Paris, I used to attend M. Fischoff. You know he owns race horses, and while of the bourgeoisie, he is *homme du monde*, and I cannot imagine that he would associate ——"

But a warning gesture from Boriani, head waiter of the grillroom, dissolved the gathering, and I did not hear the rest. They had been gazing through the cracks in the screen at the table I had been serving. Seated at it were two men, one of whom I knew to be the Frenchman mentioned by Auguste. The other was a handsome man with florid countenance, gray hair and full mustache, the latter worn, in the fashion of that day, with the ends curled up. I had known he was not English, though they spoke that language. When I had set the dishes on the table from which they were to be removed by the pantry boys, and turned to go back to the grillroom, I found a portion of the group had reassembled.

"My faith!" I heard Auguste say. "That man a waiter? It is unbelievable."

"He was," said Hans, "and he is now the owner of the most fashionable restaurant in New York. You see he is not one of us; he is of Ireland, or his family went from Ireland, so they say, and my Uncle Herman knew him when he was a waiter in a little café in that Sixth Avenue where is my uncle's saloon. He was a very good waiter, said my uncle, and he attracted attention. Wealthy patrons of the place sometimes hired him to serve dinners in their homes.

"Then, so said my Uncle Herman, having obtained the interest and backing of some rich persons, he set up as a caterer. That, of course, was many years ago, but now he has a magnificent establishment of his own, and what my uncle calls the Four Hundred—which he says comprises the élite of New York—are his patrons, and their patronage attracts a great following."

"It shows what one can do in America," said Louis, whom I knew as a native of the Austrian Tyrol, although we whose badge was the apron and the napkin considered ourselves internationals. "Have you not heard of the famous Oscar? His name is a byword in my part of Switzerland; for did not Oscar go to America years ago and start as an omnibus in a restaurant, later becoming head waiter in the establishment of the great Delmonico, and is he not today fabulously wealthy, being the maitre d'hôtel of the Waldorf-Astoria, the largest hotel in the world? And some say," he continued, in a tone which was lowered in awe, "that each year he makes more than one hundred thousand francs, and that his wealthy patrons give him tips on stock shares, and he has become a great landholder."

"It is not the Swiss who have accomplished everything in America," rejoined Hans. "When you speak of Oscar, it reminds one of the great Boldt. It is his story that reveals what opportunities lie ahead of a waiter in America. My uncle was fond of telling it to us. He said that the great Boldt, who was German born, himself told him that he was once an omnibus in a little restaurant, also in that Sixth Avenue, and now he is the best-known hotel man in the world. And he is at the head of the biggest hotel. He is very, very rich. He owns a whole island in a great river some distance from New York and there he is building a castle. My uncle says he has a wonderful art collection and ——"

But by this time the conversation had attracted so many waiters and omnibuses from the grillroom that service had been seriously interfered with, and something happened which I had not known to occur before.

The swinging door was flung violently open and Boriani stood there, his eyes flashing.

"*Cochons! Canailles!*" It was always Boriani's custom to use French when addressing his crew. "Is it that you would ruin the business of this grillroom and my reputation? Back to your work!"

But I had heard enough to make America as the Promised Land loom large in my thoughts. Then and there I decided I, too, some day would go to America.

And I believe what Hans said that day gave many others of those who heard, an impulse in the same direction. I could easily name half a dozen of my former associates in that grillroom who are now heads of successful establishments over here, and while I cannot claim that all were in the group which was neglecting work to listen, I believe they were. Yes, there are more than half a dozen, because Hans and Auguste and Louis are over here, and I did not include them.

Before going further I must tell something about the position of a waiter in Europe in those days. It has since somewhat improved, but even today there is not plenty of room at the top over there. It is not desirable to reveal the country of my nativity, as that might give away my identity. I did not come from a race of waiters. My father was a small tradesman. He kept a tiny shop where he sold curios. There were eight children, of whom five were boys. The curio shop might be depended upon to furnish a living for one, or possibly two of the boys, provided business grew. The girls, if fortunate, might marry; otherwise they must go into service. I was the fourth son.

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BUYERITIS

By J. R. BRUNDAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"TWO-THREE-FIVE. Not today."

"Four-three-six. Next week."

"Three-five-nine. About July first."

"Three-two-eight. Not interested."

"Two-seven-one. Miss Kopka will see you."

A man guards a gate and reads the numbers and sentences from a handful of slips. Half a hundred men, with an occasional woman, lounge upon benches like patients in the anteroom of a hospital clinic.

This is a corner of a New York department store, a corner you have not seen unless you are a salesman. It houses the store's sample rooms, and the lounging men and occasional woman are seeking to sell the store bills of goods.

Two-three-five, four-three-six, three-five-nine and three-two-eight pick up brief cases and sample cases and go without a word. Two-seven-one grabs his baggage and is ushered through the guarded gate. As many as a thousand salesmen may call at one New York department store in a day. I counted the list of buyers in one store sample room recently. There were a hundred and sixty of them. Obviously one thousand salesmen, many accompanied by porters carrying sample cases, cannot be permitted to wander at will through a store seeking one hundred and sixty buyers. So a floor or a part of a floor, usually an upper one, is set aside for buyers' offices, sample rooms and a waiting room. Often a special door and elevator are assigned to the exclusive use of these salesmen that they may not interfere with the shopping streams and the store's routine. The salesmen who ignore these provisions and invade the store aisles will be asked to leave.

When I drop into a New York department store to buy a fresh collar or to run some shopping errand for my wife, I am apologetic and prepared to defend my presence. If I see approaching some store executive, I slip down another aisle rather than explain that I am in need of a new pair of suspenders, not trailing a buyer at the moment. There are stores which do not permit a salesman with whom they do business to buy from them.

I and my fellow salesmen, entering by the special door and being discharged at an upper floor by our special elevator, fill out numbered slips. We state our names, the names of our firms, the names of the buyers whom we wish to see, and in a space provided for remarks we jot down any selling argument that may occur to us. The slips are handed to the man at the gate, who is in charge of the sample room, and in most instances are noted upon the records.

If the buyer named is not seeing salesmen this day the man at the gate says so, turning the applicant away. Otherwise the slips are dispatched by messengers to the designated buyers, and the salesmen take seats. The buyer being too busy to see the salesman or not interested in the line writes "Not today," "See me next week," "Next month," or better yet, "Wait." The messenger carries the slip back to the man at the gate. Two minutes or two hours may have elapsed. The message is shouted out.

"Not interested" is not a wreath of laurel to any of us, particularly disheartening to the young fellow when called out loudly in the presence of a roomful of his fellows, some his direct competitors. We older men take it as all in the day's work. The cub occasionally attempts to carry it off with "Well, I saw her yesterday anyway," or "He is coming to our showrooms Monday." It saves his self-respect and deceives no one.

Some of the stores, appreciating the needless publicity of this sample-room routine, have instructed the men at the gates to show the returned slip to the salesman and permit him to read his fate privately.

The man on my left, as we wait on the benches, may be the twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year New York sales manager of a manufacturer doing several times as much business as the store. The man on my right, not improbably, is a collarless immigrant speaking fifty words of broken English and peddling some novelty or notion made by his own and his family's hands in a Jersey City tenement. The young fellow across the way may be on his first job and not earning car fare. All of us are treated alike.

The twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year man selling for a widely known house is more apt to get through the gate, however, particularly if the buyer is busy or dislikes garlic at close range. He is ushered into a corridor of numbered booths, each containing a rough table and standing room. Miss Kopka, of cretonnes, is waiting in the door of Booth 17. She buys or she does not buy or she makes an engagement to call at the salesman's own sample rooms to inspect the line in more detail.

The store sells goods from nine in the morning until five or five-thirty in the evening. Not so its buying. The usual sample-room hours are nine to twelve, five days a week; in one New York store from nine until eleven only. If a salesman arriving at nine o'clock at this store has not been seen by the buyer when the clock points to eleven, he has thrown his morning away. "That is all today, gentlemen," the man in charge calls sharply on the hour, and snaps out the lights. Not only is buying restricted to two to three hours generally, but few buyers see salesmen on every business day. Most of them are in the sample rooms on alternate days, some one day a week only. A schedule is posted upon the wall for the salesman's guidance, but the schedule frequently is out of date. Mr. Quisenberry, of sheetings and pillow cases, may have changed his buying days from Tuesdays and Thursdays to Mondays and Fridays without notation on the board. It is the salesman's job to know these things. If he is a good salesman he will.

Again the exceptions. Two stores I think of buy during the same hours that they sell. Buyers will not look at samples on Mondays or Fridays, unless the circumstances are unusual, but they will see salesmen at any time between nine and five. Special efforts have been made to make their sample rooms convenient. Any seller with a grievance is invited to write it and drop it in a complaint and suggestion box. The store's two highest executives carry the only keys to the box. "These sample rooms have been designed to give vendors prompt service," a notice reads. "Please

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"Good-Looking Hats, Those," the Buyer Commented

BARBEROUS

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Ise Crazy 'Bout That Gal, Lawyer Chew; Just Simply Wile About Her"

LAWYER EVANS CHEW appeared to be immersed in a large and musty tome which bore the passionate title of Chitty on Bills. His dark-brown forehead was corrugated with thought, the well-manicured fingers of his right hand beat a light tattoo on the near-mahogany desk top, and so far as Achilles Grimes could discern, the erudite attorney had no thought nearer than the archaic volume which riveted his attention.

Achilles stood first on one foot and then on the other. He inspected with awed interest the flaming lithograph which was supposed to represent the members of the United States Supreme Court. He studied the framed document which proclaimed to the world that Lawyer Evans Chew had been admitted to practice law in the highest courts of the state of Alabama. And then, in sheer desperation, he coughed.

Lawyer Chew raised his head slowly. An expression of severe pain was reflected through the large horn-rimmed goggles behind which his countenance was intrenched. Reluctantly, regretfully, he closed the volume; sighed enormously and inquired the nature of his visitor's mission.

"Y-y-you sent fo' me, di'n't you?"

"I? H'm!" Lawyer Chew gave this phase of the matter careful consideration. "Then you must be Achilles Grimes."

"Tha's the only pusson I ain't nobody else but."

"I see, I see." The foremost legal light of Birmingham's extensive Darktown lighted a gold-banded cigar. "I have a desire to converse with you, Brother Grimes."

"Tha's mutual also with me, Lawyer Chew." It was plain that Achilles was vastly impressed by the other's culture. "What you craves to make talk with me about?"

Chew gestured with a well-fleshed arm.

"I believe you are ma'ied?"

"I suttinly is, Lawyer Chew."

"Well"—the attorney broke the news gently and with exquisite tact—"you is about to become unwed."

The face of the skinny little negro turned lavender with fear.

"S-s-s-says which?"

"Yo' ma'iage to Azalea Grimes is about to be terminated, ended, concluded an' of none effect. In brief, Brother Grimes, yo' wife has placed in my hands a suit fo' divorce against you, which action shall be started at once in the manner made an' provided by the statutes of this noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama, unless ——"

"Huh?" The large head poked forward to the very end of an amazingly thin neck. "Unless which?"

"Unless something is done to the cont'ary."

"Yeh; to the cont'ary of what?"

"Of gittin' a divorce."

"Golly! Words what you utters, Lawyer Chew, an' the understandin' which I ain't got."

Chew snapped his fingers disdainfully.

"All what you needs is one mouf an' two ears to do business with me, Mistuh Grimes. I has the brains fo' both of us. I asks you a few questions. Does you crave to let Azalea git this heah divorce?"

"Nos-suh!" Achilles' thin little voice pierced the dignified quiet of the room. "Ise crazy 'bout that gal, Lawyer Chew; just simply wile about her, an' I aims to remain ma'ied with her as long as she's willin'."

"Crazy about her, eh?" The lawyer fixed his eyes severely upon the diminutive client. "Then how come you ain't livin' with her?"

"I is. But she ain't livin' with me!"

"A-a-ah! That puts a diff'ent aspect on the viewpoint. Am I correct in deducting fum that statement that yo' wife has deserted you?"

"Nos-suh. Azalea woul'n't do nothin' like that, Lawyer Chew; 'deed she woul'n't. She jus' lef' home an' forgot to come back."

"Desertion—abandonment—six of one an' a dozen of t'other. But wifes don't emigrate fum their husban's without good an' sufficient cause. I ask you now, plain an' straightforward, why did Azalea depaht away fum yo' domicile?"

"We-e-ell"—the answer came slowly and with convincing honesty—"I reckon that she just soht of got tired of me."

"Quite so. But were there not other contributary succumstances?"

"Nos-suh; I never noticed nothin' aroun' our house which sounded like that."

"I mean other things which might have caused her to git disgustful with you?"

Achilles pondered.

"Well," he admitted finally, "I guess I wasn't so awful partial to work."

Chew beamed.

"At last we are approaching the crux of the matter. That statement dovetails nicely with what Mis' Grimes has been telling me. How long since you have prepossessed a job?"

"Fo'—five—mebbe six months. I been awful unlucky, Lawyer Chew. Seems like I coul'n't never do nothin' with a job but lose it. But I splained over an' over again to Azalea that when folks is ma'ied what one has bofe has, an' she ought to share an' share alike. She was makin' real good money, her bein' a manicurist in Obese Foster's barber shop—dawg-gone his mis'able hide! An' ——"

"Just a minute." Chew put out a restraining hand. "What have you got against Obese Foster?"

"Nothin'; nothin' a-tall, 'cept that if I was two foots taller an' th'ee foots wider I'd meet him in a dark alley some night an' bust him in the nose an' squah his teef down his th'oat an' tromple all over him, an' then I'd scrape him up in a bucket an' th'ow him in the creek. What I think about that feller, Lawyer Chew, is poselutely indecent. He was born no good an' he's been gittin' wuss ev'y day, an' on'y that he ain't wuth bein' tried fo' murder about ——"

"I judge that you are rather resentful of Mistuh Foster."

"Man, resentful don't half say it. He gits me plumb annoyed."

"An' yo' wife is wukkin' as a manicurist in his barber shop?"

"She ain't doin' nothin' else. An' was you to ask me, I'd say that it ain't unlikely he advised her about desertin' away fum my home."

"Then he is most prob'ly the tertium quid, as it were."

"Lawyer Chew"—earnestly—"he's even wuss than that."

Chew rose and paced the room slowly, hands clasped behind his back, head bent forward in deep and earnest thought. He presented a large and dignified figure to the frightened eyes of little Achilles Grimes. At length he

turned, in his best jury manner, flinging out one arm in a Delsartean gesture.

"To sum up ab initio," he rumbled, "the condition in yo' home was about this way: You is crazy 'bout yo' wife, but also you was non compos workis, as you might say, which means that you craved to remain at home an' let that gal support you. Also, there was a cullud gemmun fo' whom she worked which 'preciated her mo'n you did, an' you believe that he persuaded her to desert yo' domestic ménage preparatory to gittin' divorced away fum you, with the result that she come to me yestiddy an' retained me fo' cash money to institute proceedings against you ipso facto."

"Oh, lawsy, I knowed I never should of fooled aroun' with no lawyer!"

"Just a moment, Brother Grimes. In dealing with me you is fortunately transactin' business with a legal genius which has got a heart as well as a head. I hates to see domestic married couples git busted up. Effectin' reconciliations is just about the fondest thing I is of. An' I has a profoun' hunch that Mis' Grimes is really kind of foolish in the haid 'bout you, which if that is the case I is willin' to give you some good adwice 'bout how to keep ma'ied to each other 'stead of gittin' divorced."

"Hot ziggity dam! Lawyer Chew, you is certain'y speakin' honey words now."

"Mind you, Mistuh Grimes, yo' wife ain't to know nothin' 'bout my conversation with you on this 'pawtant subject. In fact when I suggested same she tol' me mos' final an' posolute that I was not to mention nothin' to you either befo' or after filin' the summons an' complaint. She says you is wuthless an' no 'count an' tha's all they is to it."

"You is a great an' good man, Lawyer Chew. Now if you'll just splain to Azalea ——"

"What you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains. Ain't I just tol' you I cain't even let her know that I has 'scussed this matter with you? Whatever gits done, you has got to do, an' what you does had better be to foller my advice."

"Yas-suh, Lawyer Chew, I suttinly craves to do that."

"Good! Now what I counsels out of the vast dep's of my esperience with domestic infelicitude is this: You go git you a good job."

Achilles quailed for an instant, then straightened his shoulders with heroic determination.

"Y-y-yas-suh. An' what next?"

"Then go an' tell Mis' Grimes that you is gwine work steady an' hard. Splain to her that you know all she lef' you fo' was because you didn't hol' no job regalar, but fum now on you ain't gwine do nothin' else. Tell her ——"

"Hey! Pause a minute, Lawyer Chew. How is I gwine tell her all this?"

"With yo' mouf, foolish."

Mr. Grimes shook his head sorrowfully.

"'Tain't possible."

"How come not?"

"I cain't git near her. I has tried an' tried an' tried, an' finely she said did I come pesterin' her ag'in she'd have me 'rested."

"Fumadiddles! Sometimes I gits plumb agonized with you, Mistuh Grimes. You ain't got no mo' backbone than a broiled wienie. Well, all I has got to say is that if you is half as crazy about yo' lawfully wedded wife as you claims to be, you'll git out an' fin' you a job an' splain things to her an' beg her to come back to you. An' if you ain't man enough to do that, I hope she gits her divorce—plus alimony."

Achilles slumped dejectedly.

"That alimony thing don't worry me none, Lawyer Chew, 'cause even if they took all what I is got they woul'n't git nothin'. But I shuah does ambition to remain ma'ied with Azalea." He started for the door. "Ise obliged to you fo' all what you has tried to do, an' when you see Azalea nex' time you tell her I said ——"

"Cain't tell her nothin' 'bout seein' you," snapped the attorney. "All the tellin' which gits done fum now henceforward you does yo' ownse'f. Good mawnin'."

Achilles stepped into an elevator and followed his feelings to the ground floor. The tidings imparted by the colored attorney filled him with dismay. Heretofore his wife's absence had caused him to be despondent and gloomy, but somehow he had never considered that she would carry it as far as the divorce courts. The very prospect of divorce gave him a tremor of horrid fear. He knew very well what the sequel would be—her marriage to the powerful and lantern-jawed and excessively pugnacious Obese Foster, the barberous gentleman in whose shop Azalea labored.

Obese had been a candidate for Azalea's chocolate-cream hand since before her marriage to Achilles. The day she agreed to marry him Mr. Grimes was dumfounded. It had never occurred to him that he could possibly be successful against the affluent Obese; and it seemed that the same thought had been present in Mr. Foster's mind, for he was too dazed immediately to annihilate the successful suitor.

Somehow, even in the depths of his humble modesty, Achilles could not help but agree with Lawyer Chew's opinion that there yet flourished in the wifely bosom a bit of love for him. Her very refusal to permit Chew to discuss matters with Achilles indicated a lack of confidence in her own decision. If she really despised him she'd take a keen delight in seeing him personally.

"What I got to git me," proclaimed Achilles to himself, "is a job—an' a good one."

Whereupon he embarked fiercely upon his first serious quest for work. He started off by inserting an ad in the News:

"JOB WANTED, by contepent colored feller who can do gardening, chaffering, buttling, portering, elevating or anything else in reason. Want job which will last forever or longer."

He awaited the flood of answers which never came. An expression of dank gloom settled upon his ebony countenance and remained there. He took to scanning the want columns of the three daily papers, hoping against hope that a miracle might happen.

It did.

According to the ad, a family on Cliff Road desired a general handy man and a maid. Achilles had his pants pressed on credit and spent seven of his last twenty cents on a Highland Avenue car. A half hour later he was in deep and earnest conversation with the lady on Cliff Road.

"Can you run a car?"

"Run a car? Ma'am, I must of been born in a car, I runs 'em so good."

"Understand gardening?"

Achilles rolled his eyes expressively.

"Garden of Eden would of been there yet was I the gard'ner."

"Ever wait on table?"

"Mis' Fosdick, Ise waited an' waited an' waited."

The lady smiled. She liked Achilles instinctively and was impressed by his eagerness.

"Are you married?"

"Yas-sum, I sho'ly is."

"What does your wife do?"

That was a subject upon which Achilles could dilate with enthusiasm.

"Ma'am, she just nachelly does anything. But mos' specially she's a manicurist an' beauty specialist. What that gal don't know 'bout makin' ladies an' insides of houses pretty ain't never been wrote. Ma'am, my Azalea is the most marvelouseet gal what is."

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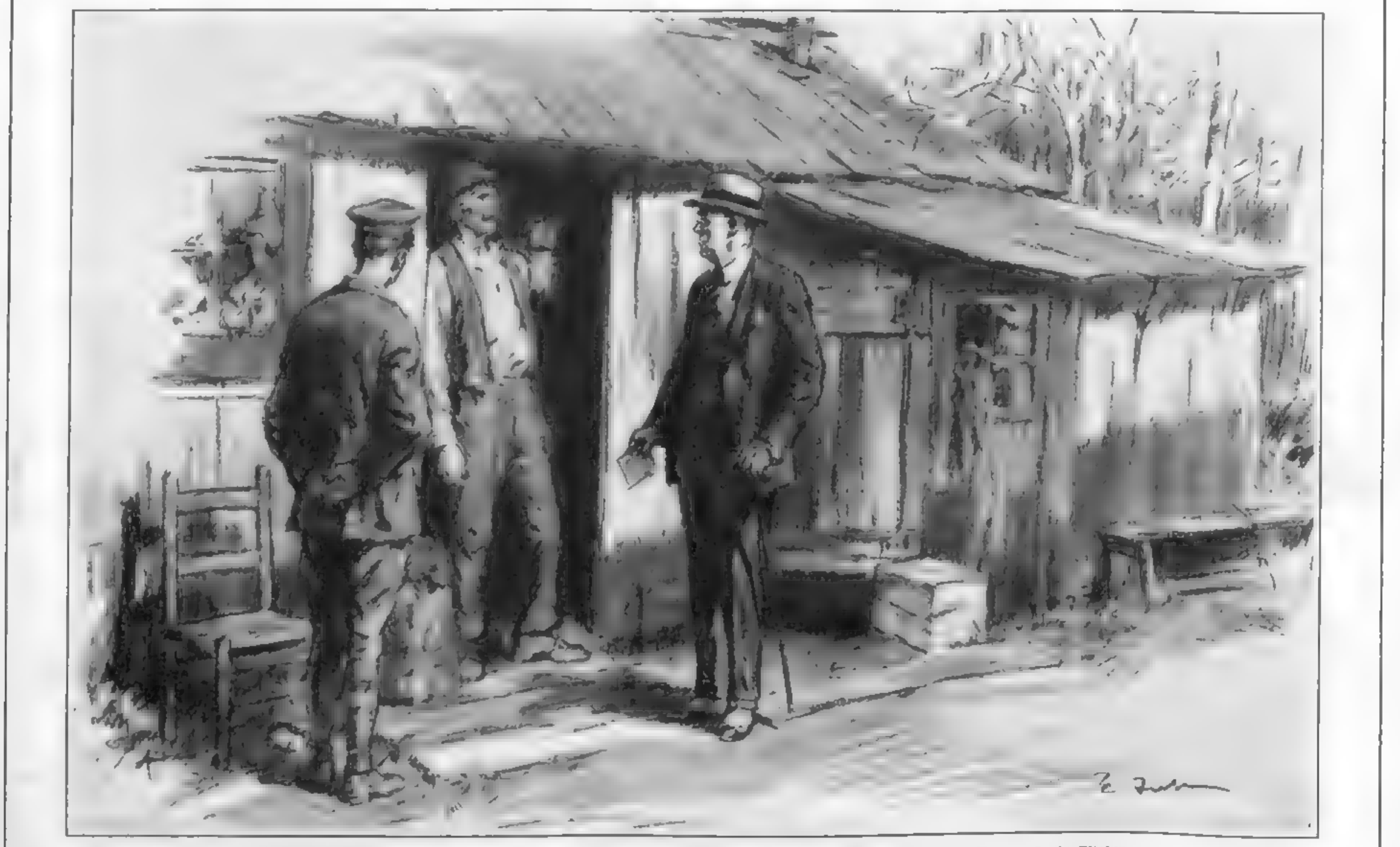
"Hush Talkin' So Much With Yo' Mouf," Growled Obese. "You Gits Me Nervous"

BAD HUCKABY

By FREEMAN TILDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



"Stick Up for Your Name, Bad! Don't Let Nobody Bluff You!" Cried the Shrill Voice From the Unseen Lady Within

HORATIO HUCKABY, president of the Williamsville National Bank—hereinafter referred to as Good Huckaby—sat in his private office, opening his mail.

Horatio Huckaby, hunter, trapper and man of leisure—hereinafter referred to as Bad Huckaby—sat in his shack on the mountain side, oiling a shotgun and hearing advice from his wife.

The strange part of it was that neither Horatio Huckaby, at that moment, knew of the other's existence. In actual linear distance, they were only seven miles apart. Socially, they were farther removed. Good Huckaby had lived in Williamsville all his life. Bad Huckaby had recently entered Williamsville from parts unknown, had found a vacant lumberman's shanty on West Mountain and had taken possession without formality of lease.

Bad Huckaby had probably invaded Williamsville at night. Ripe experience had taught him that this was the ideal time to move. The constables of several towns possessed warrants for his arrest. They were not anxious to serve these warrants, however, because Bad Huckaby was the sort of philosopher who had no squeamish objection to a rural jail, provided it was accompanied by three meals a day, and provided his wife and two children were cared for sumptuously by the town.

Nor was Bad Huckaby hampered, in his locomotion, by an excess of property. After his personal effects had been loaded on a wagon with palsied wheels, drawn by a horse whose feet were astonishingly large and whose ribs were amazingly Gothic, there was plenty of room for Bad Huckaby and Mrs. Bad Huckaby and the two little Bad Huckabys, and nothing stuck out behind.

Bad Huckaby was the kind of man Good Huckaby would instinctively dislike. He was destined to abhor him later on.

Good Huckaby was a rich man, an industrious man and a proper man. It was just as incredible to Good Huckaby that a human being should spend his time hunting and trapping and chewing dark plug tobacco and spitting freely and carelessly as it was inconceivable to Bad Huckaby that a human being should prefer to sit at a desk and make long columns of figures, and be forever talking through a telephone and jumping up to greet people who wanted to borrow money or talk about the stock market.

The good Horatio Huckaby was opening his mail with that pleasant expectancy of a business man who greets each envelope with the feeling of proximate advantage. He slit one envelope, opened the inclosure and read the contents. Having read the contents not once but a second and third time, he became angry and pounded his fist on the desk, crying, "Confounded impudence! What do they take me for?"

The subdued stenographer, who had been waiting beside Good Huckaby's desk, notebook in hand, trembled at this outburst.

"Read that!" bawled the bank president, shoving the offending letter into her hands. The stenographer read:

"*Dear Sir:* We have written you five times about that money you owe us for the shotgun bought of us on our generous deferred-payment plan last March. You have not answered our letters, nor have you made payments as agreed.

"Are you a man?

"When we sent you this shotgun and accepted your word that you would pay for same, we thought you were a gentleman of your word. Even now we are loath to believe that you are one of those slimy creatures known as dead beats. But your conduct is gradually leading us to believe that we shall have to take stern measures with you. You move from place to place without giving us the notice called for in our generous contract. You try to conceal your whereabouts from us. Do you not realize that we have means of finding you, wherever you may go?

"If we do not hear from you immediately, with the payments now due on the shotgun, we shall take measures which will be disagreeable to you. Please give us some sign that you are a man of honor and not a disreputable skulker.

"Yours very truly,

"SLATER MFG. AND SALES CORPORATION.

"Per E. G. M."

"Is—is it addressed to you, Mr. Huckaby?" faltered the stenographer.

"You see!" snarled the bank president, slamming the evidential envelope down on the desk. "Confound their insolence! Shotgun! Why, it's an insult to suggest that I would have anything to do with a cursed shotgun! Dead beat, am I? I'll show them! Take this letter:

"SLATER MFG. AND SALES CORPORATION,

"NEW YORK CITY.

"*Gentlemen:* I am in receipt of your offensive letter of the twentieth instant. I don't know whether you are pinheads or blackguards, but I shall turn this letter over to my lawyers to find out which. I shall find out whether you can send out insulting letters to responsible business men who never heard of you, nor ever desire to hear of you. I am the only Horatio Huckaby in this town, and so far as I know, in this part of the country ——"

"May—may I interrupt you?" asked the stenographer timidly.

"Well?" growled the enraged business man.

"Er—I think there is another man of that name here, Mr. Huckaby."

Good Huckaby glared.

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"Really, I think there is, Mr. Huckaby. Pardon me for saying so. But father and I were speaking of it last night. This other Mr. Huckaby was in father's store to buy some cartridges. He said his name was Horatio Huckaby, and when father said your name was Horatio Huckaby, this man said he'd never heard of you."

"He never heard of me, eh? Well, the impostor will hear of me before long! Trading on my name, is he? What sort of a cutthroat is he?"

"Father said he was a rough sort of man—not at all like you, Mr. Huckaby."

"And where does this fellow live? Did he say?"

"I think he lives up on West Mountain somewhere. Judging from father's description of him, this letter was probably meant for him, sir, wasn't it?"

"Destroy those notes," commanded the bank president. "Lucky you told me this, Miss Salisbury. I was barking up the wrong tree evidently. I'll look after this scoundrel who is traveling under my name. This sort of thing must be nailed quick. Call up my house and tell Jones to come around with the car at once."

Half an hour later Good Huckaby's motor car stopped at the foot of the log road which wound its way up to the humble dwelling place of Bad Huckaby.

"I doubt if we could make that log road in the car, Mr. Huckaby," said the chauffeur. "I shouldn't want to try it, sir."

"No, we'll have to walk. You leave the car here, Jones, and come along with me. This fellow is a rough customer, they say." And with much puffing and blowing, the irate bank president toiled up the rutted, stone-filled road. Once in a while he stopped for breath, and then defeated the purpose of his pause by breaking out into denunciation of the impostor. "Trading on my name! Likely running up bills in my name! We'll see about that! How much farther away does this vagabond live, anyway?"

"Shall I get behind you and push a little, sir?" asked Jones, looking sympathetically at the flabby figure of the bank president.

"No! Confound it, do you think I'm a wheelbarrow?"

"Sorry, sir."

At last they came to the deserted lumberman's hut. A few articles of clothing stuffed into the gaping holes which had once been the windows of this rude structure indicated that the newcomers were tastefully remodeling the structure. A thin bluish smoke, proceeding from the sheet-iron chimney, suggested that the family was at home.

Good Huckaby pounded on the door. A woman's face promptly peered out the window. After a moment the door opened and a thin man, with drooping yellow mustaches, a reddish-purple nose and boyish gray eyes, opened the door. He held a half-skinned woodchuck in one hand.

"Hello!" he said. "How be ye?"

Good Huckaby glanced at the woodchuck and snorted. So this was the kind of people who ate woodchucks!

"I got this letter this morning," said Good Huckaby for reply, thrusting the letter into the thin man's hands. "Somebody says it's intended for you. Is it?"

The other man received the letter reverently, put down the woodchuck and scrutinized the paper.

"Well, now I've mislaid my specs," he began.

"Tell 'em the truth, Hod!" came the shrill voice of a woman. "Don't barleyfuggle with the gentlemen. Own up you can't read!"

The thin man admitted diffidently that his education had been neglected. But he added defensively, "I'm a pretty fair shot with a gun."

"I'll read it to you then," cried Good Huckaby; and he did so, laying due emphasis on the least flattering sentences. Having finished, he asked, "Now would you say that letter was intended for you?"

Bad Huckaby grinned.

"I allow it was. But the shotgun warn't no good," he explained. "I had hard work to sell it to anybody. Lucky enough, I found a barber who warn't all right in his head. He bought it. It'll probably bust and kill him."

"The point is," cried Good Huckaby, "I don't care a continental about the shotgun or the people that sent this letter or the barber. What I want to know, sir, is what right you have to tell people your name is Horatio Huckaby. You know that isn't your name."

The thin man looked surprised. He was not the kind, evidently, to become excited about trifles, or to be dogmatic.

He merely said quietly, "I allus supposed it was."

"You always supposed it was? Oh, you did? And why did you suppose that?"

"My father kind of let on to that effeck," replied Bad Huckaby.

"Stick up for your name, Hod! Don't let nobody bluff you!" cried the shrill voice from the unseen lady within.

"That's my name," said Bad Huckaby, with more certainty.

Good Huckaby was clearly nonplused. He looked at the chauffeur, but got no assistance there. There was something about the manner of Bad Huckaby which was not the way of a pilferer of names. Besides, even while he stood at the door, an important thought had occurred to the banker. This man, impostor or not, must have been bearing the name Horatio Huckaby as long ago as last March, when he got the shotgun. And he was not in Williamsville last March.

"Look here, sir," began the banker more diplomatically, "who were your folks, anyway ——"

"Tell him it's none of his business, Hod," ordered the lady within.

"It's my affair," said Bad Huckaby stiffly.

Good Huckaby began to fear this unseen voice more than he feared or dreaded the seen Huckaby. His manner straightway became oleaginous.

"I merely ask in a friendly way," the banker went on, "because my name is—about the same. Of course, you can see I would naturally be interested. I see you are in—not the best circumstances, and I'm sorry. Christmas is not far away. Would you accept this little token of good will, and perhaps buy your wife some little gift with it?"

The banker had produced a five-dollar bill.

"How much is it, Hod?" asked the shrill voice within the house.

"Five dollars, Hannah."

"Tell him all about your fambly, Hod."

Hod proceeded so to do. He had not gone far before Good Huckaby interrupted him hastily, pawed at his watch, hemmed and hawed, and finally said that he had an important engagement. The men shook hands and the banker lumbered down the mountain silently. The chauffeur waited for some disclosure, but not a word came from Good Huckaby.

The truth was, Good Huckaby had found all he wanted to know, and enough more to fill a pail. Grandfathers have a way of having brothers; brothers have a way of having sons; some sons prosper and some do not; and Christian names have a way of being recklessly dealt out without considering what the effect may be. Good Huckaby went back to his office with the heavy impression that Bad Huckaby was undoubtedly a distant relative of his; a collateral liability out of the careless generative past.

The stenographer naturally expected a revelation of some sort, but she was disappointed. The banker merely began to dictate some routine correspondence. Now and again he paused and lost the thread of his dictation while mooning out of the window. Good Huckaby was clearly worried, more worried than usual. He was a man greatly given to worries, especially to small worries, such as the visits of the Federal bank examiner, or sharp rises and falls in unlisted stocks.

The reason for the immediate worry of Good Huckaby was not far to seek. The reason was, indeed, contained within that lumberman's shanty on West Mountain. It was an annihilating thought that a person bearing the identical name of himself, a person given to chewing dark plug tobacco, uneducated, and an eater of woodchucks,

(Continued on Page 126)

"Nice Little Outfit You Got Here. What's Your Capacity, Mr. Huckaby?"

Judge Gary, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. McAdoo at the Cup Race

The First Automobile Show in the United States, 1899

The First Automobile Tour—New York to Atlanta

THE WORLD

Shaping Tomorrow

ries of Today—By

FIVE new inventions a minute! Who can say that his job is safe? Who can be sure that his business is permanent? Right now, someone, somewhere, is engaged in perfecting a method or a device that will materially affect the work we are doing as a regular vocation. The developments of each day open fresh paths to travel. The unexpected discovery of a new material may mean the passing of an old industry and the creation of a new one. Too many of us are like the lightning bug that has a torch on the rear end. He can see where he has been, but not where he is going.

No longer is it possible for anyone to continue on his way sheltered from the effects of scientific advances and independent of the variations in the fortunes of others. For example, the failure of the corn crop in one state last fall caused the postponement of silo building. This forced a curtailment of production in several cement plants, which, in turn, hurt the sales of a large firm producing leather belting for near-by mills. The interrelationships of business are now such that a depression in one place or class soon affects the prosperity of all.

It is also a mistake to believe that the methods and problems in one industry are wholly different from those employed in other lines of business. Several of the same chemical-engineering processes are used in making printing ink, condensed milk, cement, sugar, nitroglycerin and salad dressing. But how many people engaged in manufacturing condensed milk or salad dressing have ever made any effort to get a new thought from companies producing explosives, ink or sugar?

Labor Better Paid

SO IT follows that to reach and hold success today one must not confine his attention solely to the limited field of his own activities. Take a few recent inventions. There is an alloy of copper and tin which is very hard and yet so porous it will absorb oil like a sponge. This may provide the first step to a revolution in motor installations that have heretofore lent themselves with difficulty to lubrication. There is a product being procured from fusing ordinary quartz rock, which has less expansion than platinum, a higher melting point, greater hardness, and electrical properties equally valuable. The high cost of platinum restricts its use. This cheap substitute may have unmeasured possibilities in electrical manufacture.

We talk of the high cost of living without taking into account the full extent of the rise that has taken place in the standards that now govern everyday life. The laborer of today enjoys advantages that the successful business man could not afford only a comparatively few years ago. We accept this situation without recognizing that it is chiefly science which has created these unparalleled benefits for mankind. Let us examine the operations of two of our greatest corporations. In 1909 the United States Steel Corporation's average wage per man was $776. In the year just ended it ran close to $2000. Notwithstanding this large increase in the pay of the workers, steel prices advanced only 50 per cent and the cost of living less than 100 per cent.

Similar results appear in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Though the pay of employes continues around the top figure, the operating ratio has declined steadily until it is now averaging slightly less than 80 per cent. In 1920, under government control, it was 103.58 per cent. At the present time, with a record business, only 218,171 employes are needed successfully to handle operations, though a few years ago it required 279,787 employes to take care of the job. The wages are now 53.83 per cent of the gross as compared with 70.81 per cent in the earlier year.

Important Railroad Economies

CAREFUL economic management must always be given a share of the credit for corporate success; but the great factor that makes possible such favorable results is the inventive genius responsible for the creation of labor-saving devices, better practices and improved materials. Government operation evidently added to the losses of our important carriers. Nevertheless, while being fair to good management, we must keep in mind that the most efficient executive can do no more than merely administer what we have. The real progress we are witnessing in industry is largely a result of the use of new knowledge and new tools.

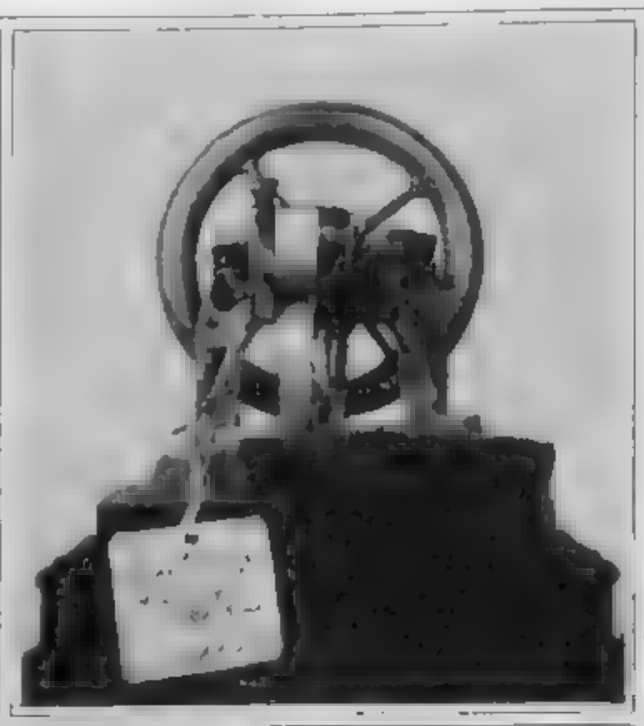
The reason that science is not fully appreciated is because the savings it effects are not considered in the aggregate. It is interesting to know that our most modern locomotive is capable of replacing two of those that were in service only a comparatively few years ago; and yet these most recent machines burn the fuel of only one of those that were replaced. The life of boiler tubes in an average engine has been extended from seven months to thirty-one months, while the life of fire boxes has been multiplied by three.

One heavy expense of the railroads has been the cost of accidents. At present, with an automatic train-control system, the human factor is being rapidly done away with. When new devices now available are widely installed, the lives of passengers will be safeguarded even if the locomotive engineer or the switch-tower operator should suddenly drop dead. More than 5000 miles of American railroad tracks are already equipped with automatic train stops. Such savings are hardly noticed, and yet they might be listed by the hundred.

John Smith says, "That's all very well, but what does this mean to me in my home and my work?"

It means that the fellows who invented nontarnish silver and nonrust steel cut down the labor necessary in the

Surge Chamber of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. of California



The First Sewing Machine, Patented 1846

One of the Early Turnouts

DOES MOVE

in the Laboratory—Floyd W. Parsons

Smith kitchen. The vacuum cleaner largely eliminated dusting and sweeping. The discovery of a certain yeast food has cut the cost of bread $40,000 a day. This discovery enables a baker to manufacture twelve pounds more bread per barrel of flour. It saves 20 per cent of the sugar content of the bread, one-half the yeast content, and produces a bread of a better quality, flavor, texture and uniformity. Since we buy most of our bread from bakers, our bread bill represents a considerable figure.

In the home of John Smith and millions of other householders ingenious devices too numerous to mention have made the work of our women more or less a series of automatic operations requiring a minimum of human labor. The low price at which electricity is sold has made it possible to provide mechanical energy for a vast army of citizens having only modest incomes. But the people responsible for this great boon are the engineers who increased the efficiency of our big central power plants 33 per cent in the last four years. In 1919 a ton of coal produced 625 kilowatt hours of electricity; now a ton of coal produces 840 kilowatt hours.

The manufacture of artificial silk has cut the cost of women's clothes. The introduction of radio has made education and recreation easily available in the home and less expensive. The higher development of ethyl gas and similar products should materially reduce the cost of motoring by adding to the mileage we get per gallon of fuel.

But let me get away from the things that are so self-evident and touch on scientific developments that may not appear to be affecting us directly, but that nevertheless are definitely responsible for the advantages we enjoy and for the position we occupy among the nations of the world. First of all, let us take life's chief essential, our supply of foodstuffs. A large part of what we consume comes from the ocean. As a matter of fact, the sea now yields us $1,000,000,000 worth of products yearly. There are 19,000 known species of salt-water fish. Of our total sea crop, oysters rank first. Research is making this business more of a farming operation than a fishery. Oysters are now reared from the artificially fertilized egg to the setting stage, and very likely it will not be long before seed oysters will be developed in a hatchery much as trout are now propagated.

Economies in Food Production

JUST as science cut the cost of meat by showing the packers how to recover all the animal by-products, so this same force is largely responsible for the success of our fisheries and the comparatively low price of sea foods. The fish we catch that are not edible no longer represent wasted effort, for they are made into oil, fertilizer and meal. Fish oil is used for tanning leather and serves as a substitute for linseed oil in paints. The skins and waste of certain fishes give us liquid glue. Some fish skins make excellent leather. Air bladders give us a supply of isinglass, while the scales of the herring are manufactured into imitation pearls. The ambergris obtained from diseased whales is used as a fixative in valuable perfumes and is generally worth its weight in gold. The oil used to lubricate watches and other fine machinery is obtained from the jaws of porpoises and dolphins. Such facts completely dissipate the idea common to many that the sea is a barren waste. As to the production of food from the land, here again we find a story of amazing technical progress. In practically all our great universities agricultural research is going on constantly. In Illinois scientific studies disclosed that peat soil lacked potassium, and that by supplying this deficiency the corn yield on such land could be increased an average of twenty-eight bushels to the acre. Other investigations showed that an expenditure of twenty-five dollars an acre for labor and fertilizers would increase the yield of peach trees 130 bushels an acre annually. It was proved that the fertilization of apple trees would result in an increase of twenty-seven barrels an acre, and that land given a sweet-clover-lime treatment would produce thirty-one bushels of corn as compared with fourteen bushels from untreated land. While thousands of farmers are not availing themselves of the knowledge science is developing, other thousands are using this new information to the great benefit of themselves and the public at large.

Farm Machinery

IN HUNDREDS of ways and places scientific research is adding so largely to agricultural efficiency that, notwithstanding the rapid growth of our population, food is abundant and prices remain comparatively low. Machines are now available that will seed a row sixty feet wide at the rate of three miles an hour. This means that one machine will seed 150 acres a day. Other machines provide no less astonishing results in plowing, harvesting, binding and threshing. Many Western farms use wagon trains, each having a hauling capacity of 2000 bushels of wheat and pulled by a single tractor. Machinery is commencing to do for farming what it has already done for manufacturing. True, the revolution has barely commenced, for out of 86,000,000 horse power used on American farms, only 3,000,000 of it is produced by machinery.

There is a real need for inventive genius to find a way to automatize truck farming. We already have cotton-picking machinery, but none is available to pick such things as peas and beans and to get crops like the sugar beet out of the handicraft stage. We are already using some of the carbon-dioxide waste from our steel plants and cement mills for fertilizing purposes, and experiments have shown that plants exposed to electric

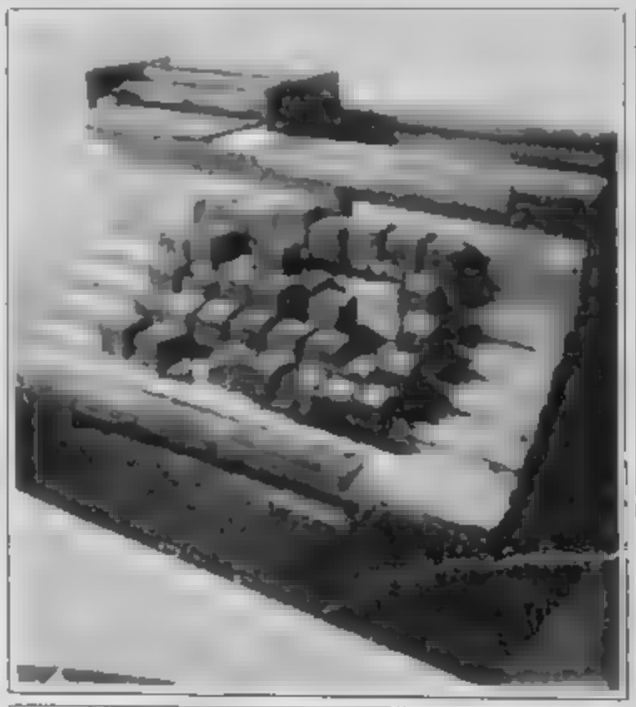
(Continued on Page 170)

The First Motorcycles at the First Auto Show

Going Down Riverside Drive

The World's Largest Airplane—Wing Spread 130 Feet

An Early Racer Required Two Pilots



The First Typewriter

Henry Ford in His First Car

THE HERO

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"I Was ——" "A Hero," She Interrupted. "Jack, You Were Wonderful!"

WELL, sir, when Jack Merrill finally did come back to Riverside, after five years in Hollywood, he certainly got a royal reception. Atlanta couldn't have done any better. The Rotary Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Lions Club, all got right together, agreed to bury the hatchet not in each other for the time being, and coöperated in the greatest Welcome Home banquet the Ralston Hotel ever prepared. There was seventeen speeches alone, not counting any of the drunks that rose and said a word or two hundred and fifty.

As the boss had asked me to stick around until closing time and lock up the store, I got there late, and missed—hot dog!—all the oratory except Mayor John T. Stone's introduction of the guest of honor as "the local boy of whom Riverside is proudest of, a great actor, a credit to the screen, a world-wide favorite, and the star of such super-extra-ultra productions as Fires of Passion, Flames of Passion, Blazes of Passion, Conflagrations of Passion, Holocausts of Passion, and Ignited Youth, and many others too; and, ladies and gentlemen—I might say especially ladies—last but, I must say, not least, a young man who has not proved unattractive to ladies of the fair sex." And with that he glanced roguishly at some of them in front of him and then to a girl sitting at Jack's right.

Janet! Janet Wood, by all that was holy! My Janet, the only female at the guest table, sitting next to Jack Merrill!

And let me say now, when I say "my Janet," I don't have to swear to it. I don't have to swear to anything. My word's good. "Bascom McNutt's word," people used to say, "is as good as some men's bond." And anybody in Riverside'll tell you that all I'd have had to do was snap my fingers and Janet would have broke a ulna getting to me.

But did I take advantage of her like that? No, sir. I didn't, and I'll tell you why. Janet was a fine girl—still is, as likely as not. But, somehow, during the past year, my taste had changed. It had gone, to put it brutally, from brunet to blond.

In other words, when I started going with her I had an ideal. I'd been keeping my eyes open for one for some time, studying the whole field, Mary Fuller, Ethel Clayton, Blanche Sweet, Anna Q. Nilsson, Florence Lawrence, and finally I'd spotted mine—Miss Anita Stewart. Then Janet came along, and Janet looked like Miss Stewart.

And there never was a man truer to an ideal than I was to Miss Stewart, and Janet, too, for that matter, until last year I saw Miss Gloria Love in that masterpiece of the silver sheet, Where Are My Uncles? And Miss Love was blond.

Now Janet of course couldn't look like Miss Stewart and Miss Love at the same time, but I wasn't the kind of fellow that would hold that against her. Say she didn't look like Miss Love—and still she was a mighty nice girl. I could have shook her if I'd wanted to, but what would have been the use of being narrow-minded about the thing? To put it bluntly, I'd have married her anyway.

And now there she was, the only woman up there, sitting at Jack Merrill's side.

Jack, as I don't have to tell anybody who read in the Cinema Magazine that he got fifteen thousand berries a week from the Dandy Art Films, Inc., got seven thousand five hundred berries a week from the Dandy Art Films, Inc., not counting the quarters that girls like Janet sent to him for autographed photographs.

Another thing about Jack, which few movie fans are aware of, is that Jack and me are buddies, and have been ever since we delivered Enquirer-Suns together every morning. But our paths through life separated when we was about nineteen. Jack went into the movies and I into the retail drug business, beginning at the bottom as soda jerker. Jack made good, became a leading man, a star, and finally had his picture took shaking hands with Jackie Coogan. And I, for my part, have not failed altogether either. No longer ago than yesterday there was a rumor about the store that any week now might see me promoted to the cigar counter. It wouldn't surprise me at all.

Well, after the banquet that night there was a dance. I saw Jack do the first fox trot with Janet, and then, while the flower of Riverside ganged him for the next, I got Janet.

"What's this?" I said. "How was the error made?"

"What error?" she demanded.

"You up there," I explained, "with the leading grocers, bankers, fish merchants, secretaries of good-roads committees, and bootleggers."

Ah, but she looked lovely then! Blackbirds in her hair, diamonds in her eyes, roses in her cheeks. If only, I thought to myself sadly, she looked a little like Miss Love, what a girl she'd be!

"I won the place next to him," she said.

"Won it! How? One throw, high man, or poker dice?"

"Idiot!" she come back. I used to let her get away with a lot of things like that. "I won it in a contest," she said. "I was the only girl in town that answered all the questions right—what was the color of his hair, the color of his eyes, his height, his weight, his birth date, his favorite song, his favorite flower, his favorite color, his hobbies, his most important rôles, and one other thing I can't remember."

"Could it have been his temperature?" I asked. "What master mind run this contest?"

"The Ledger," she said. "Don't you ever read?"

"Why should I?" I answered. And I had her there! She couldn't say a word.

"Well," I went on, "how'd you like him?"

She turned her nose very much uptown. "Is it necessary," she asked, "that I should tell you who my favorite cinema actor is?"

"Come, come, little girl," I rebuked her. "If we're to be happy together we certainly mustn't start by keeping important secrets from each other."

"You presume, Mr. McNutt," she retorted. "And you may not be aware of it, being the goof that you are, but there are some things too sacred to tell a soda jerker."

"Yes," I flashed right back at her, "a soda jerker, that's right, but one that's liable to be the cigar clerk any week now—and then I reckon you'll sing another song!"

That shot must have staggered her, for she went off without another word. I could have snapped my fingers then and there if I'd wanted to, but what was the use? I wasn't in any hurry.

However, it was always like that between her and I—just give and take, that's all—and I wasn't worried.

Then, snatching the opportunity, I went over to say howdy to good old Jack. All I had to do to get to him was trip up three choir singers—two contraltos and a soprano—four blondes, twelve members of the First Baptist Young Women's Bible Study Class, and one autograph hunter,

and strangle six country-club members, three professional flappers, two girls who thought they looked like Nita Naldi and one who thought Nita Naldi looked like her. Then there I was in front of him.

It was the first time I'd seen Jack in five years. About movie actors I'd always said to myself, them sheiks! Out there in Hollywood, flinging wild parties every night, spending the old jack like it was water, racing around the country in automobiles, and putting over the old flowery language with the femmes—they were the sheiks, all right! It never occurred to me that Jack mightn't be one of them, that he might not be in the gang, you know, all just a lot of sheiks together.

So, when I saw him, surrounded there by the crème de la Riverside, I got the biggest surprise of my life. I never saw such a scared-looking bird! To be sure, he never was such a high-stepper when he was in Riverside. I could have took any girl he ever had away from him by just snapping my fingers—but did I do it? No, sir! I had all the girls I wanted, without taking my buddy's.

And here he was now, just the same. "Bascom," he whispered in my ear when I got to him, "help me get out of here. I can't stand it." He was desperate.

No pal of mine has got to call for help but once. "Leave it to me, Jack," I said. "All we'll have to do is walk right out."

I turned to the Riverside expeditionary force. "Ladies," I said, "I know you'll excuse Mr. Merrill for the evening when I explain to you that his gray-haired old mother has just arrived. At this very minute she is up in his suite waiting for him, waiting for her boy, waiting to kiss him, to hold him in her arms, to congratulate him on his wonderful work in Catastrophes of Passion, Debacles of Passion, and Chaos of Passion, his latest pictures. Think, ladies, she's a gray-haired old mother. I know you'll excuse him 'tis a mother's wish."

Practically on the verge of tears they said they would, and we made our way to the elevator.

"Er—Bascom," he said as the car started up, "I forgot to tell you about my mother. She isn't exactly gray-haired. That is, she's in the movies now. She's ——"

"Not another word, Jack," I said. "It was my error; I admit it. We won't say anything else about it. We'll just let the subject drop."

"I just wanted to say ——"

"Jack," I said, "I'll be offended if you say any more. I admit the error. Isn't that enough?"

He shrugged his shoulders

II

WHEN we reached his suite we found two fellows lounging in the easy-chairs, reading movie magazines. They didn't look up when we came in, and Jack seemed at a loss as to what to do first.

Finally he spoke hesitatingly: "Charlie—Henry—this is Mr. McNutt."

They sprang up and shook hands athletically. "Glad to meet anybody named McNutt," Charlie said.

"And now," Jack went on after a pause, "would you boys mind sitting in another room for a while? Mr. McNutt and I want to talk."

"No trouble at all, boss," Charlie said heartily, and they went out.

Jack waited until they were out of earshot. "They're my valets," he explained in a low voice, "both of them."

"Where's the third relief?" I asked.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I got two because Doug Fairbanks came to me and said if I was any kind of star at all I'd have two valets, not just one, like any ham actor. He said Tom Meighan had five and Charlie Chaplin twelve." He shook his head. "They're a lot of worry, always hanging around and wanting things to do. In the big towns I send them to all the six-day bicycle races. Now I've bought them a lot of movie magazines and they read a lot."

He dropped into a chair and stretched out, closing his eyes.

Finally he come around to speaking, and it was with a suddenness that made me jump.

"Bascom," he shot it out, "I'm in love."

Well, I had to laugh. "You old sheik, you!" I said. "In love! I know you actors—all the time sheiking! Love!" I haw-hawed.

He jumped to his feet and began pacing up and down. "Don't be silly," he said. "I'm in love, really."

"Well," I said, "why get fussed? You're the great lover, ain't you? The Cinema Magazine said so. All you got to do is go right out and knock her cold."

"That rot!" He sat down again. "And, Bascom, she's in love with another man too."

That was another angle. "Gee, Jack," I sympathized, "that's tough. Who's she? I know her? It isn't Miss Gloria Love, is it?"

He laughed. "No," he said, "it isn't Miss Love. It's a Riverside girl I met tonight. Miss Wood, her name is Janet Wood."

Well, for a minute you could have knocked me over with a hammer. "Janet Wood, eh?" I said finally, when I got my voice back. "And she said she was in love with another man?" He nodded. I certainly felt sorry for my old pal at that minute. I went over and patted him on the back. "Jack," I said, "you're right; you ain't got a Chinaman's chance. I happen to know she's in love—and who with."

"I know, I know." He was impatient. "I was talking with her at dinner. She don't like my type. Too effete, that's what she said. What she wants is a hero, a fellow who's brave and strong and all that—the kind of fellow she's in love with."

"Did she tell you," I asked casually, "the name of this fellow?"

"Of course."

"And ——"

"Tom Mix!" He ground out the name. "She likes he-men."

Well, if you think I was astonished at the first news, you ought to have seen me then! Tom Mix! Her—in love with a cowboy! And me—where, I wondered, did she think I was going to get off?

I was so shook that I got up with him and we paced the floor together. For a while all I could do was wish I could choke her a little—just enough—not too much. And then, when I'd seethed for a few minutes, I said to myself, what the blazes! Too good, eh! Not only too good for Jack Merrill but too good for me also! Who'd she think she was—Gloria Love?

And then, the very second that name hit me I got a idea. Gloria Love! I'm that way, you know—get a idea and go after it. Why should I worry over Janet Wood when there was Gloria Love? If she could aim for Tom Mix, why shouldn't I?

I grabbed Jack by the shoulder. "Old man," I said, "we're pals, aren't we?" He put out his hand and we shook. "All right, then, Jack, we're together on this thing. You'd be pretty grateful to me if I fixed it so's you could

(Continued on Page 153)

"If at the End of Two Years It Hasn't Looked Out You Can Touch Me for Another Five Hundred. Understand?"

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Winter—By Joseph Hergesheimer

LATE on the afternoon before Christmas Day I found, at the temporary blocked doors in the ragged walls of what had been the Dower House, bright wreaths of holly, holly with its brittle enameled leaves and burning red berries. They were shaken by a bleak wind; but, dark green in the rapidly fading light, they preserved intact, through the wreckage, the continuity of a spirit of Christmas. Dorothy, of course, had hung the wreaths there. That was her affair almost entirely: she had been born on Christmas, and it had given her a special sense of responsibility and pleasure in her birthday. After childhood I had lost practically all interest in what became purely a material occasion of presents and turkey; and, through a long period of years, there were very few to give me presents or to whom I wished, or even had, to give. I got out of the habit of it, adopting the attitude that holidays were no more than a nuisance.

But Dorothy, as I have intimated, quickly changed that. She simply wouldn't have it: for a month before, she took on an air of great superiority and mystery; there were numerous drawers—even when we had less than no money—into which I was expressly forbidden to look; and, as December advanced, there was hardly a level surface of the house, save the floors, that wasn't heaped with small bundles tied up in white tissue paper and marked with the cheerfulest of labels and familiar names. She would drive out into the woods with John Hemphill, and, returning with a wagonload of laurel, we'd put it over the mantels, around the pictures and twist it along the handrails of the stairs. Then she would buy as big a branch of mistletoe as we could afford, and as many holly wreaths, hang the mistletoe over a doorway and the wreaths in the windows, and sit down, for a moment, exhausted and contented in her heart.

But it wasn't only with greens that she bedecked the Dower House—she filled it with the pictorial glamour of a Christmas card, one of those cards with church windows shining over snow in an aureate evening light musical with carols. And, rising as early and as eagerly as any child, she would watch me open the presents she had succeeded in getting for me. Through the last few years, with only ourselves in the dining room, the kitchen, with a turkey of its own, had held a confusion of young excited voices—Martha's children and William's boy, Devere, and some, I suspected, who belonged to neither, were gathered there for gifts and dinner. They'd come in to see us, small dark ingratiating figures in fantastic paper caps or gilt crowns, blowing on wooden horns with appropriate trifles clasped in damp hands; they would inspect the little Christmas tree on a side table, glittering with spun glass and a powdered silver; and then Martha would urge them back into the region of the kitchen.

This Dorothy managed as well as possible in a rented house; but it was the holly on the deserted walls that expressed most of her feeling. The succession of Christmas Days in the Dower House I couldn't wholly recapture: certainly through the last years of his life we went for dinner to Judge Hemphill's—he was Dorothy's uncle—where there was champagne and the noblest plum puddings imaginable. That, at least, wasn't an illusion created by a special sentiment for the past—no puddings like Lily Hemphill's were made now. Who, today, owned the patience for their long preparation? Where were such spices, such brandy, to lend their flavor to life? And I doubted if a man comparable to the exceedingly Honorable Joseph Hemphill had survived from that period of individual aristocratic prejudice and charm.

He was gaunt, imperious, with a nose which was in itself a tradition, and with an ironic detachment increased by his years on the bench; but this, at Christmas, was lost in the warmth of a close family allegiance that, after a sufficient time, dissolved the formality of his attitude to me.

After his death we came back, for those dinners and occasions, to the Dower House; and I recall one fragmentary family party. However, we went to the Grays at exactly the same hour every year, where Dorothy kissed Norman and Alice, Charlie and Bethel, precisely as she had for twenty-five or more Decembers. The Grays always gave each other amusing presents, and we would linger to try the new ingenious games, work vainly over the puzzles they had solved almost at a glance, and look at the illustrations in Norman's rare books. He had a vigorous, an Elizabethan, humor invariably accompanied by the charm of Alice's appreciative laughter; the atmosphere there was charged with a keen mental alertness; it didn't need the stimulus of a Christmas morning drink. And then we would go down the hill, back to the Dower House, the wreaths in the windows and Hob and Marlow tied with broad scarlet bows.

The Blue Ceiling

Past the middle of afternoon—deserting the monotony that usually, after dinner, overtook holidays—we went to the party Caroline Baird had given throughout my memory of Christmas in West Chester. It was always successful, and not because of the diameter, the depth, of the punch bowl. I had been to others, with even deeper bowls, which had been bottomlessly stupid. But never Caroline's; they were gay with the laughter and personalities of people, long and intimately known to each other, in high good spirits. A great crowd, for a small town, gathered there; but, as the afternoon darkened, it trailed away, leaving a few, perhaps a dozen, who had waited like that on Christmases past. The ladle would scrape dry the punch bowl; pieces of cold turkey were searched for in the pantry; and the comments grow at once more pointed until the room was choked with the chorus of appreciation.

Following that it had been our habit to play poker at the Dower House; and, with the presents on two tables against the wall, at every hand of four of a kind or better we moved in concert to the sideboard. We played with Moses Worth, handsomely ruddy from his fox-hunting and farming, who turned a certain deafness into an irresistible humor, and Josephine; with Charles Oat—after an hour he infallibly had the chips of the highest denominations in the various pockets of his waistcoat—and with Noma and Channing Way. There we knew every individual peculiarity and movement, every significant inflection of voice: we understood that, behind steadily growing stacks of chips, Moses could never be lured into an expression of optimism; when Charlie Oat removed a yellow chip from its hiding place we realized the pot would be his; and we had grown accustomed, but

unresigned, to the fact that Channing Way, sitting equably behind a cigar, very often could fill a flush with a two-card draw; he would draw three jacks to a single jack he had held. Noma, I thought, played romantically; she won, and lost, more than the others, and, like Dorothy, had incantations for luck. Dorothy shuffled a rabbit's foot, unsuccessfully cured and tied with a blue ribbon, as much as she did the cards; while I accompanied the bad luck which clung to me in a bitter half-audible undertone.

That game, lasting without variation through a reach of years, was soon to stop, to become, with so much else, a memory. We got, the truth was, a little tired of it; as we grew older, I am afraid, some of our geniality evaporated.

At a New Angle

Perhaps I should have spoken only for myself. Other things—but never other people—crowded into my mind, new doubts and an increasing tyranny of work.

The game we dropped—it hadn't been confined to a single yearly instance—and with it, as well, went our informal suppers at midnight: the fragrant Chester County strawberries, gigantic and crimson, and ice cream of summer, the cider and appetizing hams of autumn. The special celebration of notable hands at the sideboard had already become a vanished custom; the decanters, for the most part, stood empty immediately following the war. Times changed, but nothing in Dorothy's allegiance to Christmas shifted by a neglected spoken greeting, except that she was busier than in the past; there were more children to be remembered, more packages tied with a meticulous and beautiful care.

In times past, on New Year's Day, I had gone to the West Chester Club, where—in place of the sober decrepitude of the present—it had been remarkably cheerful with youth. I was not then part of the town, I had no acknowledged place in its celebrations; men who later were to be my familiars, or whom I was never to know, were hardly more than names attached to amazing and enviable figures. There, as well, a heroic bowl of punch was mixed with ceremony and consumed with a large disregard for consequences. In the West Chester of that day women, beyond a seasonable glass of apple toddy, a single cup of eggnog, like a fragrant double cream, didn't, in such a sense, drink.

I waited aside, in a scene that, before it ended, was to become my own, wishing that the verbal sallies, the friendliness, might include me; and I recalled it, it was re-created for me, while I stood in the bitter wind, the lowering dusk, gazing at the holly on the temporary nailed doors of what was left of my house.

The doors were covered to make it as comfortable as possible, through the winter, for the workmen within. A blaze was kept up in the open fire of what had been the hall; whoever was passing fed it with the ends of newly sawed planks and broken sections of old moldings; it cast an agreeable radiance over the dusty bare interior and, like the holly wreaths, preserved through a scene and period of desolation a sense of uninterrupted vital warmth. Usually, some small kegs of nails were near; they were admirable seats; and, in our overcoats and gloves, Dorothy and I would sit and smoke and wonder what, currently, was going forward.

The excavation for the cellar immediately followed the destruction of the existing house; a concrete floor was to take the place of a tramped earth undisturbed since the footfalls of 1712; and, under the kitchen, there had been no cellar at all. We were adding, as well, to the back of the house, carrying it out in the severe line of the original, and that had to be dug for. Through the day there were the sustained sounds of picks and the ringing of shovels; the earth mounted in brown piles outside and was carried away by a melancholy patient white horse in a two-wheeled cart.

In the light of the sun that hole—for the moment it was nothing more—unprotected by any floors or roof, seemed small and purely casual. Its beams—the trunks of trees from which the bark had never been removed—appeared inadequate to the task, the weight, they had so long and so stoutly supported. But now two centuries, two and some odd years, had shredded away their bark, changing the fibers into a rotted dust—they might have been made of a compressed fine dust. Yet the stone arches that upheld the fireplaces above, the half-circular recesses like other but flueless hearths, were as solid as Roman masonry. They were not to be disturbed and I was glad; it was my feeling that the foundations of the Dower House must not be troubled.

The workmen descended to their digging by ladder, carrying up the dirt in hods padded to their shoulders: there was nothing distinctly modern in the operations, no machinery filling the places of men. It was all admirably local, traditional to the trades involved and the neighborhood. Mr. Okie's passion for detail was as inexhaustible as mine, but his took a practical direction: nothing was taken out of the house or put in that he wasn't aware of. Ultra serious, he watched every proceeding; and when he wasn't satisfied, when there was the slightest discrepancy between a specification and materials or labor, it was all to be done again. But he was fortunate in Mr. Farra, the contractor. There was no hurry or impatience, and not a trace of substitution, in Mr. Farra's person. He was so anxious to be completely honest that getting an opinion from him was not easy; he'd think they might reach a certain stage by a time indicated; there was no reason, he could then see, why they shouldn't—if the weather stayed as it was, and the millwork, or the stone, was promptly delivered.

The Latchstring

He, too, was a serious man—I never had the pleasure of seeing him in the parades, the regalia, of the Redmen of the World—and he seemed, in what he did, to be well—deliberate. But that, I came to the conclusion, was more apparent than real, at least where his own highly trained hands were concerned—whatever he did looked so simple as to present no difficulty. Saws obeyed him perfectly—bringing back to me the early plank walk and ineffectual ax—and planes took off to the thickness of paper what wood he meant to remove.

Yes, Mr. Okie could have found no better instrument for the realization of his plans, his multitudinous blue prints. He had a fanatical honesty of his own; and, like Mr. Farra, he held speed to be a lesser quality than infinite care. He equally wasn't given to hasty pronouncements. The truth about him, I suspected, was that, like me, he lived almost wholly in an immaterial world, not of words but of regretted old Pennsylvania houses;

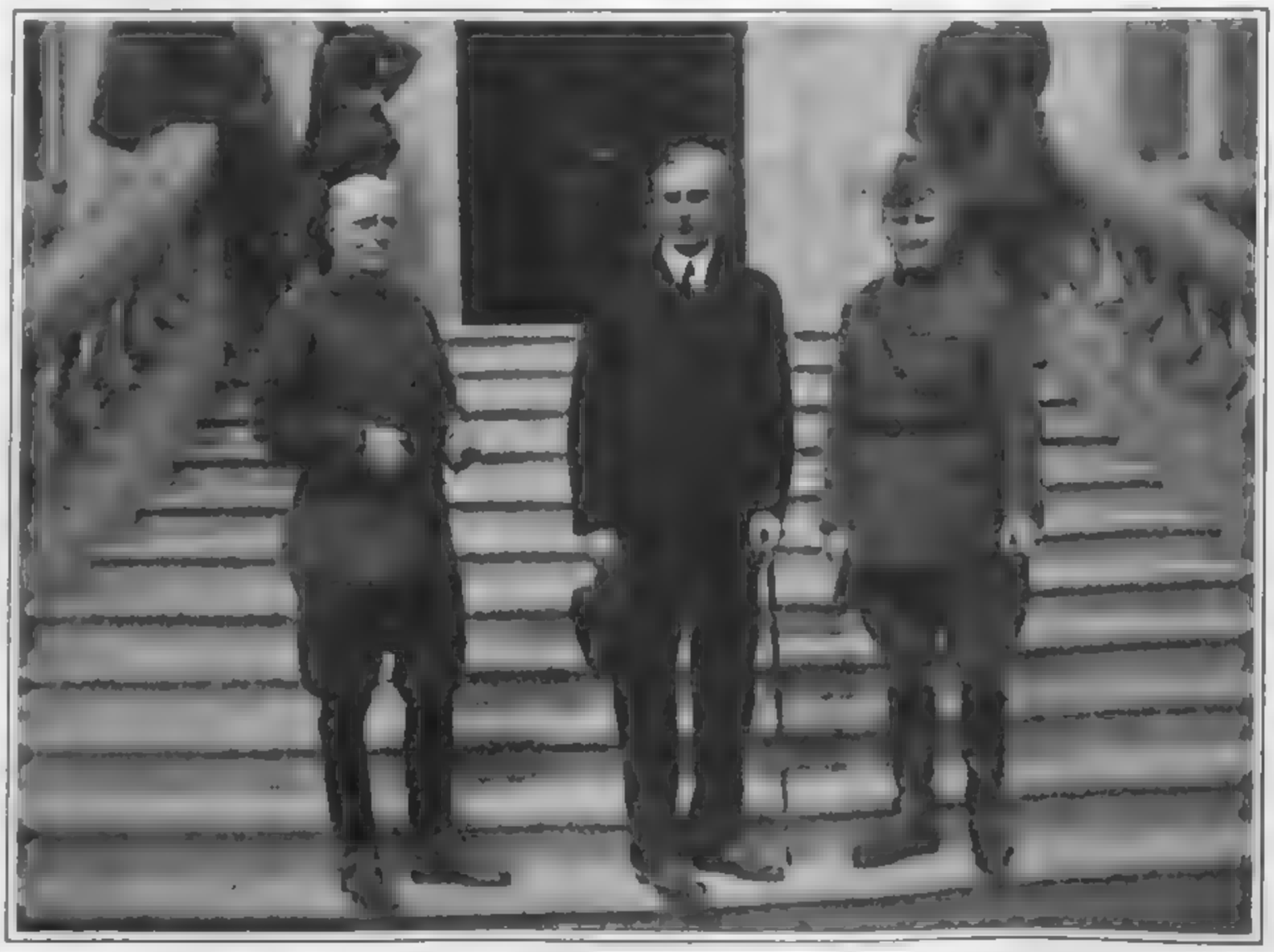
(Continued on Page 134)

In Mahogany

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

By Major General James G. Harbord

UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED



General Bliss, John D. Ryan, Second Assistant to Secretary of War, and Major General Harbord

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
Sept. 4, 1917.

OUR last days in Paris were full ones. On August twenty-ninth the lieutenant colonel of the engineer regiment stationed at St.-Nazaire appeared at headquarters. He is Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, a very old friend of General Pershing, their acquaintance dating back to Lincoln, Nebraska, where Pershing was a cavalry lieutenant on college duty in the early nineties, and Dawes a struggling young lawyer. I remember meeting him in 1901 when I was assistant chief of the Insular Bureau of the War Department, and he was President McKinley's Comptroller of the Currency. He came in to see the general one day just before we left Washington to come over here, and from their conversation it rather struck me at the time that we should see him over here fairly soon.

The general has a plan for coördinating the purchase of our several supply departments, which, strangely enough, seems never to have been attempted before. Each supply department has its own purchasing officers. When supplies are needed they go into the market for bids, without regard for other branches of the Army or other departments of the Government. They bid against each other, they pay different prices for the same things, and often one supply department will be out for articles which are on hand, surplus and unneeded, in some other. It is bad enough in peacetime at home, but in the theater of war, three thousand miles from America, where prices are high, and not only ourselves but our Allies are in the market for every conceivable kind of munitions of war and army supplies, it would mean ruinous prices, inevitable shortages in certain commodities, and equally inevitable friction with our friends. He has confidence in Dawes' business ability, for in the years since he first knew him Dawes has become a great banker and amassed a fortune, and he has implicit faith in his integrity and patriotism.

From what little I have seen of his friend I share the chief's feeling. He is organizing a general purchasing board, and intends placing Colonel Dawes in charge of it as general purchasing agent. The title is really inaccurate, for it is not desired that Dawes shall do any actual buying or have any money accountability. The several supply departments are each to name a purchasing officer, and these men are to constitute the purchasing board, reporting to Dawes. He will coördinate their efforts, prevent competitive bidding against each other or our Allies. Incidentally, his activities are not to be confined to France and Great Britain, but are to extend to neutral countries as well. It ought to relieve our shipping of a tremendous task in getting supplies to us. Dawes is to organize the liaison with our Allies in the same activities, and is to be given a very free hand as to men and methods.

My own contacts with him have been agreeable. He is very much under the shadow of the popular opinion as to army red tape, and like most civilians fails to see that it is largely due to treasury and accounting-department rules made by civilians themselves. His own department probably did its share when he was comptroller. I think our conversations have convinced him that no obstacles will be laid in his way by me and that no red tape will be wound around him by my people.

The constant air of tutelage which our French friends practice toward us grows more marked as the day approaches when we shall shift from the city to the army zone, from the zone of the politicians to the zone of the soldiers. With them the commanding general is the supreme power in the army zone, a strip of country of varying width which roughly parallels the front lines where troops are facing each other. The lines of authority are as distinctly divided as the frontier lines of France and Switzerland.

There came much talk about missions. Two things have developed in this war, and have crept into military nomenclature—mission and liaison. When the war came and the British entered France, the French at once established a mission with them; when Joffre and Viviani went to America, it was a mission; and thither also came the mission of Balfour; the mission of Udine; and the Japanese mission is now there; those from Liberia, Brazil, China, Cuba and other allies of ours may yet appear with outstretched hand.

When we landed at Boulogne the French mission with the American Headquarters met us on the pier, traveled with us to Paris, and has clung closer than a brother ever since. It has some elaborate letterheads; demands office room; interrupts work at times; is much in the way much of the time; and sometimes performs some very genuine service by its knowledge of who is who and what is what in France. It may be a *mission militaire* or a *mission de liaison*. The former is a body whose title conveys to French military minds the idea of some concentrated military authority, a body with some authority to act on questions and to represent something or somebody. The latter is a mission to link up French and Americans, to smooth out difficulties arising from difference of language and organization; to keep one commander informed of what the other is doing; to aid in coöperation; to carry special correspondence, and to interpret and straighten out misunderstandings. There is hardly a British or an American office which has not its special liaison with a corresponding office in the French service and with each other. Our engineer, for example, in doing business with the French War Office gradually does business with the same individual each time, and generally sends the same man to transact its affairs. It may be that an American officer is sent to stay in the French office and a French officer to remain with the corresponding American office. That is liaison in the new military sense. We have had a *mission de liaison* which frequently tried to develop into a *mission militaire*, but it linked us only to the War Office.

The commanding general in the *zone des armées* had no representative with us, and as the day drew near in which we were to be transferred to his sphere there were many rumors of what he would do to the mission we had had; of what generals and colonels he intended to send us, and generally of added complications in which we bade fair to keep the dapper-looking Frenchmen we had and to acquire a dozen more. Much rank on a mission is an embarrassment where the chief of staff of the headquarters to which it is accredited is a mere lieutenant colonel, for when a general comes in the former feels inclined to bob up and stand to attention. The general enjoys that and increases the frequency of his visits, to the prejudice of work and some strain on the temper of the visited.

Then while we were in the throes of the transition between missions—subjected to the efforts of one to perpetuate itself and those of another to get a foothold—a shock-headed subsecretary conceived the idea of establishing a third mission with us, composed of what in our organization would be quartermasters or commissaries; only thirteen of them, and not speaking English. It seemed serious as far as the transaction of business was concerned. One might expect that in conferring a mission on you they would ask you if you wished it or if it would be agreeable to you. Sometimes they do ask that, but follow the request with the mission before you have time to refuse it. Not so our friend the subsecretary, M. René Besnard; he merely wrote to say that he had concluded to establish a mission consisting of eleven officers and two interpreters, mentioning that it would be headed by the Sous-Intendant Peria. We replied suggesting that it be somewhat diminished in size and made a section of the mission we already had, in order to avoid being bothered by frequent audiences with two *chefs de mission*. It was a letter calculated to discourage the creation of missions, but M. Besnard came back with a reply telling us in much the same tone that a step-mother might use toward a hungry orphan how necessary it was for us to have his mission, and that he had to insist that it be established.

That night General Pershing was to visit the French General Headquarters, dine with Pétain, and enlighten him on their respective functions and powers, and incidentally discourage his mission-creating tendencies. Pétain ran to high rank in his ideas of a mission. He would send, he said, one of his best generals, a man competent to advise, one on whom the general of the Americans might rely, a man who had been a chief of staff and had had experience, and who could tell our general how the French did things. Figuratively his mission would warm the milk for our general, and do their best to see that he was taught his business.

Their conversation was witnessed by a single officer, an aide-de-camp of our general, and if Pétain wishes to tell his French confrères any particular tale of what occurred he can do so without fear of contradiction. I suspect, though, that he bumped into Pershing's projecting chin, for no mission is to be established by him. Of course he has to have a mission, but it is to be merely in the same town with us, and not belong to us. It is to have a general at its head, but he is to represent Pétain, and its staff is largely to parallel his, and its function is to act for General Pétain on matters where we need French assistance, and where there would be delays if correspondence went across country to the French G. H. Q. It will not transact business with us except when we send our other *chef de mission* to ask it to attend to things for us. And M. Besnard's mission has dropped out of sight too. The Minister of War and Pétain are really big men. With them General Pershing can speak frankly, and when he does there is generally business transacted. Pétain tries to put something over sometimes, but no doubt smiles quietly to himself at the way General Pershing counters his efforts.

CHAUMONT, Sept. 15–18, 1917.

IT IS difficult for one who is not familiar with the situation to conceive the confusion and inefficiency which are evident in certain phases of our staff management at home. Time and again our General Staff in making calculations for dispositions of arriving troops, get information from the French which has filtered through their attaché in Washington, their high commissioner and ambassador there, to

their War Office here, and finally gotten down to the appropriate section of their general staff before it reaches General Pershing from the War Department. Naturally it is embarrassing, to put it mildly, to make your calculations on certain understandings with your home government, attempt to carry out what you understand to be its intentions with a foreign government, only to find out that the latter has later and better information about your business than you have.

The chief of ordnance there persistently deals with the French high commissioner, and ties up and duplicates his own representative here on the ground on our staff. There are no secrets in France, apparently. Everything is stamped "Secret," but nobody has his tongue tied by that. There is no French officer who does not know and talk freely about these secret things, especially when they concern the queer and uncoördinated efforts of those amusing Americans who are trying to make war like real soldiers. No arriving regiment has yet brought its complete transportation. Wagon bodies arrive without wheels; motortrucks without engines or other equally important parts; wagons come without mules; mules without harness; with here and there an upholstered chair for some medical unit; or forty-seven iron porcelain-lined bathtubs for the aviation school.

Only one engineer regiment of the considerable number that have arrived for pure work, not soldiering, came with its tools with which to work, and that was because its colonel refused to march his regiment aboard without the tools. The others are sitting idle waiting for tools which they left on the dock when they were marched aboard protesting on being forced to go without them. Trucks for these headquarters, standing on the Hoboken docks on June eighth, marked so the whole world could see for whom they were intended, have not yet, on September fifteenth, arrived. Ships coming over here loaded have to go back in ballast, as we sailors say. That is, they take on sand or railroad iron or something to balance them and keep them from bobbing around too much on the way back. Last trip over one of them took eight hundred tons of sand. In the whole world just now, from our standpoint, there is no material thing or entity so valuable as shipping space to bring over material, men and munitions. Yet that ship was allowed by an intelligent Quartermaster Department to haul that eight hundred tons of St.-Nazaire sand back here on its return trip. Think of the shoes, the toothpaste, cartridges, socks, and so on, crowded out by that eight hundred tons of French sand. Wow-wow, and then wow!!!!!!!!!!

I went to a luncheon today, given by Major General Wirbel, the local French general. He is a decent little man who wears the chevron on his right arm, which tells of a wound received. He begins a sentence in an ordinary tone and continues in an ascending crescendo, getting louder. Other guests included Major General le Marquis de Castelnau, and his extremely distinguished looking chief of staff, Major General Hellot. General Castelnau is a fine-looking little old man of sixty-five, with a nice face. He is very short and dumpy. By many he is thought to be the best of the French generals, but he has a title and is a Royalist, and both those attributes are fatal to him in republican France as far as more than he can demand on sheer ability is concerned.

I have heard it said that no very great soldier can long lead the armies of France.

Luncheon was over and we were having coffee, when my general remarked that we would leave at five P.M. for Vittel, going on next day to Valdahon to look in on the field artillery there.

Valdahon, which we reached the next morning, is an artillery post where our First Brigade is training, and it seemed like getting home again to hear an army band playing good old American dance music, to see the horses, the guidons and good American soldiers once more. General March, in command, is a live energetic man, full of energy and aggressiveness, and I think will go far in the war if he gets a chance. We had a very interesting afternoon. Some very efficient French officers are instructing our people and giving them French artillery methods.

At luncheon, three hundred officers in one hall, the aircraft alarm sounded, and the telephone said German aircraft were flying over Besançon. At the alarm all go inside, and all people in buildings of more than one story go into the lowest. Nothing happened. For me the sounding of the alarm was coincident with the arrival of a waiter with some very good dessert, and for a moment I was really "alarmed," but I lost nothing through it.

We had a full afternoon, and left about four. We ran to Gray and had dinner, and then came home by midnight. At Gray we lingered over our coffee while De Chambrun gave his views on many things. He is one of our French liaison officers, a brother-in-law of Nick Longworth, and a great-grandson of Lafayette. He is a good artilleryman, it is said, and is a rather likable fellow. If you happen to be a general, he thinks the general speaks the most perfect French; and generally says the polite things which people are supposed always to like to hear. He passed two years and a half in Africa, going in at Algiers and coming out at the French Congo, was wounded, and so on. General Pétain says he has no superior as a field artilleryman for division artillery, which is very high praise. He talks very interestingly of Pétain, whom he knew as a major in their war college. He says Pétain despises politicians, and has risen in spite of them. We have that same idea, though there are not wanting signs that the general is looking on the politicians with a less severe eye than formerly.

De Chambrun told of the last fight at Douaumont, some eight or nine months ago. The little president and Joffre, then already fallen from power, were out in the Verdun region, and had reached Bar-le-Duc on their way back to Paris. Pétain had an officer there, to whom he telephoned the news that the French had won. Pétain was second in command, and Nivelle, later superseded by him, was first. The little president rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the news of victory and said to Joffre, "This has been a great day. It has consecrated Nivelle." To which Joffre added, "And killed Pétain." The officer to whom Pétain had sent the news heard these remarks and repeated them to Pétain.

After the fall of Nivelle, Pétain for four days was chief of staff and was then sent to succeed to his present command. In that four days, De Chambrun recounts that one night Pétain was in his office waiting for news, when a liaison officer from the president came in and asked for news for the president, to which Pétain replied: "Tell the president I have no news for him, and that if I had I should send it by one of my officers and not by you." After his succession to the chief command, De Chambrun says one of Pétain's officers called and said he had come to pay his respects and to congratulate him. He graciously replied to him in substance: "Of course, you pay your respects, for they are due from you. As for your congratulations, I do not care a damn for them."

This all made interesting after-dinner talk, but sounds like romance to me.

Sept. 30, 1917.

WHEN De Chambrun and I were motoring to Nancy yesterday we lost an hour through tire trouble in a small village where there was a French battery billeted. While there we observed the French soldiers in various attitudes of rest. It was time for their supper and they were eating on window sills, steps, tail gates of Lorraine chariots, the latter being the universal vehicle of the country. It was a battery with which De Chambrun had served, he said, and he called up one of the men who was just through his supper, and was subjecting his teeth to a vacuum-cleaning process assisted by a straw, and began to talk to him. The contrast in this soldier's demeanor to his superior officer, who was, of course, in uniform, as all of us are over here at all times, as compared to that of a British or American soldier under similar conditions, was very great. He was in a half-standing position, made no effort to stand up or to get his heels together, continued to pick his teeth, where an American or British soldier would have cracked his heels together and stood rigidly to attention.

We hear much of the democracy which prevails between French officer and soldier, and perhaps this was an example of it. There is much "*Mon colonel*," the familiar possessive form of address which is also used by all Spanish-speaking soldiers as "*Mi coronel*." I take it to be of Latin origin, since the soldiers of all the Romance races use it. The British lay great stress on the standing to attention and saluting, claiming it as the very foundation of all discipline, the visible evidence of the complete submission of the will of the soldier to that of his superior. The attitude says to the onlooking world, "I am a soldier, and ready for service," his mind, will and body being in a position for instant response to superior demands. I am inclined naturally to accept the British and American view of it, and do not believe in the French method. It lies at the basis of the offensive spirit which the British are showing on the Flanders front, and the absence of it underlies the defensive spirit which reigns at most portions of the French lines. Yet, the French are superb soldiers. They followed Napoleon to the capitals of twenty European countries, and died for the empire by hundreds of thousands, and they stopped the German onrush at the Marne and at Verdun.

The Commander in Chief has decreed that hereafter, except in case of emergency, all offices shall close on Sunday, and officers go out for the needed exercise, combining with exercise visits to neighboring points of interest. It may not last more than one Sunday, and of course it will end when operations begin, but come what may, I shall have had my hour.

Oct. 10, 1917.

WE HAVE had a very interesting guest in the house for two nights—the military correspondent of the London Times, Colonel Repington. Perhaps most people who have read the Times—as I have in various parts of the world, including the Orient—have noted that its special military correspondent is evidently a man of military training. I remember some striking things one used to read in it a few years ago—one particularly interesting summary of Field Marshal Lord Wolseley's career, at the time of his death, in which Repington pointed out that all Wolseley's career had been fought under the brilliant skies of Africa and Asia and that in his long active military life he had never led troops against a civilized foe. The Times accounts of the present war are all worth keeping, and Colonel Repington by his propaganda has contributed much to the success of the war.

He is called colonel, wears the uniform of a British lieutenant colonel, and belongs to

(Continued on Page 118)

Marshal Joffre, the Hero of the Marne, and Madame Joffre, at Their Château, Louveciennes, Near Paris

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 14, 1925

American Wheat Abroad

THE British have a way of testing out the political effect of a proposition that is completely beyond the best practices in the United States. Once Baldwin lost out on a proposition akin to protection. Returned to power, Empire preference is to be tested out on public opinion. It is hard to devise a preference for the products of the Dominions that will not look like a food tax to the consumer in the United Kingdom. The price of bread is already too high, the working classes feel; so the new government proceeds to try out public sentiment on meats and fruits. It is suggested that a million pounds sterling be used to facilitate the movement of meats and fruits from the Dominions to Great Britain. This may be in the nature of a freight subsidy, or something else. It is not the means but the idea that counts just at present. While the people of Great Britain are looking the proposition over, the several Dominions are trying to figure out where they would get on or get off.

In calories, the Empire is more than self-sustaining. The Empire is an exporter of wheat; an importer of corn, flaxseed and oil seeds. Also an importer of sugar and meat. To make the Empire self-sustaining in all foodstuffs, Canada, Australia and New Zealand must replace the United States, Argentina and Denmark in the markets of the United Kingdom with supplies of chilled and frozen meat, cured pork, lard and dairy products. It is hoped that with a little central aid these Dominions could be placed in position to provide these supplies at prices as low as are now being paid to the United States, Argentina and Denmark, or lower; in other words, Empire unity without increase in the prices of the foods, without a direct or indirect food tax. According to British opinion, the words are those of Baldwin, but the voice is that of Churchill.

An excellent illustration of trade unity within the Empire is furnished by the arrangement between the Coöperative Wholesale Society of Great Britain and the Coöperative Wheat Pool of Western Australia. The former is an old-established society with large financial resources. The Western Australian wheat pool is a voluntary pool under governmental auspices, but without state financial aid, holding some twenty million bushels of wheat. The British society is to finance the wheat pool. An advance payment of three and a half shillings a bushel is to be made before the wheat leaves the farm. The importing society handles the shipping. Up to the present, wheat pools in the Dominions have operated under financial difficulties. But if large financial concerns in Great Britain ally themselves with the Dominion wheat pools, the wheat growers of the United States and Argentina may face a bearish atmosphere when they offer their next crop of wheat on the markets of Europe.

"Consumption Cured"

THE Executive Committee of the Association of National Advertisers lately performed a useful public service in adopting and circulating strong resolutions deploring the recent increase in published advertisements of patent medicines offered as remedies for such ailments as tuberculosis and cancer, diseases which are at present regarded by the best minds of the medical profession as being incurable by drugs alone.

These resolutions declare that inasmuch as statistics seem to indicate that the spreading of proper information on the subject of tuberculosis has reduced deaths from this cause fifty per cent in the past ten years, to spread misinformation upon such a vital subject is to turn back the hands of the clock and to commit a social crime.

Very much stronger language might have been employed without overstating the case. Taking money from the poor and suffering is not the worst offense of which nostrum venders and the publishers who print their advertising stand accused. The most harmful phase of the whole business is the stalling along of ignorant victims until it is too late for proper treatment to be effective.

A large proportion of cases of both tuberculosis and cancer are completely curable if taken in time. Every day of delay in securing competent medical advice lessens the patient's chances of recovery. Procrastination for even a few weeks, due to a desire to try out a course of patent medicine, may mean death instead of life. These diseases sometimes progress with great rapidity, and a month of shilly-shallying may make a light case grave or a curable case hopeless.

Thanks to the tireless efforts of the better sort of advertisers and publishers, American advertising is by all odds the cleanest in the world. Some of the smaller newspapers furnish outstanding exceptions to the general rule. Even they in time will learn that dirty business drives away clean business. In the long run, it is clean business that pays.

The Dominions Follow Suit

WHEN the United States refused to become embroiled in the ugly tangles of nations who were showing little or no tendency to straighten things out for themselves, the eager faultfinders at home and abroad seized upon that fact as just the ammunition needed for their persistent salvos of critical shrapnel. It was never quite clear what we were expected to do, except, of course, to write off the war loans and extend further credit. The fact that we elected to go about our own business until the time came when we could help to straighten out things was sufficient for the chorus of critics. It is interesting now to note that our policy of nonparticipation in Europe's endless quarrels is being adopted elsewhere, even in quarters where it formerly won the sharpest measure of reproof.

Nonparticipation seems to be the keynote of the present attitude of the British Overseas Dominions. They are displaying a degree of independence, in fact, which rather hampers Downing Street. When Lloyd George considered a resort to arms as the remedy for his Near East blunders the Overseas Governments made it very clear that they would not support any such undertaking. They are now demanding the right to be consulted on the measures to guarantee French security if they are to be expected to participate in any consequences thereof. This attitude, however, evidences a reluctance to accept anything that goes beyond the original covenant.

The British Colonies have every reason to steer clear of Continental complications. They are situated geographically so far away from Europe that they can have no direct interest in European problems. They are not in sympathy with Continental ideas or ideals. They do business on different lines and believe in democratic forms of government, which do not seem to work in Europe. They played a magnificent part in the war, with no racial axes to grind and nothing to gain but the vindication of a cause. They suffered heavy losses in men and money and are still struggling from the economic aftermath of the conflict. Is it any wonder that they now refuse to put themselves voluntarily in any position where the murder of an archduke or a dispute over a Balkan border line might involve them in another catastrophe?

The Overseas Dominions are beginning to realize some of the truths which impelled the United States to stand clear of entanglements after the supreme duty of participation in the war had been attended to. Occupying a position that closely parallels our own, they are coming around to the only logical and sane stand. That they are doing so should serve as an effective answer to our own faultfinders.

The American River's Real Job

THERE is much talk of the navigable rivers of the United States. In truth we have, with the exception of such tidal estuaries as the lower stretches of the Hudson, the Delaware and the Columbia, few or no streams navigable in the commercial rather than in the technical sense of the word. The Ohio and the Mississippi, the most nearly so, are carrying less traffic than they did fifty years ago, despite continuous artificial stimulation.

Of all the streams that have figured in Rivers and Harbors bills, the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans possibly is the most promising. After private and municipal enterprise, with Federal aid, had failed repeatedly to establish a profitable and dependable freight service from St. Louis to the Gulf, the Federal Government stepped in directly. First as the Railroad Administration, then as the Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service, and finally, by enactment of the Sixty-eighth Congress, as the Inland Waterways Corporation, the United States Government has operated a continuous freight service on the Mississippi since the war. The Inland Waterways Corporation is an adjunct of the War Department, but it functions as a private transportation agency under the direction of trained river-shipping men. Powerful twin-screw tugs move eight barges carrying a ten-freight-train load downstream at five miles an hour and upstream at half that speed. Express steamers make the down trip to New Orleans in six days and the upstream pull in nine days.

The last line of defense of those who still believe that rivers and barge canals can meet the railroads and highways in free competition for freight has been the argument that the selfishness of the railroads in refusing to interchange traffic with the inland waterways is the fundamental obstacle. But in the case of the Inland Waterways Corporation the United States Government, by means of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been able to compel 165 railroads to enter into interchange relations with the Mississippi-Warrior rivers water services. Agreements for the equitable division of accruing revenue for joint hauls have been made with the two principal railroad competitors, the Illinois Central on the east side of the river and the Missouri Pacific on the west, the Government being the judge of the equity.

The service still is not paying its way, but it is bringing canned goods from California by an all-water route through the Panama Canal more cheaply than the railroads can haul them overland; cotton is shipped from Memphis and Vicksburg to New England mills at a saving of 11½ cents a hundred over the direct-rail route, and there is hope that it may justify itself permanently.

Whether success or failure, the Father of Waters will no longer loaf his way from Lake Itasca to Baton Rouge. It has been generating electricity at Keokuk for ten years, and now a $35,000,000 power plant which will have three times the year-round capacity of Muscle Shoals, and four times that of Keokuk, is building at Cahokia. The destiny of the Mississippi and of most other American rivers probably lies in harnessing their flow to turbines rather than to barges.

THE SECOND ARMISTICE

By Richard Washburn Child

FRANCE and Germany, as I see them today, are working out a second armistice. If the observations which I have taken with some pains in Germany and France are correct, new forces for peace are at work, a new international liberalism is beginning to prove itself more practical than the attitude of two strange bulldogs bristling with the wrong kind of nationalism and excitable because of needless phobias.

One of the chief actors in the coöperation of the United States, Great Britain and France at the London Conference is a conservative. He is the kind of man who looks with intense satisfaction upon the conservative victories in the British and American elections. Nevertheless, he said to me: "I trust that you will not go to Germany and France without taking note of the fact that the hope of success of peace and of coöperative economic measures like the Dawes Plan, rests upon the continuance of French and German liberalism. A strong swing to the Right in either France or Germany might bring back an extremism which would fan up first from one side, then from the other, all the fears, distrusts, uncertainties, discouragements and smoldering fires which now have begun to cool. Whatever may be the result of the Left tendencies upon the internal affairs of the two countries, the governments of Herriot and of Marx and the liberal spirit behind them are responsible for a new willingness of the German masses to pay the bill and for the new willingness of the French people to help the Germans to do it."

There is a much-quoted expression, originating, I believe, in the whimsical and facile mentality of Lloyd George. At any rate, the first time I ever heard it was during the Genoa Conference when, during an informal conversation, he said: "The world must make up its mind what it is going to have from Germany. It is impossible to have both things, so the world must decide whether it will take beef or butter."

Few are the statesmen in Europe today who in private deny that the Poincaré policy was a policy of taking beef. The repeated denials of those who were carrying it forward that it was an imperialistic policy, the constant assertions that it was only a firm insistence on technical and other rights under the treaty of peace, never made a deep impression on European observers. To most of them it appeared that the Poincaré policy was a logical, clever, consistent, admirably realistic and coldly metallic policy, altogether adapted to obtain the maximum of gain to France, not only in the possession of new resources, not only in military and diplomatic domination of the Continent, not only in the elimination and isolation of Great Britain, but also in terms of obtaining the maximum of security, first from possibility of Germany's recovery of her fighting capacity, and second from next-door competition in intense industrialism for which France and the French have a deeply rooted temperamental and philosophical distaste.

The beef-taking policy toward Germany—the policy of dismembering the victim rather than putting her on her way to recovering so that she could give reparations milk—is one which the average statesman in neutral countries of Europe has no difficulty in outlining. Whatever the Poincaré policy may have been, a policy which France might well have adopted would be built upon definite aims, definite means and definite facts.

It is not necessary for me to outline these elements as if they constitute a collection of data and a set of conclusions of my own. The outline of policy has been discussed behind the closed doors in Europe ever since the initiative of the Clemenceau style of peacemaking, but more particularly after the National Bloc took power in French politics and Briand was forced out.

Let us imagine a French adherent of the beef-taking policy instructing his lieutenants; let us imagine a theoretical premier of France talking to the inner circle. He might say with some wisdom as follows:

"Not since the zenith of Napoleon's power has France had the possibility of unobstructed domination of the Continent which is now open to her. The ancient enemy,

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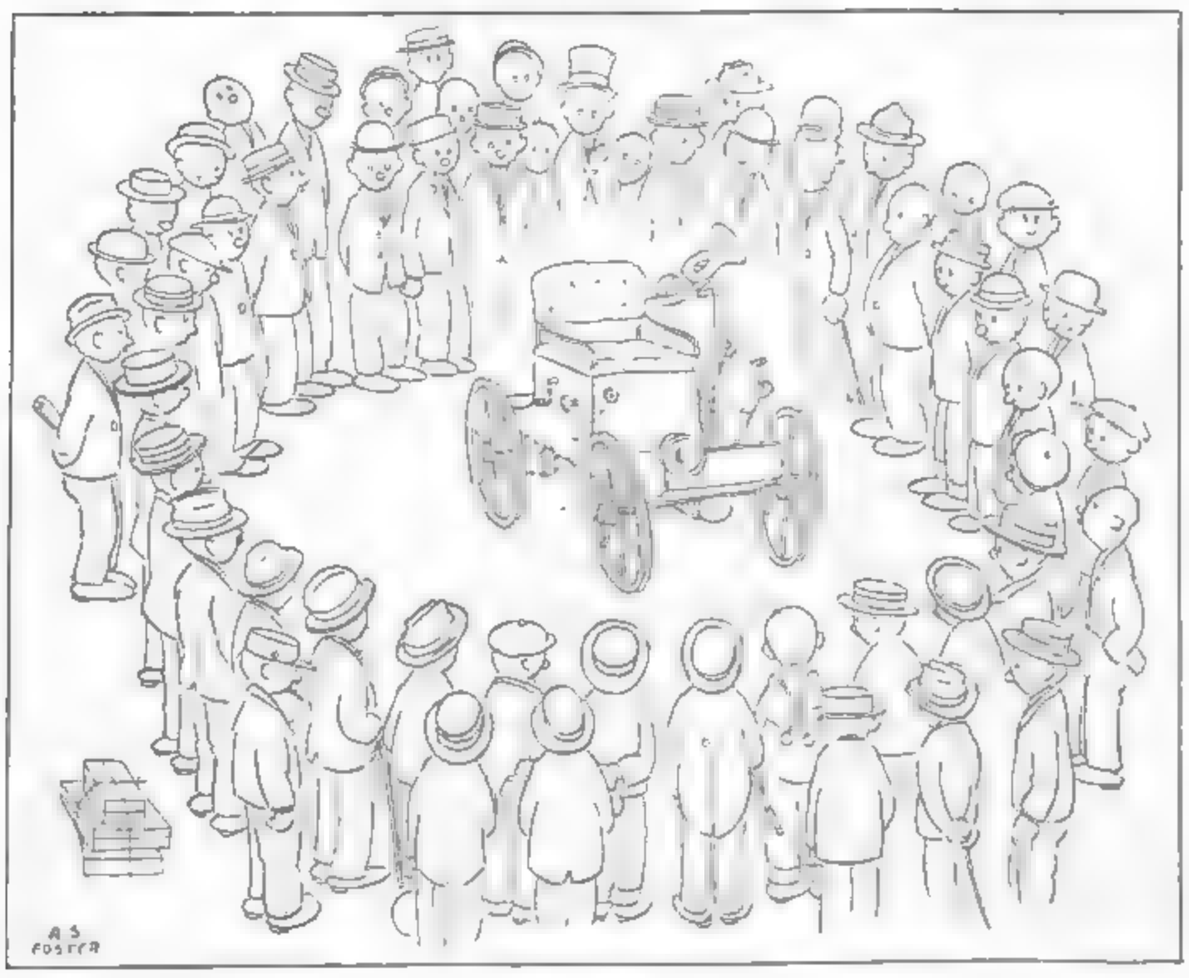
BE CAREFUL ABOUT THE RICH FOOD!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Yesterday

Today

Sweet are the Uses of Advertising

What the Dramatic Critics Write	What the Theaters Print
"A fair play, not as enjoyable and stimulating as some wonderful ones I have seen."	". . . . . ENJOYABLE AND STIMULATING . . . WONDERFUL."
"Good plot, but lacking in genuine thrills and interpreted half-heartedly."	"GOOD PLOT . . . . . GENUINE THRILLS."
"Magnificent hokum. Brilliant audience was half asleep."	"MAGNIFICENT. . . . . BRILLIANT AUDIENCE."

—Arthur L. Lippman.

Cold

THE Ark sprang a leak when the storm was the worst.
The Monkey, observing the accident first,
Inserted his tail through the break in the wood,
Averting the danger as long as he could.
But cold was the
water and cold
was the blast;
The Monkey was
forced to give
over at last,
Withdrawing the
tail, which,
young Monkeys
are told,
Because of his gallantry always is
cold.

The Dog to the
peril sublimely
arose,
Defending the
breach with a
resolute nose.
Till, even too frigid
to bark at a cat,
He sank with a
frostbitten muzzle; and that
Is why, as all
friends of the
Dog understand,
His nose is so cold
on the back of
your hand.

They aroused Mrs
Noah with cries
of alarm.
She plugged up the
hole with a lily-
white arm;
But cold grew the brine as a Logical Fact,
Obliging the skipper's good mate to retract
A limb so enduringly frigid, that still
The feminine elbow is pointedly chill.

Now came Captain Noah; 'twas time that he
came,
For big was the aperture, wide was the same,
And bigger and broader and wider it grew,
And Noah sat down where the water surged
through.

He sat while his cattle ship wallowed and luffed
Where porpoises gamboled or grampuses puffed.
He sat through the tempest when billows ran high
And navies of icebergs rode glittering by.
Through all of the cruise he enduringly sat,
Until the Ark grounded on Mount Ararat.
He sat in the wet—so you needn't inquire
Why Men always stand with their backs to the fire.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Only a Chorus Girl

I DO not possess one of those proud aloof natures which take no interest in the affairs of others. On the contrary, if there is any talk about one of my friends making money, I want to be informed. So when I saw old Bill blossoming out a bit recently in the form of a new sedan, a fur overcoat, and a more than usually expensive Scotch breath, I wanted to know.

"It's a secret," Bill told me when he was quite sure we were alone. "I wouldn't let my wife in on it for anything. She thinks I have been speculating, but the truth is that I have been making a bit as an author."

"But you can't write a letter in decent English," I objected.

"Don't have to," Bill said. "Listen!" And he went on to explain the confession type of fiction.

There are, it seems, many magazines which print supposedly genuine life stories written by the people themselves.

"You begin something like this; hit them in the chest right off," Bill said. "'I am only a chorus girl, but my heart is breaking. Only a young girl with a flowerlike face, a head sunning over with curls, a rose-and-white complexion and a cute little figure.'"

"You are a fat, homely, red-faced man of forty-five," I insisted a little obviously.

"What has that got to do with it?" he broke in indignantly. "They—the public—don't know it. They believe the stuff is really written by the girl herself, and as she isn't supposed to be able to write, anything will go. For instance, if I get tied up in a sentence like this, 'I look back at what I was then, a little laughing thing with eyes that beamed and sparkled with the

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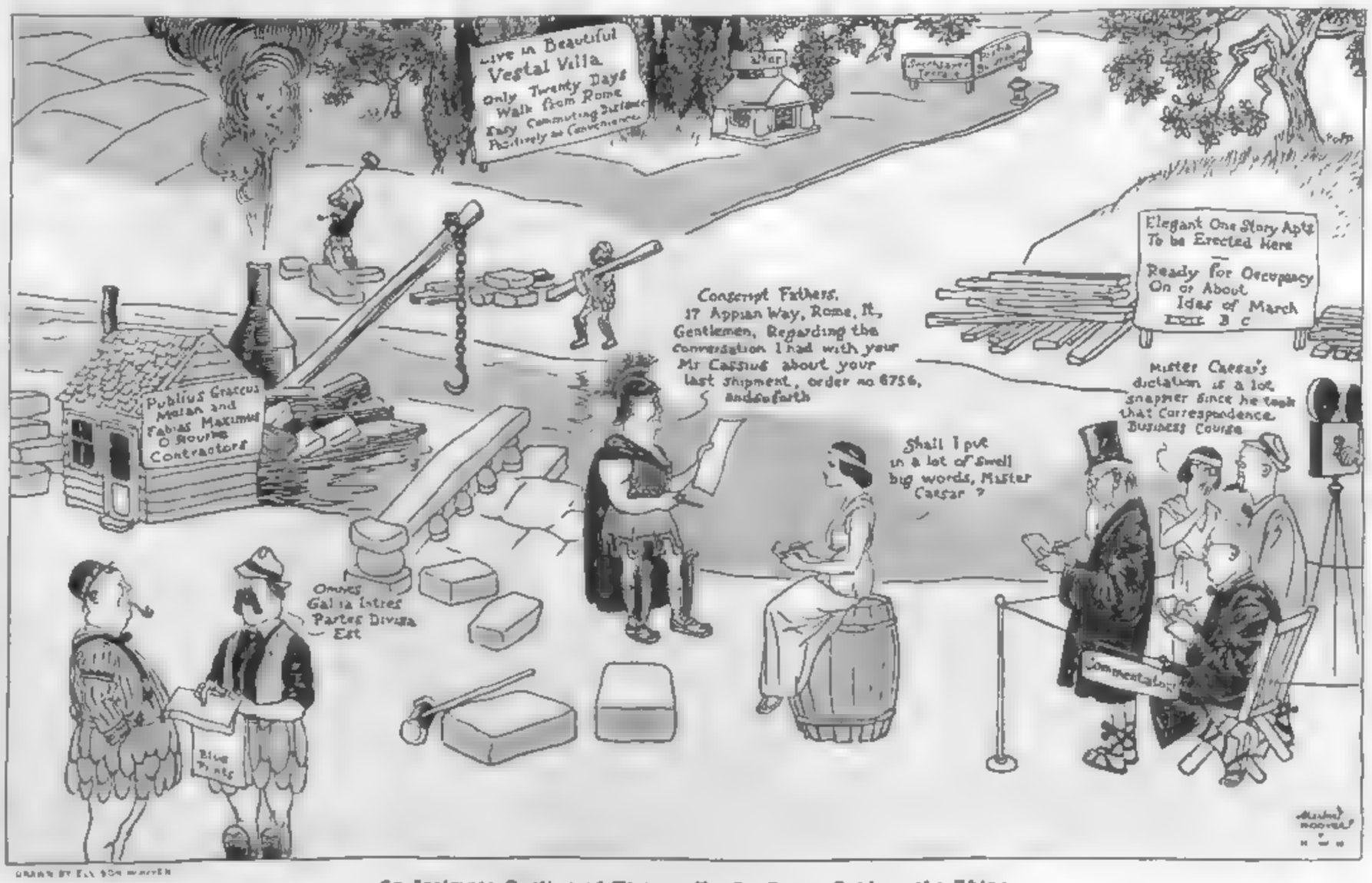
Live in Beautiful Vestal Villa
Only Twenty Days Walk from Rome
Easy Commuting Distance Positively no Convenience
Altar
Elegant One Story Apts To be Erected Here
Ready for Occupancy On or About Ides of March
Conscript Fathers. 17 Appian Way, Rome, It. Gentlemen, Regarding the conversation I had with your Mr Cassius about your last shipment, order no 6756, andsoforth
Publius Graccus Marcus and Fabius Maximus Bourke Contractors
Omnes Gallia Intres Partes Divisa Est
Shall I put in a lot of swell big words, Mister Caesar ?
Mister Caesar's dictation is a lot snappier since he took that Correspondence Business Course
Commentaries

An Intimate Outline of History, No. 5. Caesar Bridges the Rhine

Economy of Beans

More real food for the money than any other main dish you can buy. Wonderfully nourishing. Delicious in flavor. Moderate in cost. Eat beans often!

And taste their wonderful tomato sauce!

Campbells' Beans

You will enjoy their delicious flavor

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

POWER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

X

IT DISTURBS me, in looking back over those busy years, to find how little of my time and thought had been going to my children. It wasn't that I willfully shut myself away from them; it wasn't that they deliberately cut themselves off from my company. But my son and at least one of my daughters, the two beings who should have stood closer to me than anything else in the world, seemed to become fretful shadows who couldn't understand their father any more than I could understand them. They were either always wanting things or always losing things. I think I was impatient of some vague incompetency about them. They couldn't be organized and systematized and held down to any sort of schedule. I nursed the delusion that their mother was managing them, but there were times when I could see that her control over them was a soothing piece of fiction, and little more.

Newton, for some reason, stands a more phantasmal figure than does his sister Natalie. Newt and I, for some reason, never jibed from the first. Even when he was a child, I guess I was too rough in my play with him. He was delicate and fussy as a youngster, and those were two things I hadn't much patience with. He was more of a critic than a creator, though he had a will of his own. Even in his teens he acquired the trick of saying cutting things about characters he didn't sympathize with and resorting to a sort of verbal fencing to justify his position. There was a feminine streak in him, though his mother always claimed this stood the evidence of some finer nature. Perhaps so; I want to be fair with my own flesh and blood.

"What Have You Done?" I Inquired, With a Ghost of a Smile

I've always been ready to step aside and help poor old Newt over a bit of rough going. Perhaps he'd be a stronger man today if he hadn't been helped so much.. God knows I wanted him to be strong. But I didn't seem to have much to work with.

Newt was strong for Beauty—which he always seemed to be spelling with a capital B—and my claim is that power always gets you farther than prettiness. There was a time, in fact, when Newt accused me of glorying in his weakness. He got worked up enough to turn on me and say that I deliberately kept him weak and used him as a foil to show off my own strength. And I even had a sneaking admiration for the boy in that momentary mood of passion. It made him seem more of a man. Yet he liked power the same as the rest of us, only he had to take it secondhand.

He liked to sit behind the wheel of a big racing car someone else had built for him. He liked to run a hydroplane someone else had put together for him. He liked to make a splash with money that someone else had accumulated for him. And, oddly enough, he liked women. He had a peculiar affinity for them and a peculiar understanding of them. I never had much time in my life for philandering around with females, and I couldn't understand a man, a real he man, being tangled up with a petticoat and putting his hunger for ladies before his natural hunger for success.

Newt couldn't even understand how, if you're going to make the big grade, you've got to save every ounce of steam for the haul. I can still see the wonder in his eye, after we'd established our own parcel express company, when I landed on him like a ton of bricks for shipping a box of books over our rival's line. That was giving traffic to the enemy. It never even occurred to him to be loyal to the old man's road. He apparently couldn't see it, even after I'd bluntly pointed out to him that it was the old man's road that was buying his bread and butter for him—and also his Chinese prints and champagne. He tried to get even by protesting he wished he'd been born poor, claiming that money didn't mean much to him anyway. Perhaps it didn't. But he let his mother connive often enough to get a thousand or two out of me for one of those little European excursions of his that were supposed to make young America strong for culture.

My Natalie was another hard nut to crack. I used to look at her sometimes and wonder if she was really the child of my loins, for Natalie had something which didn't come from either her mother or me. She had a fearless and cold-eyed finish that is supposed to belong only to the patricians. She preferred to draw a curtain over the fact that instead of coming out of a château she came out of a snake-fence state in the Middle West. She always wanted to be the right thing; but I can't say she was equally anxious to do the right thing. She could be conscienceless to gain her own end; but after pulling an especially raw deal on you, she could look so much like Newt's statue of Victory with wings on that you felt you were rather honored to be the object of even her oblique attention.

Nattie was always a pretty girl, but she was not always an approachable one. She was moody and languid and petulant, and when she was crossed she could be as spiteful as a ball of she copperheads.

I don't think even her own mother understood her. Newt did, I think, possibly because they belonged to the same generation. I remember once how she'd defended Newt by claiming he was high strung; and when I barked back, "Yes, high strung on his mother's apron strings," she eyed me with a cool scorn that made me feel as though I'd kicked a cripple.

My Nattie's great failing, it seems to me, was that she expected life to give her something for nothing. She wasn't willing to pay as she went. She reminded me of one of those penny weigh scales we used to keep on our station platforms, which promised to give your correct weight, tell your fortune and tinkle out a musical air, all for one cent. Nattie thought life ought to be that way. She demanded a grand opera, a tissue of romance that read like a Chambers novel and a weight slip that said 126 pounds every time she dropped a coin in the slot. But it was, of course, too good to be true. We older and sadder dogs knew that it promised a darned sight too much to be credible, and we'd learned the grim old paradox that the more you give the more you get.

If I didn't always remember that Nattie was only one generation removed from her mother's three-legged milking stool, I'd explain things by saying she was super-civilized, too highly developed and refined, like some of these doll-like bungalows here in Pasadena that are so monotonously prettified that the only way you can give them distinction is to roughen them up with burned brick culls embedded in their creamy stucco.

I tried being rough with Nattie often enough, but it never worked. We merely provoked each other. So we developed a sort of fixed indifference, going about our own business in life as remote as a pipefish and a pickerel in the same aquarium tank. It's best for two strong wills not to feed off the same fishworm.

I was a lonely man in those days, but I didn't take time off to think about it; and I would have kept on being a lonely man if it hadn't been for Tassie, my youngest. Tassie and I rather cottoned to each other. She seemed something more in my own mold. I don't like to say she wasn't so pretty a child as Natalie, but at any rate she was more positive in her coloring. Natalie had a cool pride that was like a Stop-Look-and-Listen sign, an arresting haughtiness that you weren't apt to question, as if she had inherited it from a faded family portrait.

Tassie, as she emerged from a pussy-willow slip of a girl into a warm-blooded young woman, acquired a quiet radiance that seemed to make her face a sort of love letter to the whole wide world. And I used that word "warm" advisedly, for warmth was what I always saw and found in my daughter Tacita. Not that she was merely a soft and passive cuddler. For Tassie had the gray eye of shrewdness, the gray eye with tawnier lights in it that went well with the golden brown of her hair. And for a time, they tell me, she was known to her friends as Bunty. For with all her warm softness, she was quietly and secretly bold. She could even be a trifle arrogant and on occasions a trifle defiant—often regretting in her youth that she had not been born a boy.

To be frank, she bossed me and still bosses me. She takes me in tow like a harbor tug and bunts and warps me into my proper berth, showing more force than you'd suspect behind her bow mattress of smiling unconcern. She takes me in hand when I'm off duty and totes me along in her leisured way, the same as a racing car is towed through city streets when it's geared too high for everyday traffic. For Tassie always tried to help. She never caused me trouble, outside of worrying over just what secret ends she might be driving at when she occasionally let me have my own way.

(Continued on Page 41)

Cleansed with "double action!"

1. scoured, shining, stainless
2. sweet, fresh, odorless

There is a way, now, to accomplish two kinds of cleaning in one simple process.

It is with **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser. It cleans and scours off stains and grime, but it does not stop with this. At the same time, it sweetens and purifies.

This extra cleansing power is due to an agent in its composition which leaves every surface it scours sweet and fresh and odorless.

Effective as it is, **Sunbrite** does not scratch in cleaning, nor does it hurt the hands.

And as a final distinction, **Sunbrite** is not a high priced cleanser. It costs only a few cents and with every can you also get a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

Use **Sunbrite** in bathroom and kitchen as you would any good scouring powder; then in addition, enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that it also leaves everything it cleans sweetened and purified.

Swift & Company

Double action *single cost*

Try Quick Naptha White Soap Chips in the washing machine

A new convenient form of a splendid soap—try it for any household use—for washing clothes, dishes, woodwork. You will be delighted with its instant effectiveness against dirt. Yet it is so pure and mild—never harms fabrics or hands

Large savings in manufacturing costs

The average *individual* power plant requires 6.4 tons of coal to produce the same power that an efficient *central* power plant gets out of 1 ton.

Individual plants can readily take advantage of some of the economies of central power plant practice.

One of these economies is correct lubrication. The attention paid by central power stations to correct lubrication is well known.

The largest and most efficient central power stations throughout the world are lubricated by the Vacuum Oil Company.

In our experience, savings of power-loss from 3% to 30% frequently have been effected by changes in lubrication alone.

And waste does not stop with lost power. Power not applied to useful work becomes a destroyer. It destroys the very machines it drives.

Repairs, replacements, idle time, spoiled materials, delayed processes, decreased output—all follow in the wake of wasted power.

Scientifically correct lubrication will be an insignificant item in your total operating expenses—probably less than 1%. That 1% well spent will bring operating economies.

It need hardly be stated that responsible advice will come most certainly from an organization of world-wide scope, of 59 years' specialization in the manufacture and application of correct lubricating oils.

If you put your lubrication problems into our hands, we will gladly assume full responsibility for the correct lubrication of your entire plant, with the coöperation of your personnel.

A request to one of our branch offices will bring a representative to discuss this with your proper officials:

New York *(Main Office)*, Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Portland, Me., Rochester, St Louis, Springfield, Mass.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company
NEW YORK

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She was the first member of my family to realize how I hated those fussy and dreary little functions of the body—shaving and changing clothes and buttoning collars and knotting neckties and eating course dinners and keeping tired feet off upholstered chairs. She knew those were accidents in a preoccupied man's life and she tried to make them ride as lightly as she could on the shoulders that had bigger burdens to carry. She kept the home nest habitable. She knew that day by day I went out into a world where she would be lost to reason and ground to dust. She didn't herself see the light, but she saw the face that saw the light, and that was enough. She believed in her dad.

There was a time when I thought that she was like the other girls of this laughing and chattering younger generation—like them in at least one thing. I thought that she was without romance, that she'd curl her misty red lip over such old-fashioned stuff as sentiment and probably call it slush or talk about slopping over. That didn't seem to fit in with her natural warmth, that veneer of frostiness about the halibut of feeling. But I've come to see now that it was nothing more than a protective coating, a little mail coat to protect her anxious young bosom from affront. I guess if I've any lingering doubt about that I can be put straight by a young man named Wallie Enman. I may not be so quick on my feet as I was ten years ago, but there's nothing much wrong with my visual acuity, as we call it along the line. In other words, my eyesight is still O. K. And I've seen what I've seen, though this isn't the time and place that I'm going to stop to talk about it.

What I want to talk about now is Javan Page, for it was Javan Page who was looming up more in my thoughts than I'd have been willing to acknowledge. He gave me a new incentive to work and a new ambition in life. We were pitted against each other since that fateful day in Boston, and sooner or later it must be decided who was the bigger man.

Newt, when he was letting off steam once about what he called my Cæsarism, accused me of hamstringing Lavinia Page's father. He said that I broke the man, smashed him, because he happened to stand in my way. But Javan Page wasn't smashed by anybody. He just died of inanition. He didn't fit, and so he was eradicated. His ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower, and he may have been a persuasive talker over a cup of tea and a brilliant putter on a golf green. But he wasn't strong enough for the railway game as it's played today. He didn't stand in my way, because he wasn't big enough. And I didn't put him down. It was the system did that and saved me the trouble. It was merely that he was eliminated when he couldn't stand up against stronger fighters.

When it was first proposed, after the rope-laying by the Boston crowd, that Page should be given a vice presidency, I didn't even oppose that suggestion. I advocated it, in fact, though I didn't explain my reasons for doing so. I could foresee, however, about what was going to happen. It wasn't the work that Page craved; it was the position. And a machine that runs hard and fast hasn't much use for ornaments. They just naturally get shaken off.

When Page stepped into his new office at headquarters he sold his Boston home and moved West, bringing his family with him. He enjoyed his jump in salary and bought a couple of automobiles and had a hand in laying out the new country-club grounds. I myself had neither the time nor the will for social diversions, so it gave me a bit of a shock when I eventually saw Vinnie Page dropping my boy Newt at our door on the way home from an afternoon dance at their precious clubhouse.

When Page complained that he hadn't time to get over his work unless he had more help, I sent him Al Gillies, the hungriest climber on my staff, a lad I'd been watching and grooming for better things. Page told me a couple of months later that Gillies had been a godsend to him. That new secretary waded right into the work, getting hold of a new line every week or so and giving his new chief a little more time for his golf and club and cars. I noticed, not altogether with regret, that Page was sauntering down to his office a little later every morning and leaving a little earlier every afternoon. He even seemed vaguely grateful to me for solving so many of his department problems. When I went a step further and suggested switching a routine burden or two from his shoulders to the head of some other department, he invariably and smilingly agreed to the change.

I rather imagine that first year at our Western headquarters was about the happiest year in Javan Page's career. He had no inkling, of course, of what was eventually going to happen to him; for with all his schooling and all his sophistication, he seemed oddly without imagination—without railway imagination. I've a sneaking idea, when I come to look over the situation in cool blood, that it was really his selfishness that kept him blind to the true state of things. The one thing he was living for was Javan Page. And it was only natural, under the circumstances, that his eye should not travel far beyond Javan Page.

When he got a telegram from a Florida friend of his blithely announcing, "The tarpon are running in Charlot's Inlet," he appropriated a two weeks' leave of absence and flurried southward with his family. He went at a time when every official of our lusty young road was laboring to the limit of his strength. And the discovery that Aurelia Page had condescended to carry our Newton along with her was more of a pleasure to Newton's mother than it was to me. It rather tangled up the issue.

I couldn't even explain things to my deluded young offspring.

I liked fishing myself, but I never bit off two weeks of it at once. I couldn't afford to. I had other things to think of, and one of the other things was that my son Newt was a good deal like Javan Page. He was always the amateur at life, impatient of the things that loomed up important to me, slightly scornful of the rougher hand that had feathered his nest for him, expressing no gratitude for the years of toil that permitted him to prance off to an Eastern college and acquire an accent that seemed a hot-potato echo of Aurelia Page's.

When Newt brought a couple of his lackadaisical fraternity friends West for a shooting trip, I was foolish enough to let them go up one of our new branch lines still

By Moonlight She Must Have Struck Him as Pretty Wonderful

under construction. There was, of course, no regular schedule for train service along that branch, but the work trains handled any traffic they could pick up. Newt, in his own imperious way, decided to move out to the end of the line and back on a Sunday. Being the day of rest for real workers, nothing was moving along that stretch of track.

But a material train was made up and the private car hitched on and Newt's train given right of track to the end of the branch and return. As there was no intermediate telegraph office open, the day being Sunday, no news of the movement of the extra was expected until the return of the train.

But it did not return on Sunday. On Monday morning the terminal office reported no news of the extra. The intermediate office reported the same. That meant every work train on the branch was tied up and three hundred men stood around spitting at their shadows, until I got an inkling of the situation and wired up to send a motor car out ahead of the wrecking crew to flag that missing extra. About nightfall, however, the missing extra wandered in. Tim Kelley, its conductor, explained that as he was under orders to stop wherever and as long as the young gentleman wanted, and as the young gentleman had found some pretty good shooting up between the stations, he had carried out his instructions. The fact that the whole works were tied up never bothered Newt and his friends. But when Newt got on my system after that I made it a point to see that my instructions were more explicit.

Perhaps I oughtn't to be telling these things on Newt. On thinking it over in cold blood, it even looks to me as though I was belittling my own offspring But God knows Newt was always willing and ready to belittle his dad. And I guess that must have hurt more than I pretended, for Newt, after all, was my own son, and I wanted to love him. I hungered for just a warm human personal contact with him.

Many a time I've had the impulse to put an arm around him and draw him close to me and try to break down that ice wall of reserve he kept building up between us. But I was afraid of that cool young eye of his and that sharp young tongue that could strike like a rattler gone mad. And by the time Newt had started to college he'd pretty well packed his personality in the refrigerator car of his own pride. I could see, in a dim sort of way, that he wasn't headed in the right direction. But I seemed without the power to influence him. I suppose I still nursed the foolish belief that if I gave him his head he'd eventually work out his own salvation. I expected to see him get a jolt or two before he learned that even a rich man's son has to keep the ledger of life balanced. But I never expected to see him get off the rails the way he did.

I'd been noticing two things that summer. One was that Newt had been trailing around a good deal with Vinnie Page. Another was that he looked ill and nervous. His mother, in her usual mild and ineffectual way, scolded him for his late hours and his cigarettes; but busy as I was I could see that Newt and his inner soul weren't on the best of terms.

It surprised me, however, when he walked into my office one afternoon and waited with unexpected meekness until my secretary had taken his departure. He stood staring out the window until we were alone. Then he came and sat down in the chair at the end of my desk. For once in his life he was ill at ease. He looked so hollow-eyed and blue around the gills that I didn't have the heart to be flippant with him.

"What's the trouble, son?" I asked as I handed him over one of my cigars.

I meant that act to be a fraternal one, but Newt looked at the cigar, smelled it and put it back on the desk end. He preferred the kind that Sir William used to smoke, the kind that come from Cuba in a sealed glass tube and cost a dollar and forty cents apiece by the hundred. And once when he asked why I stuck to my cabbage-and-hemp brand, I told him I didn't happen to have a wealthy father to buy them for me.

"What's the trouble, son?" I managed to repeat, overlooking the offense in connection with the proffered smoke.

"I'm afraid I've made an awful mess of things," he said as his haggard eye met mine.

"Gambling?" I asked, feeling closer to him at that moment than I had for many a day.

"No," he answered, looking down; "worse'n that."

"Women?" I suggested.

And he moved his head up and down in assent.

"You haven't married one of 'em?" I promptly inquired, and he didn't even have the spirit to resent my brusqueness

"That's just the trouble," he cried out, with his thin hands clenched together. "I can't!"

"D' you mean you want to?" I demanded.

"Yes," he said as he let his eye meet mine, and the harder look on his face didn't escape me.

"Who is it?" I asked, trying to get over the shock of finding I possessed a son old enough to talk about such a thing as taking a wife.

"I want to marry Lavinia Page," was the little bombshell he tossed into my lap; and I had to sit there for a full minute, trying to digest my shock.

"Does she want to marry you?" I asked, as I got around to speech; and my son and heir once more looked down at his shoes.

"She won't—after what's happened," he finally acknowledged.

"What have you done?" I inquired, with a ghost of a smile, for what was bad news to him looked rather like the reverse to me.

"I'm being blackmailed."

He said it quietly enough, but it took an effort for him to get it out.

"Then supposing we get right down to brass tacks," I retorted in the most matter-of-fact tone I could muster, as I reached for a memo pad. "Who's the lady?"

Newt sat looking at me for a moment or two with a stare that may have had an infinitesimal fraction of admiration in it. It was the sort of man-to-man look I'd been waiting half a lifetime to see on his face. It was like a window curtain going up above a wintry sill and showing a room warm with firelight. But it went down again, that curtain, as soon as the harried lad could collect himself.

"It's a woman called Irma Swickard," he told me in a slightly strangled voice. But the name, at the time, meant nothing to me.

"Then let's have the story," I said as I busied myself making a note on my pad.

There's no use my repeating the story as Newt told it to me. It was, on the whole, merely a slightly amended version of the threadbare old narrative of an empty-headed young weakling and a designing lady of the half-world who'd pulled the wool over his eyes. They'd met at a cabaret and motored out to a road house. When the car broke down on the way back they sat in the moonlight until morning. Newt acknowledged that he'd kissed her. By moonlight, in fact, she must have struck him as pretty wonderful. They usually do—after joy water and jazz music and a clinging-vine ride home in the dark. She'd led him on and, being of a frugal turn of mind, had carefully saved all his letters.

"What kind of letters?" I interrupted at this point.

"I suppose they're the usual kind," he acknowledged as his eye evaded mine. "The kind she knows we wouldn't want read in a court room. And unless I marry her, according to her rotten attorney, they're going to be read."

"Has she or her lawyer mentioned a price?"

"I can buy them back," said Newt, as his haggard eye met mine, "for fifty thousand dollars."

I made a note of the amount, doing my best not to look startled.

"Have you ever said anything about this to Aurelia Page?" was my next question.

"I haven't, naturally. But Irma intends to if I don't come across."

"Are you seeing Irma nowadays?"

"I have to see her as often as I dare, just to hold her off," explained my none too happy Newt.

"And how do you feel about her now?" I asked. "Are you still fond of her?"

"Good God, no!" was Newt's retort. "She's a blackmailer. She's even pulled in a pious old mother who pretends to be heartbroken. Between them they've nearly driven me crazy."

"They would!" I ejaculated as I looked at the fragile figure sunk down in the wide-armed chair. Then I turned back to my pad. "Now give me all the details you can about the lady—names and addresses and actual data."

He gave them to me and I took them down as calmly as though I was taking down the figures of a new freight schedule.

"The fair Irma of course," I said, as I continued to write, "naturally understands that she's targeting at me and not at you. I want you to see her and tell her that if you're given more time there's every chance of a settlement. But you'd better not let her know you've been talking to me."

Newt got up from his chair and stood at the desk end, haggard and almost humbled.

"What can you do about it?" he asked, with a movement that impressed me as one of despair, and I forced a laugh, just to bring his nerve back to him.

"Son," I said, "does this strike you as a pretty black mix-up?"

That question seemed to puzzle him.

"It's awful!" he said, as he sat down and slumped back in his chair.

And still again I could afford to laugh, though the boy's face hardened at what he accepted as my heartlessness.

"Well, I'll tell you something, Newt," was my slow and deliberate retort. "This may loom up as a pretty big problem to you. But in my work here I'm facing problems as big as that every day in the week. I know you haven't any too much respect for that work, but we needn't go into that now. Let's just see what an old roughneck can do in this case. There are a lot of things I could say about you and your actions at the present moment. You've been a fool, in your way, and I guess I've been a fool in mine. But announcing that doesn't get us anywhere. So just pass this over to me and let's see if we can't get your friend Irma to listen to reason. Go back to your playthings, Newt, and don't let this get on your nerves. I'll attend to it."

"But what are you going to do?" asked my son, as he started to fumble with the eight-cent cigar he'd so disdainfully put back on my desk.

"Leave that to me," I said, as I took the cigar away from him before he could break the wrapper.

XI

HALF an hour after Newt had left my office I'd located Bob Wambaugh, the head of our investigation department. He was down the line looking into the willful derailment of two grain cars by an overplayful gang of boys—boys whom I eventually kept out of jail, by the way, on condition that they were all soundly spanked by their respective parents. But when I got back to the office that night Bob was waiting for me.

He listened without a word as I told him the entire story of Newt's entanglement. He merely gave a shrug when I'd finished, as though to imply, "Boys will be boys." But that, of course, was only Bob's way of letting me down easy.

"We've no record," I went on, "of any Irma Swickard in our gallery. But that doesn't mean much. She's not the type who bothers us in our business. And she may have another name or two up her sleeve. What I want you to do, Bob, is to get on her trail and run her down. I don't care where it takes you. But I want to know what she's been and what she's done. When we get that we'll be able to judge about what her little bunch of letters are worth."

Wambaugh reported to me from time to time, and his first reports were anything but encouraging. If the Swickard woman was an adventuress, she had left no trail of adventures behind her. There was no trace of an arrest or an indictment, and no evidence of any evil intent until her unfortunate meeting with Newt. She had once supported herself in New York by selling gloves in a department store. Then she had studied stenography and become the private secretary of a Cuban shipping agent in Bowling Green. The Cuban in question had wanted to marry her; but, apparently because of his unwelcome attentions, she left his office and went to Boston, where she was cashier in a drug store. From the drug store she moved on to a Back Bay home, where she acted as companion to a wealthy but eccentric old lady who took her to Europe for a year. There she must have learned a little about the upper world and enjoyed life to the full. But, unfortunately, the old lady died of acute appendicitis from swallowing a prune stone which decided, halfway down, to stay with her to the end. And then Miss Swickard returned to New York, where all trace of her, for the time being, was lost.

It wasn't until Bob Wambaugh started tracing up the girl's so-called mother that we stumbled on anything of importance. And that lay figure of a parent, we found, had once been the wife of an ambulance chaser named Baumer. She'd been arrested once for being active in a fraudulent insurance-claim case, but was later discharged for lack of evidence. As Ida Gilliard, she'd also figured in a number of dubious claim cases against railways, had worked with a Tenderloin wire tapper, and had even been involved in a jewel robbery, in which she'd used a girl named Mazie LeMarsh as a come-on.

So Wambaugh switched his attention to Mazie, unearthing a picture of her in the files of a Philadelphia evening paper, where she was reported as a corespondent in a pretty unsavory Germantown divorce case. But the important thing was that Mazie and Irma looked enough alike to be twin sisters. They weren't twin sisters, however, for Wambaugh soon found they were one and the same person.

By this time the trail was clearly enough marked to follow the lady across the continent and back. We got five different aliases against her, to say nothing of a husband named Frank Forgan, whom she had cast aside as incompetent, but never divorced by due process of law. Bob, under my instructions, eventually dug up Forgan in a Hoboken oyster bar and through him amplified his earlier accumulation of Irma's activities. And that final story showed that she'd been a pretty busy little bee in the garden of the gullible. It showed, among other things, that the fair Irma had been an unfortunate traveler, for in quite a number of cases where she honored a railway with her presence she later took action against that railway for injuries sustained during transit. Once it was a fall from a wet platform step; another time it was being injured going through to the diner; and still another time it was being thrown against the plate mirror of a stateroom door when the driver up front stopped too abruptly at his station—and each time Irma had cost the railway good money.

When I'd checked up on Wambaugh's reports and got my ropes all laid, I told Newt to inform his lady love that I was willing to listen to reason. Newt came back with the news that Miss Swickard would be quite willing to talk

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HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Relax and rest as you seem to float along in the Hupmobile Eight. Free your mind from thoughts of machinery; and your body from the tense strain of ordinary driving. For here is a car engineered, powered and built for a *new* kind of motoring.

You don't hold it in the road. It stays there, almost of its own accord.

You will want to spurt ahead—to fly faster and faster—and the Eight so quickly answers that it seems to seize on your desire half-formed.

There is a new exhilaration in such motoring, even the most jaded of us will agree. And it is yours to enjoy and to revel in from the day and hour when you become the possessor of a Hupmobile Eight.

Four body types, not excelled within $1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five-passenger Sedan, $2375; Four-passenger Coupe, $2325; Touring Car and Roadster, $1975. Prices F. O. B. Detroit; tax to be added. Equipment includes balloon tires, bumpers front and rear, winter-front, snubbers, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror. ¶ *Hupmobile four-cylinder cars, in a complete line of popular body types, at prices which make them the outstanding value in their field.*

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

THE JUNK SNUPPER

SPEAKING of hobbies, what about the thrill of them! You who have never done any junk snupping do not know what a thrill is. You think you have got it when you land that five-pound bass; you think you have got it when you score below par on your golf links; or strike oil; or hold a royal flush.

But say, the real thrill is the thrill that comes to you when you discover an old Staffordshire platter up in a farmhouse in Vermont, and you say in a manner as though slightly interested, "That's a nice platter you have there, ma'am. Good color, isn't it? I'd like to buy it if you want to sell."

And she says, "Oh, I don't want to sell it particularly; but I might; I don't know. It ought to be worth $5, hadn't it?"

A Lithograph That Sold for $800

And you say, "Well, I suppose it had. I will pay $5 for it." And you hand her over the money, take the platter and get out of the house with all possible haste, compatible with dignity; all a-tremble because you recognize in that platter the identical Castle Garden pattern that cost $1000 at the Uptown Auction Galleries, bought by a snupper who had taken up the collecting of old Staffordshire as a side line to the manufacture of breakfast food. He didn't care anything about Warwick Castle or Versailles or the Lakes of Killarney or Como or any European scenes. What he was looking for was blue Staffordshire in American scenes, the sort of thing that the British made for the American trade immediately following the Revolutionary War—West Point, Valley Forge, Washington Crossing the Delaware—good old patriotic subjects.

Talk about thrills.

Why, the whole audience got in on it. The platter started off at $10. It went to $20, $30, $50, $100, $200. By that time folks began to sit up and take notice. It went to $500, $600, $700, $800, $900. Not many in the audience knew the difference between Staffordshire paste and anchovy paste, but they craned their necks, and their hearts went thumping. Somebody bid $950 and it hung there for a minute; then the gentleman of the breakfast food nodded his head and the auctioneer's gavel came down with a bang on $1000, and the whole crowd burst into applause, as though for a star in a big show.

Tricks of the Trade in Buying

AND I had picked up the duplicate of that same platter and pattern for $5.

Wouldn't that thrill you?

That's the kind of experience that is the dream of every junk snupper. It is the anticipation that keeps him snupping. We all have dreams; but the most beautiful dream I ever have is where I find myself in an old abandoned barn where there are barrels and barrels and barrels of truck, apparently worthless, that I had just bought for a mere nothing. And the first barrel I investigate is full of old Worcester ware, old animal figures in white Chelsea, cream jugs from Derby, beautiful Spode plates with wonderful Chinese decoration, luster jugs, Mason jugs, and bottles, bottles and bottles.

And then I wake up.

It was a dream, sure enough, because nowadays it is becoming pretty difficult even for dealers to pick up bargains. Even the people way out in the dirt-road sections, twenty miles from the town and the railroad, are getting educated.

"I don't know how it is," said a dealer recently, "but when I go into a town now I feel like going in disguise. There is such an awful prejudice against us. There was a time we'd visit a farmhouse and be received quite cordially because they didn't have many callers, and most anybody, including peddlers and tax collectors, was welcome; but now the lady says, 'Are you an antique dealer? If you are I don't want to talk to you.' It's terrible the way they treat us."

And I don't blame them. It used to be an old trick of the dealer to get into a house and after locating a few pieces that he wanted and knew he would have to pay a good price for, if he got them at all, he would express no great interest in them, but would get the woman's price on a lot of other stuff to which neither he nor she attached any importance.

He'd offer her $300 for a broken-down suit of mid-Victorian furniture; he'd offer her $50 for a couple of old chromos; and before he got through, the woman would be half crazy at getting rid of a lot of plunder at big prices, and at this psychological moment he'd pause at the pieces he really wanted, and would dicker over the price. For a lot of Wistarburg glass which ought to have brought $200 he'd offer $50, and the poor woman would acquiesce in view of the fact that he was already paying so much for the other junk.

Then he would say to her, "Well, I will send my truck around for all this stuff tomorrow, and the driver will have the money for it, but I will take the glassware with me in my car as it might be broken in the moving, and I will pay for it in cash and get that much out of the way."

And he took away his $200 worth of glassware for $50, but he never did send for the balance of the goods.

There has been many a sharp deal like this practiced on the farmers through the country, and as a consequence dealers have got a black eye.

Time was when you could drop in almost anywhere and find some splendid old stuff, but today the search for it has become so systematized that even the plumbers and paper hangers in a town are canvassed for what they know of the furnishings of the houses they are working in.

And the mere labor of collecting has become so arduous that many antique men have given up following the trail and depend entirely on agents who canvass the territory from house to house.

It was down New Bedford way that I ran up against a new kind of snupping, but I will let the old lady concerned tell it in her own way.

"I have had these antique dealers," she said, "bothering the life out of me for years. They've got everything I want to dispose of, but they continue to worry me about the things I don't want to dispose of. One of the most persistent of the lot came to me one day and said, 'I have noticed in your parlor, ma'am, that the wall paper is in very bad shape. Still, it's old paper with some pretty good ideas for designs in it, and I can sell them to manufacturers, and if you will let me take it off the wall I will be careful and not put you to too much trouble and I will replace it with new paper of your own selection and will paint the woodwork in the bargain and leave everything spick-and-span.'

"Well, that sounded pretty good to me, especially as the parlor hadn't been papered for twenty years, so I agreed; but I said to myself, 'He is paying something awful for just ideas in designs'; and to this very day I can't but think that he didn't get the best of the bargain, because the wall had been papered and repapered five or six times during the last hundred years, and he had an awful job taking off the accumulation of eight layers. But he did it and he did it carefully, cutting out solid masses three-quarters of an inch thick clean down to the plaster, and he packed it all up and took it away, Lord knows where, and I had the room done over beautifully according to bargain, and to this day I can't help but wonder what possible use he could make of that wall paper."

Collectors of Old Houses

BUT I knew. I knew of a very capable woman in New York who probably got that paper, and by a process as delicate as the restoration of old paintings she separated the six or seven layers without damaging them, and had enough material to panel a half dozen rooms so that everything in them would be antique, even to the paper on the wall. You'll see rooms like this with the original paper on them and the original doors and cornices and wood panels, up in the Metropolitan Museum; and especially treasured are rooms in the antique spirit if they have the original paper.

But the most unusual junk snupping I ever heard of is the actual collecting of old houses. I knew of men who collected old doorways, stair rails, banisters, hinges, gates—things that they rescue as wreckers in the demolition of colonial buildings, but I never heard of collecting houses before.

There is a woman who makes a business of doing this; she buys up old houses intact, takes them apart, ships them elsewhere, reassembles, reconstructs, and replaces them complete in a new environment.

I saw one of these houses in Great Neck, Long Island. It was identically the same as when it had stood for one hundred and thirty-five years way up in Rindge, New Hampshire, the old homestead of Colonel Gardner.

Still another snupper that I know of has in the past few years made a wonderful accumulation of old wood from the

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The habits of youth make or mar the happiness of the after years

From earliest childhood the individual should be taught the importance of regular habits.

If the human body is to function normally, if health is to be enjoyed in its fullest measure, digestive waste must be eliminated with clock-like regularity.

To neglect this simple law of nature is to open wide the door to sickness and disease.

Too little exercise—too much of the wrong kind of food have inflicted faulty elimination upon all civilized peoples. If we desire health and happiness we must, all of us, fight off this unnatural condition. We must take a daily "*Ounce of Prevention*" against sickness.

A natural prevention food

The proper way to combat faulty elimination is not by means of drugs or laxatives but with the food we eat.

If there is need for cathartics your doctor will prescribe them. To take them indiscriminately is dangerous.

Post's Bran Flakes, eaten every day, will bring about regular eliminative habits; *prevent* future troubles.

Bran in this form provides *bulk* for the intestines and supplies the body with such vital food elements as phosphorus, iron, proteins, carbohydrates and the essential Vitamin B.

Eaten with milk or cream, just as you would eat Post Toasties or Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious cereal. It is equally effective when baked into muffins or bread.

Bran in this form is splendid for children as well as adults. And it is particularly well suited to elderly men and women *who should never take habit-forming drugs.*

Form the sensible habit of eating Post's Bran Flakes every day, and banish the dangers of faulty elimination. Take a daily "*Ounce of Prevention*" against sickness.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention"

A free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our folder showing different ways of serving bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 3-24, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, E., Toronto, Ont.

HEALTH, the most precious of life's possessions! It gives wings to youth and serenity to age

A body that is normal in its functions—eyes that sparkle, cheeks that glow and lips that smile—those are the outward signs

Yet how easily a little carelessness in the springtime of life may mar the happiness of the after years

everybody
every day
eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

WHEN MEN QUIT JOBS

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

THE man who first remarked that a chicken crossed the road in order to reach the other side was at least a fundamentalist. He knew two things: First, that it crossed either because the other side looked good to it or because the side it was on looked poor to it; also, that he would never know more about the proposition unless the chicken told him.

He, too, is of that brand who humbly comprehends that men, including himself and his assigns forever, will continue to quit jobs until they reach that bourn from which there is no other place to go, and that lame words here or elsewhere accomplish nothing more enduring than to make men think.

I have seen thousands quit their jobs. They have told me their reasons. If they do not know them no one does. Stripped of time-consuming exceptions the reasons the vast majority gave were but two—the hope for something better across the street or discontent with what they had. If we doubt this let us ask ourselves why we quit our last job.

A year or two this side of thirty many of them are, at that age when men begin to think as well as talk about hitting their stride, finding themselves or settling down. Serious-minded and introspective, they furrow their brows and focus their eyes upon a shoe lace or a distant cloud as they tell you of the years they think they have wasted.

"It was the salary they offered me that first caught my eye," one of them told me not long ago as he bemoaned the loss of the new job which had beckoned to him when a few months before he had sat secure and reasonably content in the service department of a long-established automobile agency. "I was sitting pretty with as good a chance as the next man for something better, when along came the opportunity I had always nursed in the back of my head—a chance to get in on the ground floor with a young concern, and grow with it. They offered me twenty-five a month more than I was getting to run the installation-and-repair department. They had a cracking good specialty; everyone who used it or saw it was keen about their prospects. They closed down last week. Perhaps you read about it?"

"Yes, but no reasons were given. What was the trouble?" I asked.

"They ran out of gas. Like so many concerns that get stalled, they are kidding themselves into believing that all they need to save them is more capital. Business men at the top is what they really need. They couldn't show a profit with all the capital in town. They simply don't know the game. But what riles me most about the whole thing is that I could have learned in one hour by inquiries in the trade just how much license they had to set up in the manufacturing business. Doubt of their ability to make and market the device successfully never even crossed my mind. All I could think about was the job and their product. I couldn't resign quick enough."

Merchandising Trouble

HE ROVED off into retrospect for a moment and then went on with a resigned, let's-get-it-over-with expression: "Who were they? One was a first-class city salesman and the other a man with money. If you can tell the story in fewer words, go to it. The salesman didn't know any more about problems of distribution on a large scale or advertising mediums than I do. They had a sales force of fifteen and about a hundred men in the shops when they closed down last week. Most of the salesmen came from accessory houses; some were bond men and there were three or four office-equipment or specialty men. Practically all of them had quit jobs elsewhere. The sales force fell for the appliance stronger even than I did. The moment new salesmen looked at it they said it would sell itself. It got to be a stock phrase. It sold itself all right, but it didn't make itself.

"The first three or four months they had trouble turning out the device mechanically perfect. They didn't realize they had to go through the experimental stage that every new product undergoes. Then there was the usual amount of rejected material. They were so anxious to get going on a big scale they couldn't wait until they had ironed out the manufacturing kinks. Perhaps they needed the money then; I don't know. Finally they got going in good shape and, before they knew it, had reached the stage where the shop and assembling rooms were producing faster than the sales force could distribute. The device still sold itself when they could reach the buyer, but they didn't have enough money left to reach the big distributors and jobbers over the country. They had to call in their road men on account of the traveling expenses, which took hard cash. Their last gasp was a letter-and-circular campaign through the mail, which helped a little but couldn't save them. Now their stockrooms are jammed to the ceiling and there are about a hundred salesmen, mechanics, shipping clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, foremen, truck drivers, watchmen and one whole office boy looking for jobs, and razzing the company or what's left of it for having made them quit their old jobs. Every man for himself, but the only person I blame for my giving up that one in the service department up on Automobile Row is myself. I know now what the district manager meant the day I gave him two weeks' notice when he said, 'All right; I wish you luck. It's a good device, but it will never be worth more than the men back of it.'"

How often are jobs worth more than the men who underwrite them? For a week, a month, a year or two perhaps, they may carry higher wages or salaries, offer more congenial working hours and living conditions, and mirror more glittering prospects of quick advancement than do similar positions across the street or the continent, but their ultimate value to the men who hold them depends upon who offers them.

The World's Prime Collateral

ONE employer can make a thousand jobs or a thousand jobless. How or why he does either is as far from the point as the fact that often one employe, although he may never have created a single job, can cause a thousand of his fellow workers to lose theirs.

Certain interesting figures recently came to my notice which have to do with the little-traversed field of employer turnover. They were obtained from an organization a part of whose business it is to list the commercial births and deaths in every city and hamlet of the country. A study of them discloses the fact that in 1919 there were 37,572 concerns actively engaged in business in the city of Philadelphia, which because of its wide diversity of manufacture and commercial interests might be conceded as presenting a pretty fair cross-section of industry on a national scope. Five years later, in July, 1924, there were 45,919, an increase of more than 8,000. During these five years, however, the names of 26,398 business houses were removed from the records as no longer existent.

Although only a fraction more than 6 per cent of this number that did not survive the harrowing storms and bewildering calms which suffuse the seas of business were classified as financial failures, the gross figures carry their own story. And they suggest the query: How many employes then and thus lost their means of livelihood? We cannot answer the question; we can only ask it.

A great banker, who talked little and whose thoughts were digested and therefore digestible, once said that character was ever the prime collateral in the world of business credits. It takes that attribute and quite a few more to make the ghost amble fifty-two times the year. And yet each year he treads new fields and thousands follow him to kinder fortune or assured success.

For as large new enterprises attract men, so in like degree do big and successful men draw to themselves, unconsciously or with intent, those who cross their paths, read about them or who have worked for them before. Men always have and always will quit jobs to cast their lot with men, and the more substantial the reputation of the employer the larger is the number and more worthwhile the quality of those who enlist with him.

Ask men who have quit their jobs where their next ones await them, and the majority will mention a specific plant or construction operation, a commercial house or banking institution, or perhaps nothing more definite than a city or street address. But others will tell you and the microphone that they are going back to work for Old Man Stark on the city desk, with Leyden in the shipbuilding game, or under Moseley in foreign sales, or for Morgan over at the Omega Life, for Tower on the new bridge, or for Tony Donato on that Front Street paving job.

Industry presents no more outstanding example of this age-old human trait than in the development of the automobile during the past two decades. Each year newcomers smile ingratiatingly at us from the advertising page or tolerantly from our neighbors' curbstones.

When one of our recent shortages of labor hovered over the automobile belt the business news columns carried a paragraph one morning to the effect that a man who had contributed a quarter century of maximum working hours to the development of that industry had severed his existing manufacturing connections and would shortly place on the market a new car which would bear his own name. Between five and six thousand men, it went on to state, would ultimately be employed when the new plant started on a production basis.

I still recall the impression that rather obscure item then made upon me, for at the time labor scouts from the cradle of precedent-breakers and presidents were scouring the industrial centers of the East for mechanics and semi-skilled labor to enable their plants back home to keep pace with the mawlike, ever-widening demand for automobiles. Where would he get the men? Certainly the statistics were arrayed against him, for, only the week before, government reports had shown an apparent shortage in man power of many thousands in the territory in which his new plant was to be located. "It simply isn't in the wood," a labor official had told me.

Months later a member of the scouting fraternity who was shipping his daily dozen westward was in the office.

"That fellow? Where did he get them?" He reposed his heels on the quartered oak. "He got them where Roosevelt got his votes -from the other party. Did you ever see one of those loading magnets in action? The moment the juice is turned on, every piece of iron in jumping distance hops up to meet it. The big stuff and the shavings climb aboard wherever they can get a hold. That's him and the labor market.

"When I got back to the plant after that news broke about him putting his own name on the radiator you might have thought Detroit and Cleveland were running neck and neck for World Series' money. Everybody at the employment offices and the bunch that hangs around newspaper offices to get their fangs on the first editions in order to look for better jobs were asking when he was going to start hiring. As a matter of fact, he didn't employ a man for over a month except for the engineering and executive staffs. The ones he took for those positions simply resigned the positions they had under him in the old company and went along with him.

"If he'd wanted to play the game the way some of them do he could have crippled a number of the smaller plants in the drafting and engineering departments. Instead his department heads time and again refused flatly to hire key men who were working for other manufacturers; and they lived up to that policy when the time came to take on men for the shops. I know because I tried to hook up with his employment department to round up common labor for them, but they knew where I was working and they wouldn't touch me. All the satisfaction I could get was a pleasant look and the statement that they would be glad to consider me if and when I quit the job I then had."

The Line They Looked For

"I DON'T say," he continued, "they kept a blacklist or a census of the unemployed, but they did make an honest attempt to do what they felt was best for the whole industry. They went so far as to have the question 'Where are you now employed?' on their applications for employment. If a man couldn't come reasonably clean they wouldn't handle him. If they had had to boost wages and start a labor auction in order to get the men they needed they might have done it; I'm not saying; I'm only telling you it wasn't necessary. Any grown man, they reasoned, had a right to throw up a job anywhere and take another one wherever he could get it, but they never to my knowledge encouraged him to do it on their account.

"Occasionally they ran an ad in the papers for mechanics in certain trades where there was a shortage, just as other employers do, but it was mainly to attract men who were unemployed for the moment and who happened to be passing through the city; there's always a supply of that kind. But whether they advertised or not, men quit and went with them because he was the skipper.

"I don't know what it is he packs around with him," he concluded, "but everywhere he goes men brace him for jobs. The fact that they already have them cuts little ice. It must be his reputation, the rep of always finishing in the first division. That's as near as I can come to it. Men like to be close to a winner whether they are paid to lead the batting order or warm the bench."

"Good camp and commissary. Transportation paid." A million eyes scan the want-ad columns for that line in a year's time. To thousands it conveys nothing more than the bare words import; a place to sleep and eat, and passing scenery. To many others, however, it spells jobs. It carried that message not long ago to Trainer, Williams, Stance and Small and to forty-odd others whose names I have before me.

The gears of the business cycle had been stripped and they were out of luck. Some were ironworkers, other were riggers and structural painters, hatchet and saw artists, stonecutters, house carpenters, with here and there a driller, a steeplejack, a sand hog or a powder monkey. Providence, poets and third parties may claim the country, but

Continued on Page 62

Why drive a shabby car?

Valspar-Enamel "comes through"!

Winter in the Cascade Mountains—"*Sleet, hail, snow, rain*" would ruin *any ordinary* automobile finish. But it didn't hurt Valspar-Enamel! Here's an actual experience!

Valentine & Company, New York, N. Y.
1106 S. Jersey St., Portland, Oregon

Gentlemen:

Last Spring I had my car enameled with a coat of Valspar, then again in the Fall I had another coat put on.

This Winter I was employed in road building in the Cascades of Oregon.

We had only living tents at the construction camps and consequently my car and that of the assistant foreman had to take the weather as it came, and it came with a vengeance at times—sleet, hail, snow and rain. It was a very severe winter.

Last week we drove into a garage here in Portland and had them gone over.

It was found that the exterior of my car was in No. A1 condition, but the assistant's car had not withstood the weather so well. The enamel had been put on at nearly the same time that my car had been enameled, but was of another manufacturer's brand and was badly cracked and peeled. Indeed, it was so much damaged that he had a new coat put on, and needless to say that this time it was Valspar!

"Here we have an object lesson that the car owner should profit by," remarked the garage man. "Most kinds of enamel look alike, but for honest-to-goodness lasting results you can absolutely depend on Valspar; it always makes good."

(Signed) WESLEY RAY

Valspar-Enamels are made of waterproof, durable Valspar, plus beautiful, permanent colors. They are easy to apply and come in Red—*light and deep;* Blue—*light, medium and deep;* Green—*medium and deep;* Ivory, Bright Yellow, Vermilion, Gray and Brown. Also White, Black, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. Any other shade may be obtained by mixing the standard colors.

Send for this little book which tells you "how to use" and suggests where to use Valspar. It shows the Valspar colors, including shades of enamel obtained by mixing. Price 15 cents.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & CO., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

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Address

Valspar-Enamel	☐
Choose 1 Color.....	
Clear Valspar	☐
Valspar-Stain	☐
Choose 1 Color.....	
Valspar Book	☐

S. E. P. 3-14-25

"Food worth traveling a thousand miles for"

—wrote O. HENRY, *the author beloved by all Americans,*

spreading the fame of the old Maxwell House and its coffee

"Overton's Folly", they called it long ago in Civil War times—after the man who had the courage to build it. It seemed far too magnificent at first—far too pretentious.

But of those who shook their heads, almost all lived to see the triumph of the old Maxwell House of Nashville, Tennessee.

Beneath its hospitable roof the beaux and belles of Dixie dined and danced. "All the famous men of the country," says an old history book, "made the Maxwell House their headquarters when they came to Nashville."

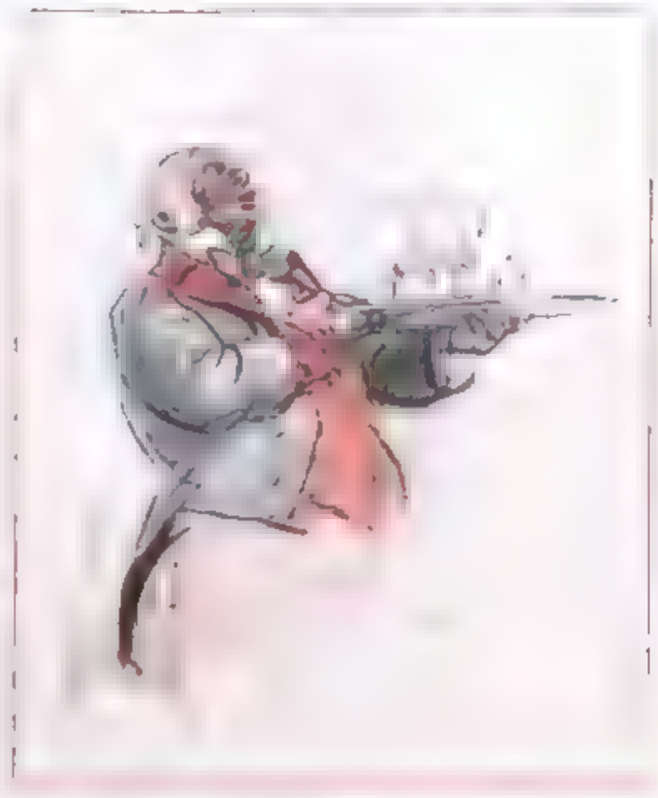
Long before the days of automobiles and movies, the Maxwell House had grown to be the most celebrated hotel in the old South.

How this fine, old southern hotel became famous

It was Antoine, the chef from New Orleans, who laid the foundation for its real success. For in the South the fame of good things to eat and drink traveled far and fast.

"The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite southern courtesy. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for."

This is what O. Henry, the noted author beloved by all Americans, wrote of his visit to the Maxwell House in later years.



In the spacious dining room, O. Henry reveled in the fare of this celebrated hotel—and especially in its wonderful coffee. For it was the coffee above all else that its distinguished guests praised most frequently.

Throughout the years of its ever growing glory, only one kind of coffee was ever served at the Maxwell House—a special blend with a rich and mellow flavor that lived long in the memory of its patrons. Wherever they went, they carried with them to their homes the fame of Maxwell House Coffee.

In city after city, the most critical families have heard of this blend of fine coffees and have secured it for their own tables. And the same man who perfected it years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates the blending and roasting of it today.

The same coffee with all the rare flavor that the guests of this old hotel liked so well, is now on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores. It has become the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

How you will enjoy your first taste—a smooth richness and a fragrance that will make you look forward to breakfast and dinner as never before! Don't wait longer before trying it. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

Nashville Houston Jacksonville Richmond
New York Los Angeles

Also Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

WAIT AND SEE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

It Was Off Montauk That Tom's Yacht Sighted the First of the Bleak Sisterhood, a Tarnished Steamer of the Tramp Variety, Moving Slowly Down the Coast

THEY sat there on the edge of the highway, those shabby old ships, like frowzy trollops waiting for such traffic as might be lured their way under cover of the darkness. Other slatterns of the same profession were sprawled along the fairway, careful to keep well clear of the jurisdiction of the constabulary. All were of foreign registry, claiming the protection of such, and all of the same drab dinginess touched up with a little paint where the rough contacts of their calling had left erosions.

Two youngish men leaned on the rail of a swift yacht and talked of many things. One, the owner, was the type which accepts with cheerful grace the fact that fortune has shown the discernment to pick him out as a favored son. The other was lean, hard, trained too fine for physical comfort, and with the edge that comes of work and worry and nonsuccess when the sanguine flush of early youth has passed.

The yacht was bound for a backwater of Delaware Bay. This run from Newport thither was in the nature of a sentimental journey, or one might say a votive pilgrimage. Just as after the interval of some few busy and successful years a man might wish to revisit the scenes of what have been for him tremendous episodes fraught with high endeavor—Soissons or Belleau Wood or Château-Thierry—so now did Henry Morgan, late lieutenant U. S. N. R., desire to look again at the one-hundred-and-ten-foot subchaser which he had commanded during the war.

Wherefore he had said the day before to his host and college roommate, Thomas Van Rensselaer Duane, "If you want to try out your new boat, Tom, let's take a run down to the Delaware and look at my old tub. I've managed to locate her at last. She was bought a couple of years ago at one of those Navy Department sales by a man named Healy, for fishing, he said. Healy died about six months ago, and since then she's been tied up to an old fish wharf at a place called Crab Cove. I might buy her for a few dollars."

Tom had shaken his head at this. "Better get a new one, Harry. I'll bet the tide rises and falls in her by this time. All the same, we'll go if you like. We might stop and pick up Dick Winston. He's just gone down to Southampton to spend a week with his folks."

This plan was put into execution. Dick Winston, also late lieutenant U. S. N. R., was rejoiced to make a little run on the luxurious seventy-foot cabin cruiser. During the war his interesting occupation had been to assist in the laying of the North Sea barrage, and after its conclusion he had returned to his position of chemical engineer in the Winston Powder Works.

It was off Montauk that Tom's yacht sighted the first of the bleak sisterhood, a tarnished steamer of the tramp variety, moving slowly down the coast in a parallel direction.

The yacht passed her close aboard. She was deep laden and rolled sluggishly in the long greasy swell.

"It's pretty awful to think of the number of potential murders and motor-car smashes and other forms of slow and sudden death that old coffin holds," Harry said.

"Oh, I don't know," Tom demurred. "She looks like the end of a hard voyage, so the chances are she's brought it all the way across."

"Made it in her own cellar, more likely. It doesn't matter anyhow. You can get poisoned in an American club in London just as easily as in an un-American club in New York. The B. W. I. colonies are even worse. All raw paraldehyde."

"Well, perhaps you're right. As a drinking prohibitionist I must admit that a chap has got to mind his step. A friend of mine bought a little pocket analyzing set some time ago, but he says you might just as well go on the wagon and be done with it as to go by the results you get. He chucked it finally, and went on his carefree way. So far, he's still able to see and walk."

The two friends stopped for Dick, who came blithely aboard. One of his valises was very heavy, and when the quartermaster set it down on deck it gurgled.

"I'm a second vice president of the B. Y. O. L. Club, Tom," Dick said with an apologetic grin. "Didn't know just how you might be found in joy water, or if you mightn't have turned renegade. So many of my old pals have."

"Count me in that class," Harry said. "It's good-by, booze, forevermore. And it's not on the grounds of health or patriotism or love of my fellow men, or women."

"What then, old grouse? Seems to me you've got 'em all pretty well coppered. Civic Virtue?"

"God forbid! I never trampled any girls. Call it income tax and the soldiers' bonus, plus several times what that sets us back, handed over to a mob of nose-thumbing foreigners."

"Well, then let 'em repeal the blasted act."

"That's all right when they do. Or, to be more exact, when we do. But that's not going to happen so long as we're all shot up with drinking prohibitionists, like you and Tom. You wouldn't have a drinking man in your powder plant, and Tom wouldn't have one in the crews of the trains and coastwise steamships he's inherited. Yet you both cheerfully shell out ten times what a case of real liquor is worth to guzzle yourselves, and it goes into the maw of such filthy foreign brutes as the one we just passed. But as you're both rotten rich, it doesn't matter—to you." Harry spat over the side, then walked forward.

Dick looked at Tom. "How long has he been that way?"

"Ever since his test well down in Texas showed a dry hole. Poor old Harry's in a bit of a jam, I should say, and it's got on his nerves. Just what have you got in that valise, Dick? I'm not so sure about my own. This morning when I woke up I seemed to detect a curious flavor in my mouth. Something suggestive of the corpse of an unidentified murderer that had been buried in quicklime."

"Well, mine came ashore last night. Three of us tested everything but the label, and we are still merry and bright."

"Too bad we can't inject a little into Harry. Might make him forget his money troubles and feel rich for an hour anyhow. That's worth something. He's been too long out in the wild and woolly, watching the drill ram the old hole. He's just come East to try to finance a new one that he says is a grand bet, but he's finding it rough sledding, I'm afraid. Well, here's the sun over the yardarm. Quartermaster, just take that bag of hand grenades down into the magazine."

Some hours later another of the silently waiting sisterhood was sighted, a three-masted schooner this time, hailing, as Harry pronounced from the type of hull and rig, from St. Pierre de Miquelon. Then came another of these loiterers, a steamer of about four thousand tons, British, and a little farther on, as if grouped for protection against the advances of mere roughs with no money to pay their pleasure, three trim-looking auxiliary schooners of the Gloucester fishing type. From Bermuda or Nassau, probably, in the opinion of the yacht's captain.

The sight of these vampires seemed to infuriate Harry. The day was very clear, with a long range of visibility, so that these rum-station boats were more in evidence than under ordinary meteorological conditions. There they lay, blatant if still, charged with potent possibilities of mischief such as were not contained in the most fiery beverages of our ancestors' days. Drunkenness was not the word for what they were prepared to disseminate throughout a foolish and resentful commonwealth. It was poison. Brain and body poison, and of a sort to pervert the moral sense.

Harry leaned on the rail and stared at them, a good deal as a kenneled wolfhound might stare at a line of lupine pickets stationed round his master's flocks.

"Look at the brutes! At one time I was pretty rabid on Germans, but the good old Hun was a gentleman compared to these hyenas. He risked his life. He took a chance. He rotted in the trenches for an ideal. A wrong one, but an ideal. These slinkin' reptiles don't take any chance. The freedom of the seas protects 'em. It's bound always to protect 'em. And our good money is running out into their filthy pockets full bore. As if some sneak had waited until you brought in a thirty-thousand-barrel oil well and then by some legislative trick tapped your pool on the edge of your acreage and drained it. Some alien, who didn't even have to pay a tax."

"Oh, forget it, Harry." Tom, pleasantly jingled, spoke soothingly.

"How can I forget it when I'm helping pay for it? Not as you are, thank God, but in taxes to keep the stuff from getting ashore, and then to nab it after it's landed. Look at the budget. The rum-chasing appropriations. Enough to pay the war tax and soldiers' bonus in no time. I wouldn't care a whoop if the whole bloomin' country got soused and stayed soused indefinitely if it did that thing on its own product and got the profit of the excise tax. It's the drain, cutting both ways—first to lose it and then

pay for trying to stop it—that gets my goat. And all into the paunches of foreign swine."

And as if to taunt him further, they cut close to three big steamships anchored about a mile apart, wallowing as one might say in their iniquity. One of them was the vessel they had passed off Montauk the day before. "Come and git it, guv'nor," one man hailed. Harry cursed him.

"We'll get you one of these days."

That brought a torrent of abuse. Harry shook his fist at them. Tom, glancing at Dick, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Come, pipe down, old chap. It can't be helped." He glanced at Dick.

Harry seemed to quiet suddenly. "Oh, can't it?" he muttered and went below.

Tom and Dick, by this time loquacious, confidential and commiserating the nervously irritable condition of their good friend, discussed him. The sea was still, the sun bright and warm. It was pleasant under the awning of the quarter-deck.

"Poor old Harry's in bad shape. Worse than I get after a wet night," Tom said.

"A drink or two would do him good," Dick opined. "Disappointment, I should say. Dry hole and nobody crazy to back his next bet."

"He's never been the same since he was let down by his best girl and his best friend." The "twenty-year-old" Three Star gold label brought aboard by Dick had shaken loose a confidence in Tom. Dick leaned forward.

"What's that?"

Tom straightened with a little jerk, looked owlishly regretful, then nodded. "'S right. Maybe I ought not to spill it, but 't's a fact. Ever meet Ed Kelly? Philadelphia chap, second in command aboard Harry's old C-boat we're bound down to see."

"Met him once in Queenstown. Lawyer, wasn't he?"

"That's the bird. He was second in command to Harry, and they got pretty thick. Harry swore by him. Well, poor old Harry met a Red Cross nurse over there, and fell hard for her. He introduced Kelly. 'T' make a long story short"—Tom gulped a little—"this Kelly bird came home first and looked up the girl in Philadelphia and married her before Harry got home. She hailed from the City of Brotherly Love too. That's the bro-therly love—uh."

"The swine!"

"So I said, but Harry didn't seem to see it that way. Said he wasn't actually engaged, and love was an open game, and all that bunk. Just because this thug of a Kelly was a bearcat after subs and a snappy watch officer and navigator, poor old Harry forgave him a little pec-pec-adillo like grabbin' off his in-in-namorata—uh."

"Like him," Dick affirmed solemnly.

"I'll say it is. Not only forgave him but three years later when K-k-kelly got into a jam for some shenanigan about getting spirits out of bond, and disbarred, Harry loaned him twenty-five hundred dollars to go West and start fresh some place where he wasn't known. Kelly never went, though. About a year ago Harry got a letter from Mrs. Kelly saying that he'd been shot and killed in some sort of drunken row."

"When did poor old Harry tell you all this?"

"Just the other night. Said he wanted to lo-lo-cate her—uh. I advised him to call it a bad bet, and lay off. Funny part is, he still has a good word for Kelly. Says there are a lot of good men like that, ca-can't stand the let-down after war. He claims Kelly was the best shipmate ever, but full of hot crazy Irish blood."

"Well, Harry's the salt of the earth, I'll tell the thirsty world. Say, Tom, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for old Harry."

"Same here, Dick. Harry was always my best friend, and I'm proud to call myself his. We roomed together four gug-gug-glorious years at good old Ya-yale, and I love him like a brother. There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for him."

"Nor I, Tom. Trouble is, his sort don't go to their friends."

"You said it, Dick. Take this oil game of his, f'r instance. I'd back him like a shot if he asked me to. But no, just because I am his best friend he shies off. If Harry had asked me to back his new project "

"Or me, Tom. I'd do anything in this world for Harry. I'd "

A harsh voice alarmingly close at hand interrupted this love feast. To the pair by this time so well advanced in their cups as to proclaim indiscreetly their undying and limitless devotion to a friend, that one's voice seemed to come from between their knees. As a matter of fact it did. Tom, not yet habituated to his new yacht, had forgotten that the room assigned to Harry was directly under them, and that the steward had set the tray with cracked ice, glasses, charged water and Three-Star cognac on the raised skylight that gave light and air to these comfortable quarters.

So that now, when Harry's vibrant tones boomed out suddenly in their laps, "I'll just hold you two birds to that," the pair was startled, to say the least.

Tom gave a gasp that stopped his hiccups. Dick's glass fell with a crash. Staring down wildly, then, they saw Harry's face glaring at them through the aperture between the teak frame with its clouded glass protected by brass rods, and the low box trunk of the skylight. It wore at this time a hard grin, but there was a gleam in the frosty blue eyes.

"Lord, Harry, but you gave me a jolt "

Tom remembered with dismay the confidence he had just divulged.

Dick cackled. "Speaking of the old Harry "

"Rather more than that, Dick," Harry said. "You both were good enough friends to say what you stood ready to do for me. You stated in so many words that there was nothing that you would balk at doing for me, if I were to ask. Now I want to know if you mean that, or if it was just rummy slush."

Tom gulped "Mine stands, Harry."

"Same here, old boy," said Dick.

Harry thrust out a sinewy hand. He had mounted on his bunk, which was high to make room for the locker

(Continued on Page 52)

A One-Time Sleek Mongoose of the Sea of Which the Mission Had Been the Destruction of Cobras

Regardless of The Car You Buy or The Price You Pay, There is *No Greater Value* Than BUICK

When better automobiles are built,
Buick will build them

Watch This Column

MARY PHILBIN

In *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* Universal's impressive production of Gaston Leroux' famous mystery story, there are 50 principals and 5,000 others in the cast, including the great orchestra, chorus and ballet in "Faust," which is being produced on the night the action occurs.

LON CHANEY plays the Phantom, MARY PHILBIN the leading female rôle, and NORMAN KERRY the part of her lover. Among others assisting are: Gibson Gowland, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Virginia Pearson, Anton Vaverka, Bernard Siegel, John Sainpolis, Olive Ann Alcorn, Snitz Edwards, Edward Cecil, John Miljaun, Grace Marvin, George B. Williams, Bruce Covington, Edith Yorke, Alexander Bevani and Cesare Gravina.

The story is laid in and around the magnificent Paris Opera House, and to secure realism Universal reproduced parts of the structure at its Universal City, Cal., studios, including the foyer, grand staircase, auditorium and the six tiers of subterranean vaults. So massive is this theatre that it was necessary to reproduce it in structural steel instead of the customary wooden settings.

In these vaults the Phantom has his secret hiding place and mystery chamber where many of the exciting scenes take place. During the French revolution these cellars were used as prisons and contained torture chambers, fateful traps and secret passages.

On the night of the action, Gounod's "Faust" is being sung, and we have reproduced the most important parts of the opera, including all the principals, a trained ballet of 250 dancers, a chorus of 80 and an orchestra of 100, led by celebrated artists.

I sincerely believe this will be the finest and most thrilling picture that has ever been made by any producer.

Why not buy the Leroux novel, or get it at your library and read the story in advance?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

space beneath it, and the skylight was on a vertical line with the edge.

"All right, boys. Shake."

They shook, smitten with a sudden silence as their minds cleared to fasten on the blue-sky nature of their pledge. Harry laughed.

"I'm not going to ask for any money. There's still a little in the toe of the old stocking; and, besides, my close friends are immune from that. All I want is a bit of service. I'll come up."

Tom touched the steward's bell. "Take it away," he said. The shock had sobered him.

He was smitten with self-disgust at the confidence so garrulously betrayed. Moreover, his knowledge of Harry's methods made him uneasily aware that there would be a reckoning of sorts. Dick, though the heir apparent to one of the biggest explosive plants in the world, was still a bit relieved at Harry's assurance.

"Well, you got us with the goods that time, old scout. What's the fine?"

Harry seated himself on the skylight. "First, I want to make it plain that I wasn't eavesdropping. It's hardly that when a pair of guzzling guys holler their praises of you through your window."

"I'll remember that," Tom muttered. "What if I'd had my mother-in-law down there, and we'd been swapping new ones. It's worth it."

"In the second place," Harry went on, "I want you to get the straight about Ed Kelly. He didn't let me down. Neither did Mary. I took too much for granted. I cared such a lot that I thought they must both know how things were with me. They didn't. Hadn't an idea I was in earnest and only waiting to see where I stood after the war to go through with it. Just as well I didn't, maybe. The war played hell with the suburban realty business I was just putting the roof on. Everybody feeling poor, no building nor buying. That's why I went West. Started oil scouting. And that's been a flivver too. So much for that. Kelly's dead. Mary learned the truth about how I felt after she was married. But not from me. She's only written once, to tell me of his death. There was something raw about that, but I don't know what. I don't know where she is. She and her boy."

"Her boy?"

"Yes. He must be quite a kid now. They were married by special license in London a week after the Armistice. Not over here. You got that wrong, Tom. Kelly left us at Queenstown. They went back to Philadelphia together. Ed Kelly was a fine chap, rest his soul. I may have some score to settle on his account. I'm going to find out. But that's neither here nor there. Unless you see fit to say that your statements just now about sticking at nothing I might ask were mere drunken drivel, I'm here to ask you to make good."

"Shoot, Harry," Tom said in a slightly hollow voice.

"It standa, bo," Dick said.

"Well, then, Tom, I want you to hold yourself and this boat at my disposition for twenty-four hours at any time I may want to requisition both within the next week."

Tom looked relieved. "Can do, Harry."

"Dick, I'll tell you what I want of you sometime tomorrow. You've got a pretty good half nelson on the Navy Department, I take it. The brass hats of the high-explosive branch."

"I'm one of 'em, Harry. U. S. N. R. The exact date for the unveiling of my statue hasn't yet been fixed, but give me time."

"Then that's all right. I went below to stretch out on my bunk and have a little think. I'd pretty well doped out something when you two loosed your jaw tackle up here. That gave me what I wanted."

"What's that? To start another war?"

"No. To make the country safe for Americans."

II

SHE lay there rotting at the rotting wharf, the gallant old submarine chaser that had done more than her quota to cut down the overhead of the enemy toll on transports, and on innocent lives aboard noncombatant vessels.

Regarded from this slant there was a grace and dignity and heroism to her long, lean, soiled and battered wooden hulk. A one-time sleek mongoose of the sea of which the mission had been the destruction of cobras. Harry's throat swelled at sight of her.

A crabber had told them where she lay, so that Tom, Dick and Harry had no trouble in finding her. The yacht dropped anchor and they made their way up the winding creek in the launch. It was a desolate place, now that the summer season was over—a little colony of cottages closed for the winter, down near the shore, and farther back some others of local people, with a schoolhouse and a little church.

The party in the launch was composed of the three pals, the yacht's captain and engineer, with a quartermaster who had been for some years carpenter of sailing ships. They ran up the winding creek with the first of the flood tide, finding water enough in midchannel, and off the dilapidated old jetty where the sub-chaser was moored, at a fork of two creeks. She showed a band of barnacles and weed along her water line.

As the launch slid alongside, the captain opened his clasp knife and jabbed at the run of the S. C. with the big blade, then looked at Harry and shook his head.

"Like stabbing a honeycomb, sir. You could punch a hole in her with a boiled turnip."

Harry tried for himself, the same spot. The captain he found, had not greatly exaggerated. The worm was in the planking, of course, but it would be the worst right here, at the contact of air and water. Trying in other spots he found the timber in better preservation. But it was evident that while the neglected vessel might be patched and calked enough to run about for still some years, she would prove a costly luxury in repairs alone, even if accepted as a gift.

They climbed aboard her. Though never approaching the smartness of a yacht or destroyer, the chaser had been kept trim and tidy under Harry's command, and the contrast was now pitiful. A wreck is a wreck, to be accepted as such, but a neglected boat is woebegone, like a neglected woman. Harry, always a good ship's husband, regretted having come to visit his *ci-devant* command. Tom's prediction that the tide rose and fell in her would probably be right, he thought. At any rate, a man would have to be far richer than was Harry, now trimmed to his last five thousand dollars and nothing sure in sight, were he to indulge the sentiment of rehabilitating this sad craft for pleasure cruising or for commerce.

"Wonder if she's still got her old engines aboard," Tom said.

Harry shook his head. "Not likely. These boats were over-powered for everything but sub-chasing, where the prime object was to make a quick jump and get going topnotch from a standstill. Our game on sighting a periscope was to get over it about the time it submerged. If this man Healy bought her for fishing he probably took out at least two of her four engines."

"Well, anyhow, she's no good to you, Harry. You can do something with a decrepit house or even a car, but not a boat. At least the house or car can't sink if you turn your back on it for a few minutes. Better lay a wreath on her and we'll go back aboard. This bright sun is doing things to my eyes."

"Same here," Dick grunted.

"Don't blame good old Charley Sun," Harry said. "Put it where it belongs, on the Three Stars. I want to take a look below. You two go out aboard, if you like, and send the launch for me in about an hour. I'm going to try to locate the present owner and get the key to the companion."

"All right. Let's go off, Dick. A little hair of the dog."

Harry had another reason for waiting. He had noticed that there was no seepage from such upper seams as were exposed, and from this fact he hoped that his old craft might, after all, be fairly tight. Otherwise the water would be well up in her, nobody bothering to pump her out.

He looked round about him. It was eleven o'clock of a beautiful October day, a Saturday. He saw then coming toward the landing, on a deeply rutted trail to the village, a young woman and a little boy. Hoping to get some information about the present ownership of the chaser, Harry walked toward them. Then, within twenty paces, the woman stopped, raised both hands to her cheeks and stared in the fashion of one who sees a daytime specter.

Harry stopped, too, his heart whirring off like a flushed grouse. If he had indulged in the "twenty-year-old" he would have been sure that his eyes also were playing tricks on him. But there could be no mistake. The image of that supple, pliant figure, a little more full than he remembered, but graceful as ever, and the squarely oval boyish face with its long gray eyes and sweet mouth, were etched as deeply in his vision as in his heart. Here was Mary—Mary Kelly. To meet her here, of all places—and now, of all times!

He pulled himself together and walked up to her, half wondering if she might not vanish.

He remembered that there had been a baby boy. The child anchored Mary to reality. No reason to have a hallucination about the boy.

"Mary!" Harry held out both hands. Mary took them in the small firm ones he remembered. The proper hands for a nurse—or mother—with the full round forearms, bare and finely white.

"What's it all about, Harry? Are you really alive? Or a ghost haunting your old command?"

"Very much alive. I came to have a last look at her. But you, in this tag end of nowhere?"

"We came down here when Ed got into all that trouble and was disbarred. It was worse than you knew, Harry. He barely missed a prison sentence. The fine ruined us. We had quite a lot of money before that. Dirty money, as I learned later. After being disgraced and ruined, we thought we'd better change our name. So we came here under that of Healy."

"Healy. Then Ed bought the old chaser?"

Mary nodded. "He bought her with the money you sent him to go West. He said he was going to try fishing. But—I soon found out the truth, Harry. I couldn't blame Ed, though. It was a case of 'ba-ba-black sheep.' He wanted to get even, as much as anything. He had given his best to the country, and then he felt that the country had turned and punished him out of all proportion to his offense. His war record seemed less in his favor than against him."

Harry nodded. "Another service man gone rank. 'Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy go away."' Kipling was right."

"Tommy go to jail, in Ed's case. Coming in from the very first run he made to Bimini, a long-range bullet came through the fog and got him in the chest. He had been drinking. I gave it out that he had been shot in a quarrel on the road. He died in a few hours, and that was about all."

"And you stayed on here?"

"Yes. There seemed no place else to go. I'd broken with my family on Ed's account. We had taken our cottage for the winter, and there was my little boy."

Harry, whose eyes had dimmed, looked down at the little chap who had started life so handicapped. A small sweet face, with Mary's gray steady eyes. Harry reached down, picked up the child and kissed him. Recalling then that kisses have no great value to little boys, he put him down, detached a compass set in a miniature gold steering wheel from his fob, and gave him that.

"There's a present for you, matey. What's your name?"

"Henry Morgan Healy."

"Mary—why didn't you let me know I had a namesake?"

"I—I—wasn't very proud."

"Well, I am. How do you manage to live?"

"I teach the district school. The people have been kind."

"Then you own the old C-boat?"

"I should say that you owned her, Harry. That loan has never been paid."

"Well, upon my —— Then you haven't tried to sell her?"

"No; I thought that if you made some money in oil you might like to have her one day, and rebuild her."

"Are the old engines in her?"

"Yes, but Ed said they'd been badly mauled. Navy recruits had been slamming her round. They wouldn't sell for junk, I'm afraid."

"Does she float at high water?"

"Oh, yes. She's fairly tight. When Ed bought her he rigged a hand pump, because the engine bilge pump didn't work, and there were a lot of repairs to do. My schoolboys like to play aboard her, and they keep her from filling up."

"Let's take a look below, Mary. Have you got the key?"

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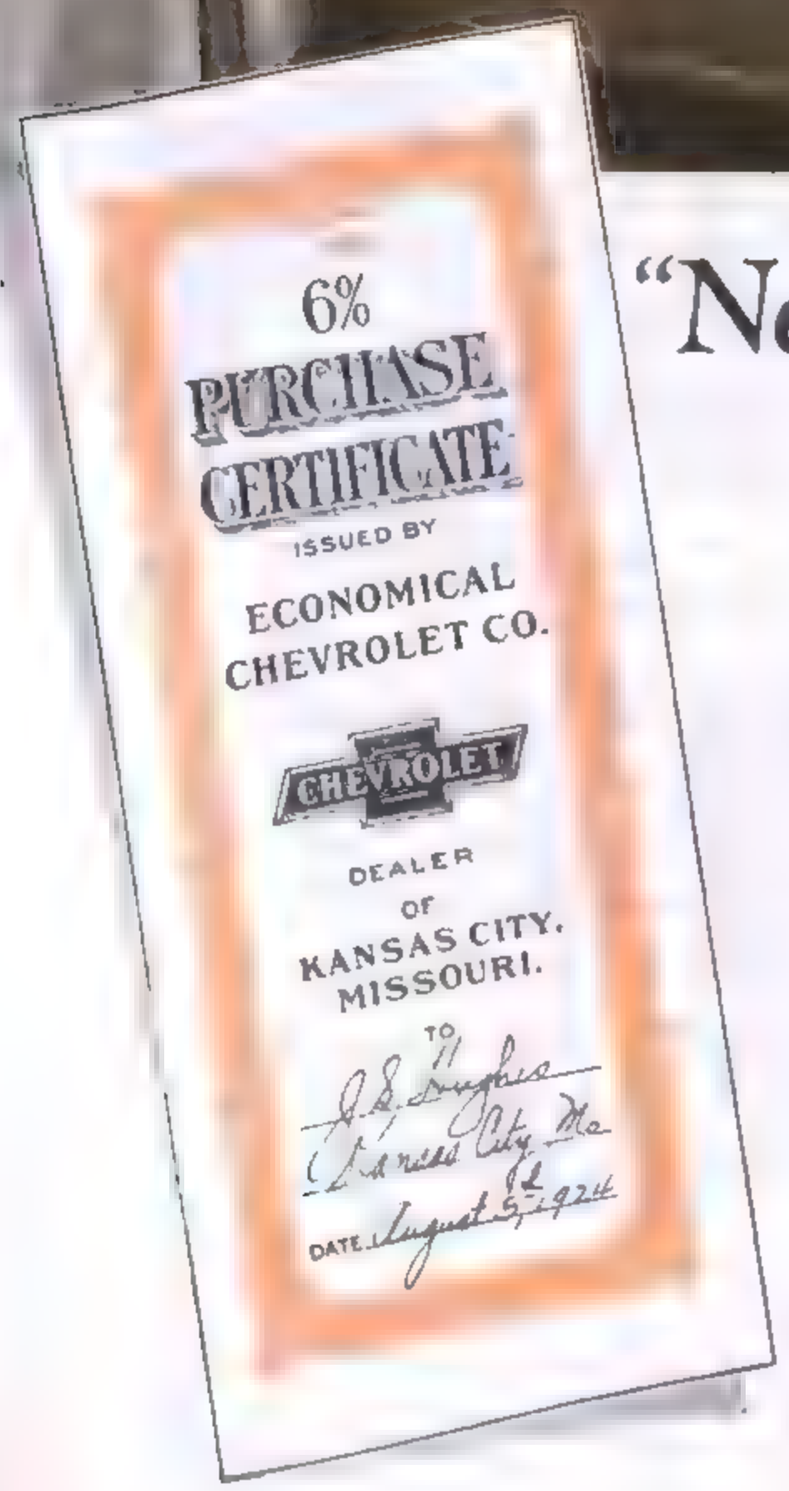
for Economical Transportation



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TODAY there is hardly a car maker who does not furnish balloons as standard equipment on all new models. Yet a year ago you saw but a few balloon tires on the road.

Such has been the effect of Firestone's contribution of the Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord! The response was instantaneous—wide spread, because the public wanted more comfort, as well as more mileage in tires.

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Now while roads are unsettled and driving is insecure on ordinary tires, you should equip with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons.

Firestone Dealers will change over your old high pressure tires—on a liberal basis—and quickly apply this up-to-date equipment. You will never know complete comfort, satisfaction and economy of motoring until you ride on Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords.

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GUM-DIPPED CORDS

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In thousands of stores today, where ice cream is sold, electricity is performing a new service.

Instead of the old, familiar boxes, with the cans of ice cream packed in ice and salt, there is a clean, neat metal cabinet, electrically cooled—a Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinet.

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The Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinet delivers constant and dependable service. It is a product of General Motors, is made by the Delco-Light Company and is backed by a trained sales and service organization of 2500 men located in every part of the country.

A copy of our descriptive booklet which explains the operation and advantages of Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinets will be mailed on request.

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Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washing Machines, and Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire

ELECTRIC ICE CREAM CABINETS

Some of the Important Uses of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration

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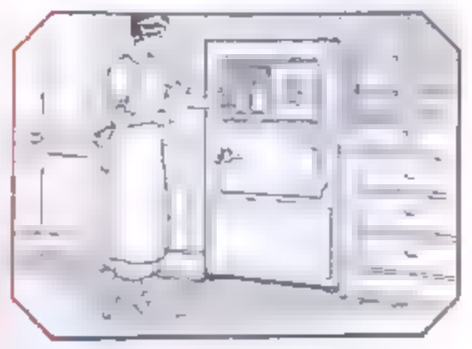
Frigidaire is made in thirty models and sizes for homes. Eleven of them are complete with cabinet. Nineteen are designed to convert present ice boxes into Frigidaire electric refrigerators.



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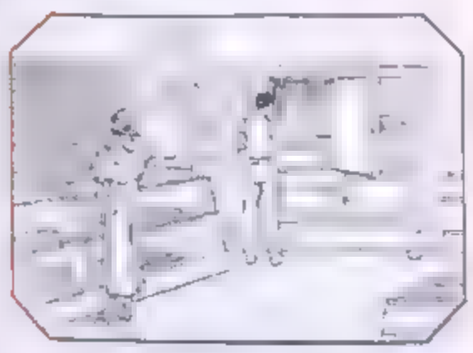
Modern apartments, everywhere, are supplying Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration as an essential part of their equipment. Special models of Frigidaire are built for this purpose.



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Frigidaire provides dependable electric refrigeration for groceries, restaurants, flower shops, and other retail stores. Cost of operation is low and great savings have been effected through the elimination of spoilage and waste.

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If you are interested in Frigidaire for household or commercial use or for clubs, schools, hospitals or institutions, write for descriptive literature

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Send me, without obligation, further information and literature on Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration for the following use

Name

Address

Town State

(Continued from Page 52)

She took it from her pocket. Harry looked at her more closely, and his heart swelled to bursting. Aside from the love he still felt for her, this sad little couple would have got under his ribs. Mary was now thirty, he reflected, and Henry Morgan about five. The boy, delighted with his compass, looked up at him with a winning smile.

Harry's heart went out to him as if to his own little son. Mary, he thought, was lovelier than ever, sweeter for the lack of a sort of reckless exuberance that he remembered when she had been twenty-four.

But it was now the pathos of them that dimmed his eyes. They seemed so helpless, so lonely and aloof from all close ties of protective kinship. As if struck adrift in this backwater of life. Ed, the measure of a man, for all his hot-headed faults, and kind, was gone, leaving them desolate. Neighbors would be kind to Mary, but kind neighbors are not enough. Pretty and desirable she might be, but this fact might not prove entirely a blessing to a woman of her sort. They seemed, Mary and her little boy, like a sweet big child and a little one lost in a dim world that was not their own.

"Come on," Harry said gruffly, and strode back and aboard the chaser, unlocked the companionway hatch and slid below. Another stab went through him at the familiar contact of his hand on the rim of the hatch, as if it fitted there. How many times had that motion been performed, with the boat threshing madly under him, her engines pulsing with furious life.

There was a destiny in all this. Several destinies, in fact. Harry felt that his course had been directed by some invisible guide and for a definite purpose back to his old command, and to Mary. Like most sailors, he was not without superstition. In such a tumult of emotion as chasing submarines had never roused in him, he looked about below. There was the familiar cubby-hole where he had so often sat in the interludes of action to smoke and think of Mary and a glowing future. And now it glowed out again with a softer and more tempered light.

Mary had followed him below. The little boy lingered on deck to play with his compass, make it oscillate and glitter in the bright sun. Harry turned to Mary.

"I'll take over the old boat here and now, if you don't mind. I've got a use for her."

"I'm glad of that, Harry. The people who own this property and the wharf have notified me that I must have her taken away."

"Well, I'll take her away. Now listen, Mary. You are not to tell anybody that you ever saw me before. Say that I'm a stranger whom you found looking the boat over, and that you decided to let him have her for the sake of saving trouble and expense. Don't let anybody know that I came from the yacht."

Mary looked distressed. "Oh, Harry, you're not going to—to ——"

"Use her as Ed meant to? Well, no. Not exactly. Listen."

Mary turned a little pale as she listened, but there was a gleam in her gray eyes. The color came back when Harry had finished speaking. He leaned forward and took both her hands in his.

"And then, we are going to forget the past, my dear, and turn our faces to the future. You and I and our little boy. Together."

III

"SHE will run, sir," pronounced the engineer. "I wouldn't care to say how fast or how long, but with a little adjusting we can make her go. Those Navy boys treat 'em rough, but there is no serious damage. The wear and tear is distributed throughout. But her engines are not worth the money it would cost to put them right."

Harry nodded and went on deck. Tom and Dick followed him. They walked aft.

"You're crazy, old chap," Tom said. "Better let her lie. Say 'Requiescat in pace,' and come away."

Harry shook his head. "I've got a use for the old girl. She wasn't fated to rot apart on any mud flat. When she goes she'll go the way she lived."

"Say, what have you got in your bean anyhow?" Dick demanded.

"I'll tell you when we get back aboard. Call on you to make good that promise of yesterday. You'll do anything in this world for old Harry, will you? Well, you're going to get your chance to do it, and quick."

"Look here, Harry," Tom demanded, "you surely haven't been ass enough to buy the old crip from this Mrs. Healy?"

"Didn't have to, Tom. Before we finished our talk she made me a handsome present of the boat. The owners of the shore property where she's lying have directed that she be removed, and Mrs. Healy says it would cost more to have her towed off somewhere than she can get for her. What price a wormed old hulk with badly racked engines that are out of date? If they take obsolete cruisers offshore and sink 'em because they don't pay the breaking up, what can you expect?"

"Well, what do you want of her, anyhow?"

"I want to give her a stylish finish. She's loaded to the scuppers with all my finest memories. Remember Kipling's rime of The Mary Gloster? The old shipowner that has his corpse freighted halfway round the world and sunk in state aboard the same ship from which his wife's body was slid into the sea, and over the same spot? 'By the Little Paternosters.' Grand idea, what?"

"Good Lord!" Tom glanced anxiously at Harry. "You're not planning any such hecatomb as that, I hope."

"Not for myself. No bloomin' fear. I've got a whole lot of joy living to do yet. But I like the sentiment."

"Damn it all, Harry, you can't afford it."

"I should worry. It's not costing me anything," Harry grinned. "That's where you and Dick come in. Teach you to lay off rash promises. Not that it's going to set either of you back such a lot. Your engineer and the quartermaster can get her going, and Dick can get me what little I'll need to send her off in style. He's got plenty of trucks and other accessories, and a drag with the Navy."

"What's that got to do with it?" Dick demanded.

"You'll see. Come on, let's get off aboard. It's time to eat."

The luncheon was a gay one. Harry, touching no spirits, would have impressed a casual observer as the overexhilarated member. The old-time joyousness of which his two friends had deplored the passing seemed now to have returned, not only in full measure but augmented by a spontaneous rush of wit and humor and crisp crackling repartee.

They began presently to look at him askance. This crescendo was abnormal, alarming.

The flood of high spirits smacked of madness, or the dazzling glare of an electric light before the plug fuses. Was Harry going off his chump? Were they not entirely wrong to take seriously their half-drunken promises?

Harry perceived their misgivings. It struck him then that he might be in danger of spoiling all by this uncanny rush of gayety. Besides, they were really staunch friends and no quitters. Both had passed the age of irresponsible pranks, but what he had in mind was anything but such. He therefore told them the story of Mary and Ed Kelly, and before they could recover from their surprise, described his plan.

This was on deck, where they could not be overheard. Tom and Dick listened in amazement, stupefaction, and last of all in a sort of angry and outraged horror. As Harry concluded, Dick struck his knee with his fist.

"No! Not on your life! Who's drunk now—or crazy?"

"Not this malcontent," Harry said. "It's the only way. Here is a national disgrace, our shame and humiliation, to say nothing of the cost. What I propose would put a crimp into these foreign harpies they'd never get over. It would wipe the business out."

"But what you propose is outside every sort of law—national, international and of the high seas. It's piracy."

"It's nothing of the sort. We don't steal anything or hurt anybody. You don't understand, Tom, but Dick can tell you that what I propose will merely give a jar to start their plates, if it does as much as that. These ships aren't submarines, down under water, and I don't intend to torp 'em. Nobody aboard can possibly get hurt, let alone killed. If they sink at all it will be a matter of hours. All hands will have plenty of time to pack their kits and take a final drink and kiss their 'appy floatin' 'ome good-by and get ashore. The plan is to make them believe our democratic waters unsafe for their breed. To stop once for all this costly disgrace and insult to our dignity and to our flag. So they won't sit out here and spit at us through their teeth."

"We would get found out and soaked for years and years," Tom said gloomily.

"We would not. If it ever was proved on us, which it needn't be if we work it right, we'd get the thanks of the nation and of the Administration. But we shan't ask as much as that."

"But it's too unlawful."

"Yes. Gorgeously so. It wouldn't be the first time that a situation leading to unlawful practice has had to be met by unlawful measures on the part of outraged private citizens. Or exorbitantly unjust and costly ones. There's the Boston Tea Party, the Ku Klux Klan, justified when it was started. The Vigilantes of the Far West, as it was called in those days. Oh, there's precedent enough."

"But it's too infernally risky," Tom protested.

"It's not. I understand the technic, and so does Dick. All you'll have to do is to steer the boat. She'll get out from over. Old, old stuff, for me. And look here, Tom. I dislike to say it, but you both owe your country one big lot. The war enriched you both. Made you the multi-millionaires you both are today. It was legitimate profiteering, I'll admit, but profiteering."

"Oh, I say!"

"He's right, Tom," Dick growled. "You hauled it in with your coasting steamers, and mine came rolling in with big round puffs. Ships and powder and shells—and these infernal things that Harry wants me to get hold of and smuggle down here in a truck. Lord, if anybody gets wise!"

"They needn't, if we work it right. Get a trusted pair of hands to roll 'em out and load 'em, and I'll look after the rest. We three could manage by ourselves, for that matter. Don't need the usual gear aboard. Draw a knife across the lashing; splash; and there she goes."

"Pass the Three Star, Dick," Tom said, "I'm getting chilblains in the toes. Never guessed I was entertaining a Bolshevik."

"I'm the natural physiological antidote for that thing." Harry smote the skylight. "Some antidote. You're sure nobody would be killed?"

"Not unless he dies of fright. Or jumps overboard or falls out of a boat or something. I don't want to kill anybody. I suppose there may be a few Ed Kellys in that crowd. Three of the good old eggs will be enough. It's the moral effect I'm bankin' on. The *frousse*, fright, scare, crimp and general wholesome fear of God and some American who's still got the nerve to take private measures against being wallowed on. You two ought to feel that way about it. I gave the best I had, and it ruined me financially. My business was wiped out. On the contrary, what you chaps gave brought in enormous profits. Well, here's your chance to square up."

The burst of oratory did not fail of its effect. "You've said the most of it, Harry. I'll try to get the makings," Dick said.

Tom nodded. "After all, it's really up to somebody, since there's no law to cover it. Count me in, Harry."

"Good lads. I counted you in before we started. Now here's the lay. I have come here a stranger to Mrs. Healy. She does not know even that I came on the yacht. We're not in sight from the village. Mrs. Healy will tell her neighbors that when she went down with her little boy this morning to do a trick at the pump she found a man looking over the chaser. He asked some questions about her, and the upshot of it was that since she has been told by the owner of the property where the boat is lying that it must be removed, she engaged this man to tow her down and beach her at the mouth of the creek. That is all that Mrs. Healy knows about the business."

Dick nodded. "Good enough. When do we start? The sooner the better."

"You had better start now. Tom can run you up to Wilmington, then drop back here after dark. I'll go over and lend the machinist a hand. McQuade says that he can get the engines going. If you can get back to the wharf with your truck day after tomorrow just after dark, we will put aboard the fuel and the eggs, and go."

"Can do," said Dick. "At least, I hope so. If I don't show up, then you'll know I've struck a snag. But I think I see my way. Well, maybe some day there'll be three statues unveiled down on the old Potomac."

At dusk that evening with the tide starting to ebb, the chaser lines were cast off the rotting wharf, when the yacht's launch

The Pullman Philosopher

"SHERMAN'S remark applies to hair as well as war," said the Pullman Philosopher.

"What's the idea of stealing Dante's stuff?" I mildly inquired.

"Hair is the meanest substance in the world," quoth the P.P. "Here on my bald spot where I want it, I can't raise it. Whereas on my face I have no use for it, but it grows there like weeds. I haven't shaved today because pity for my suffering face stays my razor hand."

"In the words of Munyon," said I, "there is hope!" And I made a dive for my sample case.

In two minutes I had him standing in front of a wash-bowl—coat and collar off and sleeves rolled up.

"It's no use," he groaned, "the water's cold and this razor is dull." "Forget it," was my brutal comeback. "Work that half-inch of Mennen Shaving Cream into lather. Use plenty of Mr. Pullman's arctic aqua. Don't bother with towels or finger rubbing."

As the diminutive dab of cream began to swell into mountainous lather, I saw amazement in his eye.

"Now it's all over but the shaving," I explained. "That slather of lather has changed your bristling whiskers into soft pinfeathers. Scientists call this Mennen action 'dermutation.' *You'll* call it a miracle."

After a few easy razor strokes his face was as smooth as a girl's. The Philosopher wrung my hand in gratitude.

"Just rub a little of this Mennen Skin Balm into your hide," I directed. "It disappears right away—no grease, a pleasant odor, and it makes your face feel great."

"Don't thank me," I interrupted his hymn of praise, "thank the Mennen chemists who have created a Shaving Cream that makes whiskers surrender and a Skin Balm that makes faces smile."

Your druggist has 50c tubes of Mennen Shaving Cream—and tubes of Mennen Skin Balm at the same price. A word to the wise—

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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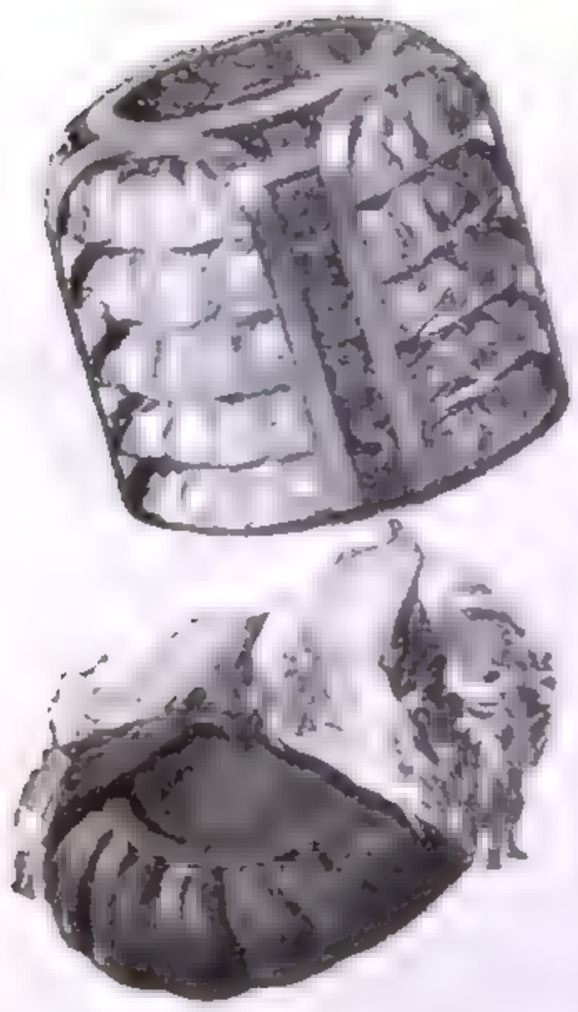

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Peter's Milk Chocolate

towed her down to the mouth of the creek, where she was grounded on a hard patch of muddy sand.

Dick had set off on his delicate mission. The Winston Powder Works were not very far away. Harry did not anticipate any difficulty in running a truck to the old wharf. He had observed some deep and recent ruts in the muck of the trail that ran down to it. Some heavy trucking had gone on here, he perceived, and not so very long ago. But what was there to haul in this obscure little community? The old wharf had been built many years past to unload small lumber schooners for the building of a colony that had not thrived. It was one of those places that had failed to justify the sanguine hopes of its promoters. Even the corner-lot signs had toppled over, their legends empty ones. Bayside Drive, Delaware Avenue, Cedar Street and other such prospective names had drawn blank, and were now indicated only by parallel furrows that reached out toward infinity with no houses to cheer their departure.

The place seemed one of those bad bets in realty that never become realities. But the trail showed that heavy trucking had been going through. The inference was obvious. This would be a "grease line," Harry thought, and chuckled. All the better for his plans. Dick Winston's powder truck would not be challenged. It was amusing to reflect that after its passage there might be no more trucks to be challenged.

Noon of the next day brought a more complete report from the yacht's engineer.

"It's like I thought, sir. Those Navy lads have racked her engines something shameful. No doubt they reckoned that since she must soon be scrapped it did not matter. But they will drive her, if she holds together and keeps afloat. With her big bilge pump repaired you could take her to City Island, in smooth water. But Olesen has been over her underbody and says that she is badly wormed."

"The woman who owns her says that she will give her to me if I take her away," Harry said.

"Better to let her lie where she is, sir. It would be a pure waste of money to try to patch her up."

Harry nodded. "So it would if it weren't that I've got a sentiment about her, Mr. McQuade. As if she were my old race horse, or wolfhound. You see, I commanded her during the war, and I'd rather like to keep her afloat a while longer. So if you and your assistant will patch up the old machine the best you can and get the bilge pump to sucking, I'll run her back up the beach."

This accordingly was done, and a rough cleaning given to as much of the underbody as could be reached with shovels. Kelp and weed and big barnacles scraped off at the risk of opening seams. Then, grinding and hammering a little, the S. C. nosed back up to the old wharf and was made fast alongside. This was a little after dark, when the engineer and his assistant returned aboard the yacht.

They had not been gone long when a big truck came bumping down over the ruts of the grease line. Dick himself was driving, with a trusty man beside him to take the wagon home. Harry and Tom had received his wire and were waiting. With skids and tackles they took off the drums of fuel and other accessories, and loaded them aboard the chaser. Then, slipping their lines, Harry piloted her down the creek with the ebbing tide.

IV

IT WAS between dog and wolf, as the French say—the dusk, with the promise of a fine clear night. The chaser was moving out at half speed, the Breakwater abeam. "Give the yacht time to get well on her course for Newport," Tom had advised. He had told his skipper that Mrs. Tom had been promised the yacht for the following day for the entertainment of a party of guests, which was indeed the case.

Once they had undertaken the business, Harry had found himself in the hands of his friends. They were not the sort of men who nibble with long teeth at an enterprise of any sort, lawful or unlawful. Tom had turned his crew at work on the chaser. Dick had fetched fuel with other accessories.

Harry examined the chart. "I took bearings on the three biggest of those junks. I doubt they'll be doing any business tonight. Too still and clear. But we've got to keep an eye lifting for patrol boats."

"Yes," Tom agreed; "those birds might not care for the prospect of losing their jobs."

A little later the speed was raised. True to the chief's prediction, the engines ran more smoothly as she warmed to her work. Harry took his course protractor and determined the position of the nearest of the three largest rum ships to be visited. This was off Absecon Inlet, Atlantic City, about fifty miles up the beach. The next two were a little farther along, anchored at intervals of about a mile.

"Open her up, Dick," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir. She'll do that for herself when we start to drive her."

"Well, let's see. I've got a hunch she'll muddle through."

Tom looked thoughtfully at one of his yacht's boats, the dinghy with a detachable motor. Well, it was jolly boating weather. He was glad of that as Dick gave the chaser full speed ahead. The chaser responded with a shudder of anticipation. Perhaps she knew that she was bound out on her last run. Perhaps old memories revived in her ship soul, and she was glad for this final slash at a more insidious enemy to the flag she had so bravely flown than even the stealthy submarine had been.

She cut a long gash in the still sea. To Harry, at the wheel, this seemed more real than the long interval since he had listened to the familiar thrumming under him which though now sadly altered still spoke the same language as of old. Time fled along with them. The night was dark but still except for a little riffle on the water from a new draft out of the southeast. It brought with it a thin haze that did not interfere.

The powerful bilge pumps had been repaired and were now working steadily as the chaser tore along. Dick inspected them solicitously from time to time.

"Leakin' like a bait car," he said to Tom. "What d'ye know about this for an evening's entertainment? I like it."

"I'll like it better when we're safely ashore," Tom stated. "All the same, old Harry's right. Some Tom, Dick and Harry had to do it, if only to keep our national self-respect, so it might as well be us."

"Yes, we had all the makings. But you'd have thought Harry would have chucked it when he found his old flame."

"The more reason to carry on, as he saw it. He's superstitious, like all natural-born sailors. Had it in his old bean from the start, and now he swears that's what's changed his luck. He says to stop now would be to kill his fair breeze, douse his star just when it's rising. Well, let's hope it doesn't douse us all."

"No fear. The worst that could happen is that they may stand the jar. But even if they do, the scare is bound to be worth an awful lot. Make 'em hard to find on these hospitable shores." Dick chuckled, then glanced at four big drums tilted outboard and nicely poised, held only by a few turns of fifteen-thread manila.

Onward they sped, the badly treated engines giving of their best. Light as she was, the chaser's speed was nearly up to its wartime normal. Then suddenly a hail came from the wheel.

"All ready?"

"All ready, sir." Dick drew his knife and stepped to the depth charge on the port quarter.

The chaser took a sheer. A big dark mass bulked up ahead, over it the flicker of a riding light. The chaser foamed down on it, as if for a side wipe at full speed. Then from the deck of the rum ship there rose a wild startled yell.

"Hi! Hi! Sheer orf, ye blighter."

Tearing past close aboard so that the reverberations of the exhaust echoed from the drab side of the steamship, Harry's voice rang out: "Let go!"

Dick drew his keen-edged knife across the lashings. The splash was lost in the wash of the bow wave against the iron hull. Down went the depth bomb, in thirteen fathoms water, so close abeam that Tom could have tossed his cap aboard. Then the chaser swept past and plunged into the swimming murk. On she flew, and still on. The effort had failed, Tom feared, when there came from the water all about a deep, heavy detonation. The chaser shuddered, but did not falter in her forward rush.

"One," Harry bawled. "Bad eggs, Dickie."

The next rum ship, a steamer of about four thousand tons, was less than a mile ahead. With the speed of the chaser nearly twenty knots there would scarcely be time for any defensive action, Harry thought, even if the radio operator of the vessel just racked by a depth bomb almost under her were to broadcast an immediate alarm. But from the third it was possible that they might be hawking at a fowl with beak and talons prepared to strike—a buzzard of sorts. The first deep concussion would have roused her people to a sense of some peril rushing out of the murk, and at the radio news of what had happened they might find her on the alert.

So here it was, the old war game again, and played in earnest. Harry liked it better so. Even to achieve his purpose it went against the grain to strike at an unsuspecting enemy. Retaliation dignified the effort, gave it that difference to be found between the sinking of a defenseless ship and the fighting of one in some measure prepared.

Another swoop, a soaring rush that carried them perilously close to the next bulking side, and another depth bomb loosed, this time by Tom. More yells of terror and dismay, with bright tongues of pistol fire stabbing the murk. Then they swept clear again, unscathed. Another dull concussion.

Harry shouted back to Tom and Dick: "Look out for this next brute, boys. She might be ready for us. Duck for cover the second you let go."

It was a warning of no great value, with scarcely any cover and no time to duck under it. Then, as the ship loomed higher almost dead ahead, there came a brilliant flash from her forecastle head and a violent explosion against the side of the chaser. The small shell had got her somewhere in the waist. The chaser shivered but did not check. Machine-gun fire was what Harry had anticipated with some foreboding, but this did not come. A rattle of pistol shots flew wild for an instant, then ceased as the startled crew, not knowing what might be coming next, surged back away from the rail. Once more that skimming of the ship's black hull, this last the closest of all, and a third depth bomb let go.

Before it detonated to send an ominous shudder through the chaser, Harry looked back and saw Tom and Dick hurrying forward.

"All right, boys?"

"No casualties. But that three-pounder must have got her, Harry."

"Yes, I felt her lurch. Look at that second ship. Getting busy with a blinker."

The haze had thickened, so that the vessel was invisible, but in that direction the murk was pierced by successive dots and dashes in a signal for help: . . . — — . . A pause, then: . . . — — — . . .

"She's going, Harry."

"Hope so; take a look below. I seem to feel a lurch."

The S. C. was running dark, through a haze that was rapidly thickening. She seemed now to lag a little, as though, her work accomplished, there was no need for such heroic effort.

"Listen!" Tom raised his hand. There came from below the sound of rushing swirling waters. Dick came on deck.

"It's pouring into her, Harry. Up to the engine bed."

"So much the better. This is how she ought to go. How any good fighter ought to go. We better chuck the dinghy over and beat it. There goes a string of lights. And here's this last beggar blinkin'."

"All right. She's filling fast, and she'll fill faster when the pump quits."

Suddenly the engine coughed, strangled and stopped. The chaser lurched a little, like a wounded war horse lying down to die. Her way was checked. Glancing overside they could see the water level mounting. Seizing the dinghy they slid it out and over, then tumbled into it. The chaser was almost awash astern. Tom picked up and paddled clear. A long swell shifted the water forward, when like a submerging submarine the trim hull dipped gently forward, then slid away with scarcely an eddy to mark its peaceful passage to a final resting place.

In the gray misty dawn a yacht's dinghy, from which all marks of identity had been erased, sputtered into Little Egg Harbor and ran up to the end of a spindling jetty, where its three passengers disembarked. They did not loiter about the premises but made their way directly to the railroad station, where they were so fortunate as to find a market train about to leave for Jersey City.

Three hours later found them breakfasting largely at the New York Yacht Club, on

(Continued on Page 60)

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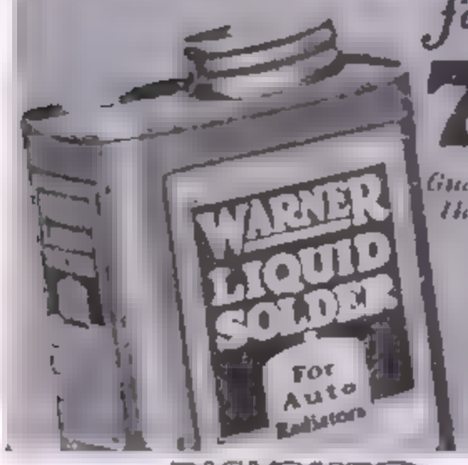

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(Continued from Page 58)

Forty-fourth Street. Extras had been cried on the streets as they arrived, so they were able to inform themselves about the sensation of the hour.

"Rum Fleet Bombed. One Liquor-Laden Steamship Already Sunk and Two Others Going Down. Millions of Dollars' Worth of Booze Consigned to Davy Jones' Locker. Chiefs of Federal Government and Navy Department Disclaim Any Knowledge of the Act. May be the Work of Rival Liquor Ring."

And in another paper:

"May be the Act of Private Individuals Disgusted With the Situation. Method of Using Depth Bombs to Open Seams of Ships With no Risk to Crews Indicates Perpetrators to be Those of Naval Experience. Crews Had Ample Time to Abandon Ships."

"That bird is getting on the target," Dick said.

"So is this one. Listen: 'Destroying Vessel Alleged to be of 110-Foot Submarine Chaser Class Built Early in the War. Many Bought by Private Individuals for Yachting and Commercial Use Two Years Ago at Navy Yard Sales.'"

"They'll get onto us," Tom said gloomily; "and the bill—oh, Lor'."

"They can't prove anything," Harry stated. "The old S. C. went down under us in fifteen fathoms, and that dinghy is like about ten thousand others."

"My yacht crowd might guess the truth and spill something."

"Let 'em. They can't prove anything. Besides, nobody this side will want to prove anything, and I don't believe our late allies will have the nerve to make a fuss. Listen to what this paper says about it editorially:

"'The application of so radical a cure to a national parasitic pest, for which there seemed to be no remedy, should prove as efficient of result as it is daring of conception.

"'The only wonder is that some self-respecting American, or Americans, did not take such action long ago. We have gone too many months with our national dignity flouted, the laughingstock of Europe, and a source of enormous profit to citizens and subjects of the very nations for whom in their danger and distress we made and are still making enormous sacrifices.

"'When one pauses to think, our relations with these late allies of ours have been of the most absurd and inconsistent sort. We receive their propagandists politely, listen to their pleas and in many cases support them. We absorb their loans. Their grateful acknowledgment of this has been to permit vessels of their registries to lie off our twelve-mile limit for the purpose of plying a commerce that they know us to be expending huge sums to prevent. It would be scarcely less reasonable for one of their dreadnoughts to lie outside the twelve-mile limit off Sandy Hook, elevate one of her sixteen-inch guns to an angle of twenty degrees and let fly a shell in a due north direction, disclaiming all responsibility for this same shell after it had entered our territorial zone. And the damage thus wrought us would be less.

"'We hope that our late allies may not show the bad taste to demand that this bizarre affair be investigated by the Federal Government of the United States, and the committers of it penalized if discovered. To begin with, the act was not committed in American waters, nor for any other purpose, probably, than to abate a national nuisance and disgrace. If our late allies desire protection for their rum ships, let them send government vessels of their own to patrol them on their stations. In such a case we might all perceive a little better where we stand.'"

"I'd like to shake hands with that guy," Tom said.

"You'd be apt to get a sore fin if you started in to shake hands with everybody that's going to feel the same way about it," Harry asserted. "This whole business will get a good laugh, then be quietly dropped, so far as any investigation is concerned. You wait and see."

THE POETS' CORNER

Safety

THERE were two warriors who went to fight,
The first with courage armed, the last, with fright.
The first strode, bold, to where the battle broke,
And took, unharmed, the foemen's fiercest stroke;
The second, far from where the havoc reeled,
Crouched, as he deemed, behind his saving shield.

But, victory coming at the edge of day,
It was the first who strode, unscathed, away;
While he who crouched, safe, from the trampling rout—
Fear, with her single arrow, found him out!
—*Harry Kemp.*

California

UNDER the drift of the rills,
Under the crags of the glen,
God put the gold in the hills,
And where the gold was, came men.

Armor-clad the Spaniard came, russet-robed the priest;
Jingling spur and clinking hoof, sinewy and brown,
Rode the clans of Mexico, spreading north and east
Mission, fort, adobe hut, cattle range and town.

Then the Gringo riflemen, few but strong of hand,
Raised their flag of clustered stars, vowed to take and hold;
Still in happy drowsyhead dreamed the pleasant land
When, to call a hungry world, thrilled the cry of "Gold!"

How the eager myriads, casting all aside,
Hurried thither, horse and foot, wagon, steam and sail,
Pressing on a thousand more where a hundred died,
Crossed the Isthmus, looped the Horn, trudged the Desert Trail!

Oh, how young and brave they were! Generous and gay,
Sons of Thor and Hercules, rude but half divine,
Jostling mountains, bending streams, tossing hills away,
Laughing Titans, reckless boys, lads of Forty-nine!

Cañon, gulch and furrowed bar, drift of precious ore,
Yellow-dusted riverbed, mountains treasure-seined,
Pitted ridge and shafted cliff yielded up their store;
Then the madness ebbed and died; but the men remained.

Graver grown, the men remained; toil-inured, they raised
Prideful towns upon the plain, ports beside the sea,
Driving roads of stone and steel where the bison grazed,
Building for the day they knew and the day to be.

Over mangled mountainsides grow the vineyards now—
Waves of bloom of orchard boughs toss their tinted foams;
Riven slope and blasted swale know the quickening plow;
Where the miner pitched his camp rise a million homes.

Grandly the Purpose fulfills,
Hid though the How and the When;
God put the gold in the hills,
And where the gold was, came men.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Triumph

I SIT in a palace of ease,
Where men never hunger nor freeze;
Outside the wide window the human tide flows;
Around me bright silver and napery glows,
While I drink things that tickle me clear to my toes.

But oh, for a drink from the river that ran
By the Trinity Diggins, when I was a Man!
And oh, for the smack of the friendly flapjack,
As it fell in the old frying pan!

No labor oppresses me here;
Rest deadens the sick atmosphere;
The sycophant smile and the noiseless footfall
Come gliding to me at my negligent call,
But—God of Old Days, I am sick of it all!

And oh, for the days when the sweat in a flood
Poured over my face, to the click and the thud
Of the hammer and drill! . . . But the music is still,
And a mildew has thickened my blood.

Men sing of the sweetness of Rest,
But Work is the soul of the West.
Ah, that was the life, when each day was a joy;
When I camped on the Trail like a wild pagan boy
And the blood bounded free with no hateful alloy.

(Wine here! . . . Is the moon shining bright
On the Trinity River tonight?)
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The Bones of Boccaccio

["Bones Found in Italian Villa Said to be Those of Boccaccio."—*Newspaper Headline.*]

BONES of Boccaccio! Corpo di Bacco!
Sounds like an oath—what a strange piece of news!
Found by some workmen—delvers in Florence—
Gently, O delvers—dear son of the Muse!

Yorick! Poor Yorick! His skull, the mad fellow!
So here those old merry tales once had their home
Who knows, one is left in some corner or cranny,
Some laughter still lurking inside that old dome?

Or some tragical love tale—Bones of Boccaccio!
Moonlight and gardens, and daggers at dawn,
Hunchbacked old husband, and rope-ladddered lover,
Face at the window blanched paler than lawn.

Lady, no more shall his lutestrings at twilight
Plead at your lattice blest entrance to win,
For red as your lips, and white as your smock is,
His wounds, and the sheet they are winding him in.

Petrarch's own brother, scholar and poet.
Here housed the learning that once lit a star
Lighted Dan Chaucer in far-away England—
Spoils for the sexton, poor skulls that ye are.

Fair Fiammetta's delicate ashes,
Did they not stir at the news that we bring?
Blown dust thine hair is, and blown dust thine eyelids,
Blown dust the bosom this dust once did sing.

Bones of Boccaccio! Brows of the Master—
Gather them softly and find them a place
Where cypresses wave in his Florentine garden,
Leave him to dream of her perilous face.

And I in the lamplight take down the old volume,
The merry old tales of the "Master Boccaccio"
And I think of those workmen yonder in Florence,
A skull on their shovels, and whisper "Alas!"
—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

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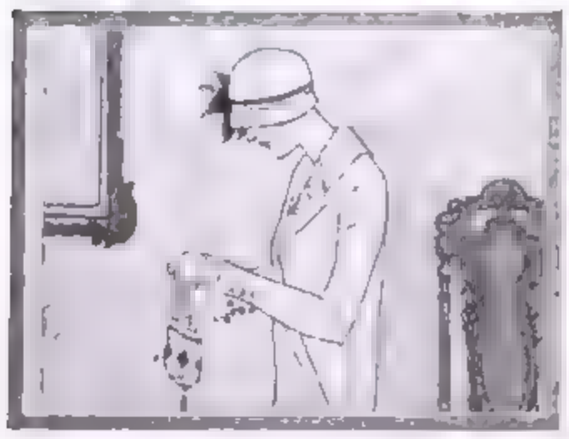
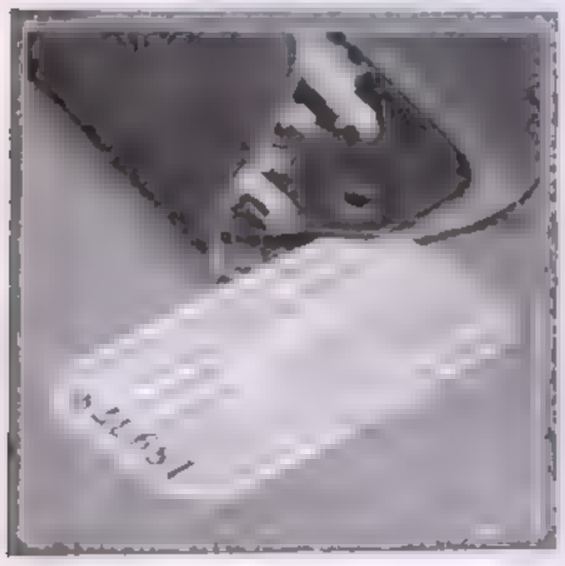
BODY by FISHER

This settles the question



Where's that key?

SLIP a Buxton Keytainer in your pocket or handbag—it will hold every key you own, compactly, securely—and the one you want is always there when you need it. Then, too—



EACH KEYTAINER pocket contains a numbered card. It offers a reward for return to Buxton Headquarters, where a card filled out with your name and address is always on file. When a lost Keytainer is sent in Buxton looks up the owner's number, forwards his missing keys, and mails the finder his reward—all free of cost.

Your choice of 2, 4, 6, and 8 hook models—and each hook holds two keys. Dozens of types and leathers. A wide assortment at one dollar.

Leading jewelers, department and leather goods stores and others carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the Book of Buxton Keytainers—free. BUXTON, Inc., 160 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass., or 844 Marbridge Bldg., New York, N. Y.

BUXTON KEYTAINER

WHEN MEN QUIT JOBS

(Continued from Page 46)

since Time was christened they and their ilk have built the cities. But regardless of their trades or pride of trade, all were willing and anxious to take the jobs as common laborers which the advertisement offered.

At the end of a day's run they detrained at a flag station where a company truck waited—not for them but for a consignment of picks and shovels.

"That camp they talked about," one of them, who headed the delegation, told me a week or so later, "it was three miles and a piece from the station, mostly piece. We slopped it with our baggage through the rain and slush. About eight o'clock we got to the camp—call it that if you don't mind what you say. Three army headquarters tents with no floors or sidings. They were flat on the ground and wet inside and out. We rustled poles out of the timber and put 'em up. The hail and the wind bowled 'em over three times. Not a bunk or a cot in sight. There were blankets though; a dog might lay on 'em, but he wouldn't sleep."

Coffee or Oatmeal?

"Eats? The cook? Say, why go to Africa for ivory? He'd set up in the commissary business overnight and had a contract to feed us at so much a head. All he had on hand for fifty-one men was twenty tin cups and spoons, a bucket of coffee sweepings and oatmeal. You could take your choice—coffee or oatmeal one at a time or all together in the same cup; no sugar, not even milk. The super on the job told us he'd be back in the morning and beat it in his car. The foreman who took us up gave us a line about a shipment of stuff that was down at the freight station or had been lost on the road and was due in the morning. It never came while I was there, and I stuck it out three days till this cold and rheumatism got to me. Twenty-six of the bunch hiked back to the station and slept on the floor the rest of the night. Eight of us beat it across country to a farm and slept in one of the outhouses: slept is good. We bought some cold-storage eggs and bread from a farmer in the morning and went back to camp. There were eight others still there. They'd stood up all night around a fire the cook left. The foreman was there. He stood the gaff with the rest of us. I'll say that for him

"We went to work digging base holes for their towers. It was a power-transmission job. The super wore the only pair of rubber boots in the outfit. He said they had some coming. He and the cook rode back and forth to town with the engineer in charge of the operation. They put up some place near the station. The boots never came back while I was there. They're still on their way, I guess. Neither did the grub, although the foreman trucked some canned stuff from a general store. We had that at night. There were six of us left by that time. We wanted to quit, but they wouldn't pay us off until we had worked out the railroad fare. The foreman put up a howl for us, but it didn't help. There wasn't money enough in the bunch to get us back home, so we stuck together. Three quit when I jacked her up. One's home sick now and another's in the hospital up the line.

"When we got to the station the agent said ours was the second shipment the company had made a mess of. The first one came from the other end of the state."

Others, singly or in straggling groups, came in to tell the same story, and how, along the retreat, locals of unions in which some held cards saw them through, where and for what they pawned their personal effects, worked out a night's lodging and breakfast at farmhouses, rode the blind baggage or hopped a freight, or walked the bleak two hundred miles back to the homes they had left. "Even the railroaders on the main line were wise to that camp," grinned another. "A brakeman on a side-tracked freight who highballed me through said he never knew that branch could hold so many empties."

How many men each year pull stakes and quit construction jobs because of conditions even remotely like these can only be surmised. Although the total is high it mounts less with each succeeding year, for what Napoleon observed about an army and its stomach the construction industry of America knows is equally true of men who build. Men may take jobs on empty stomachs, but they never quit because of full ones. The aproned gent with the ladle and the cleaver may not stack up very high on the old pay roll, but he generates more labor watts than ever trickle out of a home-office conference.

Again many others daily list themselves among the Monday morning casualties because their trades, like the old gray mare, are not what they once were. Hourly or weekly rates of pay, they tell you, have given way to piecework, a tonnage basis, or a production-and-bonus system of computing the contents of Saturday's envelope. Quantity production has come as the inevitable answer to the economic need for lower manufacturing costs and wider distribution. A single article which a lone mechanic once made in a week or a ten-hour shift is today the combined handiwork of five or hundreds and the quantity is increased a thousandfold.

The statement or the indictment is probably true. Were it not, the mechanic of today could only view and take pride in the finished product of his working hours. Largely because it is true, he is able to do more than make and gaze upon a six-cylinder sedan and a six-tube set. He owns them.

Or employment in certain trades, they contend, as the result of limitless productive ability and limited consumption, and changing popular needs and fancies, has become so seasonal and intermittent that men who remain in them must, like the summer hotel, make sufficient when business is good to carry them over the inevitable weeks and months of unemployment. "Six months of hurry and six of worry," is the way one recently described his trade to me.

All this and more, men tell you. Whether in their own particular cases speech squares with fact matters little. Because they believe it does, they quit jobs in an iron foundry, a silk or hosiery mill, a shipyard or cooperage, a cigar factory, a sawmill or an engine room.

Line them up, face on, ten thousand or a million, open and close the shutter, and a moment later out of the darkroom Smith would emerge.

About forty, with a family of three and a trade which twenty years ago Americans entered eagerly. Today it belongs to machinery and to men who talk glibly of first papers, yet read the foreign-language press.

Wanderer's Luck

"I don't know just why I ever got into that trade," said Smith. "When I try to dope it out I think of that story about the doughboy. You mind it, don't you? His officer told him to zigzag when he charged a machine-gun nest. He zigzagged all right, but he zigged when he oughter zagged. That's me, I guess; I learned a trade others told me to learn, and that looked good to me.

"But I'm done with her just as soon as I can lay my hands on something else I can do that will see me through. I want a job I know I'm going to work at tomorrow. In that trade a man never knows where he is going to draw his next pay. One month you're in Lynn or Pittsburgh, and the next you're handing a week's wages through a window for railroad fare to Des Moines or St. Louis; and when you get there it's an even break on having more than six months' work ahead.

"That means leaving the family and paying rent at one end and board and lodging at another, or selling your furniture and maybe getting enough to pay their car fare. I've paid enough railroad fare browsing around the country the last eighteen years looking for jobs in my line to buy a home. I had one once, but she slipped away. A home ain't much of a stake unless you've got a job to go with it; you're almost better off in my trade if you don't own one, because it's cheaper to travel light when you're on the wing a lot of the time.

"But it ain't the trade so much I'm sick of, for there's still fair money in it when you can find jobs at it where you're living, but the trouble is it ain't like hunting a job as a watchman or a truck driver or a day laborer or on the force; you can find them jobs in almost any city if you look hard enough. But the trouble with some of these trade propositions is if your plant is slack or shut down the chances are the other plants in town in the same line are up against it too. Then you got to choose between taking what you can get where you are at a lot less money, and hitting the road and eating up what little you've saved.

"It's fine dope maybe to have a trade if it means a steady job, but what I want is a living. I'll swap my card in the local and all I know about the game for any job that will show me where the rent and groceries are coming from, dress the family and leave a little something for my old age. I won't even ask for smoking tobacco."

They comprise a baker's legion, Smith and his fellow veterans of the trades, who, somewhere between the half-past and quarter-of mark, find they have taken the wrong road or believe they might have chosen a smoother one—men, many of them, who have given to their trades and to their past employers a measure of intelligence and loyalty equal in the last digit to that of others whom we account as having found their grooves. A decade or two ago they, like us, did what their parents, their friends or their common sense told them to do.

Yet the years have shown that they zigged when they should have zagged. And so without doubt did many an employer who gave them jobs.

The Flat-Salary Bait

How keenly anxious many men are to obtain employment which will insure them a definite monthly or yearly income upon which they can budget their outgo is a matter of frequent observation to those engaged in private and public employment work.

Not long ago the superintendent of an interurban traction company found it necessary, because of contemplated extensions and improvements, to add to his force of linemen. As he was unable to secure them in the communities along his right of way he decided to take his chances in one of the large Eastern cities.

When he looked over the help-wanted columns to see if his advertisement had been properly classified he noticed with some apprehension two advertisements for linemen directly above his own. Both offered such an attractive hourly rate that he feared his own, which gave no specific rate, would fail to bring men to him for interview. I have his advertisement before me. Except for instructing readers where and when to meet him it contained only this clause: "Permanent work on monthly salary basis."

To his surprise nineteen first-class linemen, together with the customary quota of war's by-products, called upon him in direct response to his advertisement. Six of these, for the moment unemployed, came during the day, and were hired with instructions to meet him the following morning at his hotel ready to leave with him for his destination. The remaining thirteen, who called either during the day or in the evening at his hotel, were already locally employed. As he had positions for but twelve in all, he hired six of these with the understanding that they were to give their present employers fair notice, at the expiration of which they could purchase their own railroad fares, which would be refunded to them after they had worked a month on their new jobs.

Within three weeks thereafter eleven of the original twelve were shooting trouble along his right of way. The lone stray wrote that he was thinking it over.

"What hit most of the bunch about that fellow's proposition," the latter told me afterward when he called to get the traction official's address, which he had mislaid, "was the flat salary he offered, good every month in the year, rain or shine. When you figured it out on an hourly basis and laid it alongside the hour rate we were getting it didn't look so good. But he put it to us different. Instead of trying to kid us about the money we'd make on a lot of overtime he admitted right off the bat we were better off where we were, provided we worked full time every month.

"Then he got down to brass tacks and asked everybody I talked with after he'd gone how much they'd drawn the last year. He let each man work it out for himself. Some hadn't kept any records, but he took their guesses, and then told them to divide it by twelve. He had us scratching our heads.

(Continued on Page 64)

Some Young Folks Will Never Learn That Beauty Is as Beauty Does

Look at Judge Hatch's Jewett beating Billy's beauty uphill! When the old man said, "Beauty is as beauty does," he was talking cars and their performance.

He got a beauty all right when he got the New Jewett. All the boys admit that. But he got something else, too, that *you* want in *your* car. That's power—for performance. Power that you can use freely without fear of wearing out your car.

Here's just a part of the story. What Paige-Jewett engineers have done to these new cars would fill a book. Ask the Paige-Jewett dealer to *show* you the results.

Real Power! Economically Produced to Last!

Power is the thing that makes an automobile go. More power more go. The thing that makes power is tiny drops of gasoline. More gas—more power.

You can get power in two ways. A small motor worked to the limit or an ample-size motor that is never even taxed. Both will use the same gas if they produce the same power. But the small, overworked motor will wear out sooner.

Engineering for Permanence

Paige-Jewett engineers have produced in the New Paige and the New Jewett, cars of new ability, new smoothness with costly balanced crankshafts and other refinements. Few cars can match—none outdo them. All this is done with motors that are never taxed, because of ample size. These new perfected motors are typical of what you find in the New Paige and the New Jewett. Redesigning at every point—to make a better performing, longer-lived automobile, yet retaining features proved satisfactory. The result is Permanent Perfected Performance!

Many Proved Features

The New Paige and New Jewett have a silent chain with an automatic take-up to drive pump and timing shafts. In two years' use of this chain in the Paige we have yet to be asked for one replacement. So now it's in the Jewett.

We have a saw-blade steel clutch and transmission which are the delight of lazy men and delicate women. You don't have to treat them gently. 100,000 of our cars have served so well with this clutch and transmission that we can find no way to better them.

There are twelve new bodies in new color combinations, with new appointments and equipment. Balloon tires with redesigned springs and steering add still further to your ease.

Extra Values

Scores of other improvements have added much to the cost of these fine cars. Added quality means better value than ever before. Compared with other cars they are actually underpriced from $150 to $200.

Remember, Paige and Jewett are now alike in design, alike in quality. Jewett gives you convenience and moderate price. Paige a larger car of greater power and comfort.

(52)

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) optional on all models at slight extra cost

New

PAIGE 6-66 JEWETT

PERMANENT · PERFECTED · PERFORMANCE

What is the Outlook for Business?

IMPORTANT decisions in every business are now forced upon executives These men must decide according to their particular situation and after analyzing general fundamental conditions.

Executives today realize more and more that it pays in the biggest way to give the time toward knowing every possible fact that influences this ever-changing fundamental trend

Unbiased Facts

To help successful business men make more accurate forecasts, the services of the Babson Statistical Organization were inaugurated more than twenty years ago. From all over the world are gathered facts, figures, and opinions on every subject that has any relation to business. These data are in turn compiled, studied, and digested by a corps of expert statisticians, analysts and business authorities.

Their findings are sent to you in the form of brief but thorough and unbiased reports, which take but a few moments to read. In a single paragraph may be an idea—secured at a cost of thousands of dollars—that you might apply in deciding what course to pursue in your production plan or selling campaigns.

A Statistical Department

In Babson's Reports you have at your elbow one of the largest staffs of statisticians and business advisors in the world—all at a cost of a mere fraction of a clerk's salary. Thus, you are constantly supplied with facts and figures that enable you to proceed on a sure-footed basis instead of on guess and speculation. It means an easier and more profitable way of leading your business life.

Details on Request

Why not investigate? Sample reports and booklet explaining the Babson Service will be gladly sent without cost or obligation.

Merely clip the memo below and have your secretary type the request.

BABSON'S REPORTS

The
BABSON STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION
Babson Park, Massachusetts

LARGEST STATISTICAL COMMUNITY IN AMERICA

MEMO *for Your Secretary*

Write the Babson Statistical Organization, Babson Park, Mass., as follows: Please send me samples of Babson's Reports and a copy of Booklet P 59, giving full details of the Babson Service.

(Continued from Page 62)

"In most cases the salary he offered wasn't much better than we figured we'd been averaging, maybe five or ten dollars, but not enough to get excited over. The thing that got under your skin was the salary idea. When I told the missus what he'd put up to me she looked for the lease and wanted to take the first train. It listened good to me from the start, but I wanted to let the other fellows try it out first.

"Anyway, she flagged me last night when I was digging for a meeting where we were going to thrash out a demand for a higher rate. She'd been running one of those books with a lot of lines in them that she got at her bank. I never understood the thing. All it ever told me was I was still in the hole.

"Guess she figured I'd played Mr. Dumb long enough. Anyway, she caught me. 'All right,' she said, 'suppose you do get ten cents more an hour; that's no sign you're going to draw it on pay day, is it? You can talk rates; I'm talking money.' You might have thought I'd been holding out on her. 'What I want to know is how much we're going to have Saturday night to pay what we've got to pay.' She got out the book—budget, that's what she called it. 'Outside of doctor's bills and repairs to the car, I know ahead just what it's going to cost us to live each month. I know what the rent and the gas and the electric bill's going to be, and your dues at the local and over at the lodge, and I know inside of a dollar what the food's going to cost. The only figure I've got to guess at is what your wages are going to amount to. And I'm tired guessing.'

"Then she showed me how she'd kept inside the budget one month and then maybe for two or three months running she'd be over, not because we'd spent more money, but because I'd lost time through being sick or work being slack. When she finally called it a day I promised to come up here and get his address and find out if he still had a job for me."

Two other factors played minor but nevertheless supporting rôles in inducing these men to quit their jobs two years ago. Nine of the original eleven, the superintendent told me in the early fall of this year, were then with him.

"My offer to help finance them in the purchase of homes in case they stuck with us carried some weight," he remarked; "that, and knowing what they could depend on if they hit the ball. But I'm not so sure, the more I think it over and run across them, that the psychology of being classed as salaried employes didn't play a big part in attracting and keeping them. I remember hearing one of them, on the train, asking another if he thought they would be paid by check. I gave no special thought to the remark at the time, but I have since concluded it held a certain significance. And a couple had asked me when I first talked with them if they would be paid for Sundays and holidays whether they worked or not. When I told them that they would be paid on the same basis that I was, on the first and fifteenth, or every week if they needed it, they seemed to cotton. Evidently they couldn't shed the idea there was a joker somewhere, but that seemed to clear the air, for they knew of course that I was on a salary.

"There's often a change that comes over a man," he concluded, "when you tie him up to the salary roll; a change in his attitude toward the company and his job. I am sure of it because my outlook changed when I was shifted ten years ago from the hour rate and found myself listed with the people in the offices and some of the maintenance force. It's the feeling of stability, I think. Anyway, I had it, and so have they, and it means as much in many cases as an increase in pay."

But after all, the reasons men have quit jobs now matter little to the men themselves, less even than the hunch which caused them to sell Steel common at 8, buy a secondhand car or switch from a favorite brand of tobacco. They are of interest only to those of us who are pondering the problem today or will be mulling over it tomorrow.

Of this we can be sure: Regardless of who or where we are, discontent either with our jobs or with ourselves will be our guiding motive. To banish that discontent we must either quit our jobs or make them.

If we quit it will be for better or for worse, for the moment or our remaining days, as our goals and our capacity to attain them shall determine. What is ahead for us depends upon what we carry with us.

THE JUNK SNUPPER

(Continued from Page 44)

sides of old barns. There is a charming house on Raquette Lake with an antique room, the walls of which are completely paneled with closely matched boards that are weather-worn and gray, and covered in many places with a lichen moss. It made a beautiful room, and the old farmer whose barn was stripped of its north side thought the fellow was crazy who took away the old wood and replaced it with first-class lumber.

"I am expecting," says he, "that one of these days some darn fool will come along and want to build a concrete wall around my farm in exchange for the fence rails."

The thought often occurs to one—where do all the antiques come from? Well, you can figure it out for yourself.

A Census of Old Furniture

In 1790, immediately following the Revolutionary War, there were 3,930,000 people in the United States, about 700,000 families. Now figure six chairs to a family and we have about 4,000,000 chairs. With little tables and big tables there were about 2,000,000 tables in the United States. It may be interesting to get your pencil and estimate the pewter, glassware, pottery and the rest of it, bearing in mind that from time to time as families grew and scattered, and immigration extended, old pieces were relegated to the barn and new pieces bought. A good deal of the old stuff became broken and was burned as kindling wood, but things that escaped destruction are now invaluable.

I saw a Carver chair the other day—sometimes called a Brewster chair—that was popular in England during the time of James I. It was found in an old farmhouse in New Jersey. Price, $300. I saw a butterfly table that a private collector in Trenton had. Pine wood. Price, $400. But unless you are an expert you had better not pay these prices.

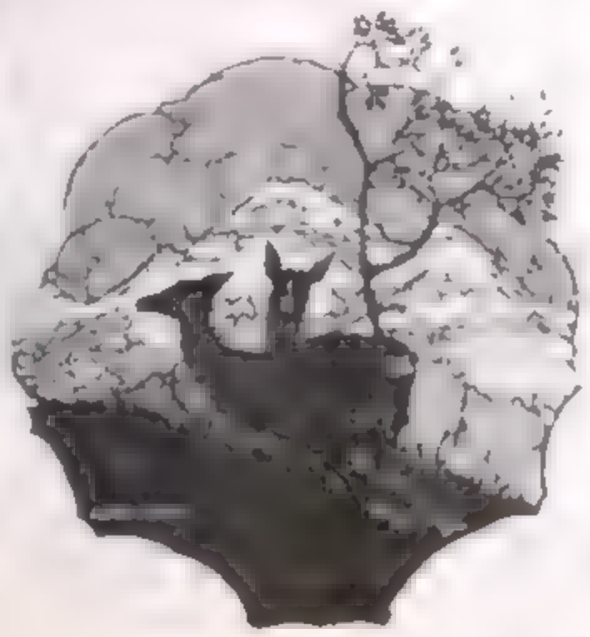
Only an expert can tell whether or not they are genuine.

I recall once being shown a fragment of what the rug man called a sixteenth-century Ispahan, and of course very valuable. He told me where he got it, what he paid for it, and that he aspired to place it in one of the great museums of the country. When I left him I found that in fingering the piece I had come away with an inch and a half of yarn; and I was still fingering it when I discovered that it was a three-ply twisted yarn. They never made any twisted yarn in the sixteenth, seventeenth or eighteenth century; this machine-made yarn was the product of the nineteenth century. The rug was a reproduction; probably made in a town near Constantinople, where they specialize in antiquing the modern pieces.

The museums are full of reproductions—paintings, sculpture, even good United States money is counterfeited. And it is not this generation alone that is guilty of reproductions. The Martha Washington china presented by Van Brandt and in the National Museum at Washington was liberally copied, and some of the copies are so old that they of themselves are antiques.

Tableware made one hundred years ago with American scenes of Spuyten Duyvil, Faneuil Hall, Fort Hamilton, Bowling Green and similar subjects, originally by Clews, was copied by other Staffordshire potters and no less a man than Josiah Wedgwood made reproductions of the Portland vase in the eighteenth century; he made a few replicas at £50 apiece, and in 1892 one of these authenticated early copies sold for $1000. Hundreds have since been made and sold at prices ranging from $10 upward.

Folks are going crazy nowadays over the old lithographs that were made by Currier & Ives. It seems incredible, but a recent auction sale offered a collection of 290 of these prints and drew an audience of 400 people, and at this sale a winter scene, Thanksgiving Day, only nineteen by twenty-five inches, brought $800. It was the sort of thing that was probably put out originally to sell at $3 or $4 and you ask yourself and your neighbors "Why such a price? Where's the value?" To be sure, all these Currier & Ives lithographs are interesting examples of a distinctive American art. It was crude art; but then, the old Beadle dime novel was crude work, and yet as typical literature of the age a collection was sold two years ago for $20,000, and a minor collection of these novels occupies a place of distinction in the New York Public Library. Still, $800 is a lot of money for a farmhouse lithograph, even as an example of typical art.



I have classified the collectors of this sort of thing into six distinct groups. One group is interested only in subjects covering events in American history; another only in portraits; a third specializes in American views, cities and points of interest. Then there is the collector of sporting prints, and the collector who buys only ship pictures, and the collector who goes in for pioneer pictures, railroads, scouts, Indians, covered-wagon pictures, early settlers; and yet Thanksgiving Day, which didn't belong in any group, brought the biggest price of the sale.

All these prints were made in three sizes—small folio, nine by twelve inches framed; medium folio, thirteen by seventeen inches framed; and large folio, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches framed. Some of us are acquainted with the nine-by-twelve size. We see them frequently in the small shops—subjects like Washington at Trenton, John Hancock's Defiance, Capture of André, Surrender of Cornwallis. I have picked them up for $1, yet at this sale they brought $25 and $30 apiece, and pictures of the covered-wagon sort brought from $60 to $100 apiece, and when it came to ship subjects in the large folio size they ran up to $280. Sixteen prints of our Presidents that were made to sell probably for 25 cents apiece sold for $25. That's why I say folks are going crazy over this one kind of snupping. I said to the collector, "How did you ever manage to accumulate 290 examples?"

Paul Revere, Silversmith

It seems he went at it in a very business-like way; he advertised for months, little small want ads in the farm journals, and he got them all out of farmhouses.

The beauty of junk snupping lies in the diversity of the subject. We've all seen collections of ship models, but last week in New York there was a sale of a collection of huge figureheads from sailing ships, and I know of one very serious gentleman who collects bird cages. So you can take your choice. If collecting presentation fans, royal gifts, is too much of a drain on your exchequer, what is the matter with silhouettes that were all the rage in the eighteenth century—wonderful examples of scissors work; or door knockers?

Only a little while ago I went to an exhibition of early American illustrations, and I saw a number of examples of old woodcut and steel engravings that were highly treasured. You may not know it, but Paul Revere was not only a very clever pewterer, a remarkable silversmith, but he was one of our earliest engravers on copper. And work from his hand has a value today not because it is good, which it isn't, but solely because of his famous ride.

(Continued on Page 66)

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-B SEDAN

Popular with women because the seats and springs are restful and because the lines of the car have genuine distinction.

Popular with men because the body is all-steel, the finish Dodge Brothers enduring black enamel, the upholstery genuine leather — factors which make for long life at lower first and after cost.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

Trim, Snappy Style

SNUG, taut fit! Trim ankles! Sparkling style that is the essence of good taste.

Monito Socks! And Style 505 is especially good for dress wear.

Socks to depend on for long wear and little mending. Remember the name—Monito!

Pronounce it—
"Mo–Knit–Toe."

© M. K. Co. 1925

Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 64)

The work of these early illustrators is still to be found in every attic. They didn't do any big work, but they did the sort of things you find in old gift books and magazines, especially around 1830.

When next in an old attic, look around and search at the bottom of the prints for the names of Isaiah Thomas, G. Love, Peter Maverick, W. Ralph, Alexander Anderson, John Cheney, S. P. Avery, A. B. Durand, A. Willard, John Sartain, B. J. Lossing and H. W. Smith.

Of course we know about the Chews collection, where 460 books were laid aside as worth $100,000. And we have heard of the Henry E. Huntington sale, where Milton's Comus sold for $9200 and later sold for $14,250, but the collectors of Americana are not so much interested in Comus or first editions of Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe or Paradise Lost.

They are looking for Colonial authors or early Colonial literature.

The poorest thing that Poe ever wrote, Tamerlane, published anonymously as a potboiler, recently brought $11,600. It seems that Poe had distributed 700 copies among the New York dealers, hoping for quick sales and ready cash. A month afterward he went the rounds and found that not a dozen books had been sold, so he gathered up the remainder and in a fit of rage burned them in front of his house. One of the dozen copies that were sold turned up last year; hence the price—nearly $12,000.

The most hazardous risk in collecting is old glass.

Nobody should go in for glass without a very deep study of the subject. You get around among the shops in the big cities and the smallest villages and you find that everybody is offering Sandwich glass. The Sandwich industry from 1825 to 1888 had forty-seven competitors in America besides enormous imports from Cork, Waterford, Bristol, and from all over Europe. So I venture to say that not one-half of one per cent of all the old glassware in the market, offered as Sandwich glass, ever came from Sandwich.

There is only one kind of glass that you are safe in collecting as American glass, and that is bottles. Historic American bottles were not made in Europe. I have failed to find one of the 250 examples that I own that was made abroad, and I have failed to find one that is reproduced. They are essentially an American product.

American Bottles

They cannot sell anywhere else because most of them bear a distinctive political, patriotic or sentimental symbol—the American eagle, the log cabin, the Baltimore Monument, flags, figures of Indians, Continental soldiers, and the innumerable portraits of our heroes—Washington, Taylor, Franklin, Jackson and Bragg; or inscriptions such as For Pike's Peak, E Pluribus Unum, A Little More Grape Captain Bragg, I Have Endeavored to Do My Duty, The Father of His Country, and so on; and you find yourself frequently much interested in trying to solve the symbolism employed by these bottle designers.

I myself wrote to the secretaries of all the Western states and to the Agricultural Department in Washington in a vain effort to discover the meaning of the phrase Corn for the World, which was blown into the side of one of these old flasks.

At the museum they do not attempt distinctive nomenclature. They call a rug simply North Persian or South Persian, or Turkish or Caucasian. And that is as far as they go. Certainly you can go no farther with glassware.

All this effort at precise terminology is absurd. We have a chair that we call a Hancock chair because it happened to belong to Governor Hancock, but the same chair in another part of New England owned by some other dignitary takes another name. The Carver chair is also called the Brewster chair. In fact, any piece of furniture is likely to have a dozen different names, according to original ownership.

Of course there are snuppers and snuppers. Some of them rise to the dignity of antiquarians and become curators of museums, but many of them will be always just snuppers. My old friend, Bill Lovell, is one of this kind. I dropped in to see him the other day. He had just opened up a big apple barrel full of plunder that he had bought sight unseen at a farm auction, and he was all joy.

"I tell you," said Bill, "that if you want to get along in this business you have got to take a chance. I paid $1 for this stuff; nobody else had the nerve to bid on it; and when I opened it up I found a three-mold Sandwich dish in turquoise, two old Jackson bottles, eight sleigh-shaped salt cellars, and a fine ironstone platter with the mark of Miles Mason on it, and if it means a thing it means it was made in 1780 and is in a perfect state of preservation. All the rest was rubbish; but the family must have thought a good deal of that platter because they had it carefully padded and wrapped up. What do you think of it?"

The Chints That Cost Me Nothing

"Pretty fair," said I. It doesn't do to enthuse much over anything you expect to buy. "I could use it myself, Bill. It would fit in with the rest of my stuff. How much?"

"Well, seeing it's you, I'll make it $10."

"Have a heart, Bill."

"Heart, nothing! You have to be heartless in this business if you want to get along."

"But you only paid a dollar for the barrelful!"

"Say, it's taken me twenty years studying furniture, bottles, old pewter, china, rugs, book values, copperware, lithographs, lusterware. Ain't I entitled to cash in on my superior knowledge? What's the good of an education if you can't profit by it?"

Well, I bought the platter. Bill wrapped it in the same old rags that came with it and I took it home and laid it on the porch while I went in to wash up. And when I came out again, there was the missus looking over the purchase.

"What did you pay for the platter?" said she.

"Ten dollars," said I.

"What did you pay for the Jouy print? You never got that for $10."

And then I perceived what I hadn't noticed before, and I shook out the old rag that the platter had been wrapped in. It was only about a yard and a half long and not more than twenty-seven inches wide. It was about big enough to frame; but the pattern —— Oh, boy, I could hardly believe my eyes! It was historic. It was America Triumphant. It showed George Washington being crowned by an angel, a beautiful thing. So I hurried over to the phone and I called up Bill.

"Bill," said I, "the missus says you stuck me on that platter."

"Don't be a squealer!"

"It's all right. I'm not kicking. But I want to ask you, do you remember the rag that was wrapped around that platter, used as a padding? Do you know what it was? Well, listen! It was a chintz, a Revolutionary War chintz, probably from Jouy."

"What do you mean, Jewish?"

Jouy Chintzes

"Not Jewish, Bill, Jouy, France; from the town of Jouy, where the finest and most exquisitely printed linens were made. Don't you remember the Alexander Drake sale in 1903, when a few wonderful examples of Jouy prints were sold? Up to that time the only Jouys in this country were owned by Mrs. William Frishmuth, who has since given a collection to the Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia. I have seen some examples also at Cooper Union, but we seldom find any nowadays, and almost anything big enough to show the pattern, any interesting scene, like Franklin at the Races, big enough to put in a frame or for a wall decoration, will sell easily for $40 or $50. Bill, mine was printed just about 1790."

"Here, say, where do you get that evidence?"

"By the pattern, in the first place; and by the way it is printed, in the next place. These early Jouys were simply a one-color printing—red, blue, brown or green—just one color. I have one printed in green, but it was not until the nineteenth century that the printers obtained a durable green; prior to that date they got their greens by printing a blue over a yellow. And I can see by the magnifying glass, Bill, that this is the way this thing is printed. I wouldn't take $100 for it."

"Oh," says Bill, "have a heart. That cloth didn't go with the sale of the platter."

"Heart nothing!" said I. "Ain't I entitled to cash in on my superior knowledge? What's the good of an education if you cannot profit by it? Listen, Bill, you have got to be heartless in this business if you want to get along."

The snupper, the collector, the antiquarian, call him what you will, is contributing a tremendous force to the Americanization of our people.

In the new wing, a three-story building just opened by the Metropolitan Museum, fifteen rooms are built with the original wood panels and doors and ceiling beams and wall papers rescued from the demolition of charming old colonial houses, and in these rooms are gathered in fitting environment hundreds of pieces of superb old furniture, hundreds of examples of colonial silverware and glassware and pottery, all of it of the finest possible craftsmanship and all gathered into a fitting environment, a sanctuary for the ghosts of the past.

And here, also, with becoming democracy are gathered the humble furnishings from the homes of our pioneers, the men of the covered wagons and the log cabins and the struggling farms, the unknown soldiers of civilization, who helped in the foundation of this great country; grain chests of softwood, trencher tables, and chairs and settles, and lithographs for the walls that breathed of patriotism—lithographs of Indians, pioneers, portraits of the Presidents, battles, always American pictures.

And so I am roused to a spirit of deep gratitude that the junk snuppers have been given such a setting for the traditions so dear to us and so helpful in the Americanization of our newer citizens, to whom much of our history is hidden in the fog of unenlightenment.

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LOVE IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

The boatman lifted his oars and looked hesitatingly at Val. But Val was silent, so the man let the blades fall into the water and swept the boat out into the moonlight.

"Wait a minute!" cried Val sharply.

"Good-by," said the voice. "Come again when you can stay longer."

"But I am going to stay now," he answered breathlessly.

He gave the necessary order and the rowboat swung back to the foot of the small companionway. Someone young, someone in a misty white dress, someone with a lovely low voice, had actually called to him out of the velvet dark. "If she has eyes!" Val murmured to himself. He liked the romantic sound of it and repeated it under his breath—"If she has eyes."

"What are you?" She was directly above him now; she was looking down and he was looking up as he climbed the ladder, and as their eyes met they both began to laugh.

She was very young, slim, almost frail, with a dress that accentuated her youth by its blanched simplicity. Two wan dark spots on her cheeks marked where the color was by day.

"What are you?" she repeated, moving back and laughing again as his head appeared on the level of the deck. "I'm frightened now and I want to know."

"I am a gentleman," said Val, bowing.

"What sort of a gentleman? There are all sorts of gentlemen. There was a—there was a colored gentleman at the table next to ours in Paris, and so ——" She broke off. "You're not American, are you?"

"I'm Russian," he said, as he might have announced himself to be an archangel. He thought quickly and then added, "And I am the most fortunate of Russians. All this day, all this spring I have dreamed of falling in love on such a night, and now I see that heaven has sent me to you."

"Just one moment!" she said, with a little gasp. "I'm sure now that this visit is a mistake. I don't go in for anything like that. Please!"

"I beg your pardon." He looked at her in bewilderment, unaware that he had taken too much for granted. Then he drew himself up formally.

"I have made an error. If you will excuse me I will say good night."

He turned away. His hand was on the rail.

"Don't go," she said, pushing a strand of indefinite hair out of her eyes. "On second thoughts you can talk any nonsense you like if you'll only not go. I'm miserable and I don't want to be left alone."

Val hesitated; there was some element in this that he failed to understand. He had taken it for granted that a girl who called to a strange man at night, even from the deck of a yacht, was certainly in a mood for romance. And he wanted intensely to stay. Then he remembered that this was one of the two yachts he had been seeking.

"I imagine that the dinner's on the other boat," he said.

"The dinner? Oh, yes, it's on the Minnehaha. Were you going there?"

"I was going there—a long time ago."

"What's your name?"

He was on the point of telling her when something made him ask a question instead.

"And you? Why are you not at the party?"

"Because I preferred to stay here. Mrs. Jackson said there would be some Russians there—I suppose that's you." She looked at him with interest. "You're a very young man, aren't you?"

"I am much older than I look," said Val stiffly. "People always comment on it. It's consider rather a remarkable thing."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one," he lied.

She laughed.

"What nonsense! You're not more than nineteen."

His annoyance was so perceptible that she hastened to reassure him. "Cheer up! I'm only seventeen myself. I might have gone to the party if I'd thought there'd be anyone under fifty there."

He welcomed the change of subject.

"You preferred to sit and dream here beneath the moon."

"I've been thinking of mistakes." They sat down side by side in two canvas deck chairs. "It's a most engrossing subject—the subject of mistakes. Women very seldom brood about mistakes—they're much more willing to forget than men are. But when they do brood ——"

"You have made a mistake?" inquired Val.

She nodded.

"Is it something that cannot be repaired?"

"I think so," she answered. "I can't be sure. That's what I was considering when you came along."

"Perhaps I can help in some way," said Val. "Perhaps your mistake is not irreparable, after all."

"You can't," she said unhappily. "So let's not think about it. I'm very tired of my mistake and I'd much rather you'd tell me about all the gay, cheerful things that are going on in Cannes tonight."

They glanced shoreward at the line of mysterious and alluring lights, the big toy banks with candles inside that were really the great fashionable hotels, the lighted clock in the old town, the blurred glow of the Café de Paris, the pricked-out points of villa windows rising on slow hills toward the dark sky.

"What is everyone doing there?" she whispered. "It looks as though something gorgeous was going on, but what it is I can't quite tell."

"Everyone there is making love," said Val quietly.

"Is that it?" She looked for a long time, with a strange expression in her eyes. "Then I want to go home to America," she said. "There is too much love here. I want to go home tomorrow."

"You are afraid of being in love then?"

She shook her head.

"It isn't that. It's just because—there is no love here for me."

"Or for me either," added Val quietly. "It is sad that we two should be at such a lovely place on such a lovely night and have—nothing."

He was leaning toward her intently, with a sort of inspired and chaste romance in his eyes—and she drew back.

"Tell me more about yourself," she inquired quickly. "If you are Russian where did you learn to speak such excellent English?"

"My mother was American," he admitted. "My grandfather was American also, so she had no choice in the matter."

"Then you're American too!"

"I am Russian," said Val with dignity.

She looked at him closely, smiled and decided not to argue. "Well then," she said diplomatically, "I suppose you must have a Russian name."

But he had no intention now of telling her his name. A name, even the Rostoff name, would be a desecration of the night. They were their own low voices, their two white faces—and that was enough. He was sure, without any reason for being sure but with a sort of instinct that sang triumphantly through his mind, that in a little while, a minute or an hour, he was going to undergo an initiation into the life of romance. His name had no reality beside what was stirring in his heart.

"You are beautiful," he said suddenly.

"How do you know?"

"Because for women moonlight is the hardest light of all."

"Am I nice in the moonlight?"

"You are the loveliest thing that I have ever known."

"Oh." She thought this over. "Of course I had no business to let you come on board. I might have known what we'd talk about—in this moon. But I can't sit here and look at the shore—forever. I'm too young for that. Don't you think I'm too young for that?"

"Much too young," he agreed solemnly.

Suddenly they both became aware of new music that was close at hand, music that seemed to come out of the water not a hundred yards away.

"Listen!" she cried. "It's from the Minnehaha. They've finished dinner."

For a moment they listened in silence.

"Thank you," said Val suddenly.

"For what?"

He hardly knew he had spoken. He was thanking the deep low horns for singing in the breeze, the sea for its warm murmurous complaint against the bow, the milk of the stars for washing over them until he felt buoyed up in a substance more taut than air.

"So lovely," she whispered.

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Do we have to do something about it? I thought we could just sit and enjoy ——"

"You didn't think that," he interrupted quietly. "You know that we must do something about it. I am going to make love to you—and you are going to be glad."

"I can't," she said very low. She wanted to laugh now, to make some light cool remark that would bring the situation back into the safe waters of a casual flirtation. But it was too late now. Val knew that the music had completed what the moon had begun.

"I will tell you the truth," he said. "You are my first love. I am seventeen—the same age as you, no more."

There was something utterly disarming about the fact that they were the same age. It made her helpless before the fate that had thrown them together. The deck chairs creaked and he was conscious of a faint illusive perfume as they swayed suddenly and childishly together.

III

WHETHER he kissed her once or several times he could not afterward remember, though it must have been an hour that they sat there close together and he held her hand. What surprised him most about making love was that it seemed to have no element of wild passion—regret, desire, despair—but a delirious promise of such happiness in the world, in living, as he had never known. First love—this was only first love! What must love itself in its fullness, its perfection be. He did not know that what he was experiencing then, that unreal, undesirous medley of ecstasy and peace, would be unrecapturable forever.

The music had ceased for some time when presently the murmurous silence was broken by the sound of a rowboat disturbing the quiet waves. She sprang suddenly to her feet and her eyes strained out over the bay.

"Listen!" she said quickly. "I want you to tell me your name."

"No."

"Please," she begged him. "I'm going away tomorrow."

He didn't answer.

"I don't want you to forget me," she said. "My name is ——"

"I won't forget you. I will promise to remember you always. Whoever I may love I will always compare her to you, my first love. So long as I live you will always have that much freshness in my heart."

"I want you to remember," she murmured brokenly. "Oh, this has meant more to me than it has to you—much more."

She was standing so close to him that he felt her warm young breath on his face. Once again they swayed together. He pressed her hands and wrists between his as it seemed right to do, and kissed her lips. It was the right kiss, he thought, the romantic kiss—not too little or too much. Yet there was a sort of promise in it of other kisses he might have had, and it was with a slight sinking of his heart that he heard the rowboat close to the yacht and realized that her family had returned. The evening was over.

"And this is only the beginning," he told himself. "All my life will be like this night."

She was saying something in a low quick voice and he was listening tensely.

"You must know one thing—I am married. Three months ago. That was the mistake that I was thinking about when the moon brought you out here. In a moment you will understand."

She broke off as the boat swung against the companionway and a man's voice floated up out of the darkness.

"Is that you, my dear?"

"Yes."

"What is this other rowboat waiting?"

"One of Mrs. Jackson's guests came here by mistake and I made him stay and amuse me for an hour."

A moment later the thin white hair and weary face of a man of sixty appeared above the level of the deck. And then Val saw and realized too late how much he cared.

IV

WHEN the Riviera season ended in May the Rostoffs and all the other Russians closed their villas and went north for the summer. The Russian Orthodox Church was locked up and so were the bins

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 68)

of rarer wine, and the fashionable spring moonlight was put away, so to speak, to wait for their return.

"We'll be back next season," they said as a matter of course.

But this was premature, for they were never coming back any more. Those few who straggled south again after five tragic years were glad to get work as chambermaids or *valets de chambre* in the great hotels where they had once dined. Many of them, of course, were killed in the war or in the revolution; many of them faded out as spongers and small cheats in the big capitals, and not a few ended their lives in a sort of stupefied despair.

When the Kerensky government collapsed in 1917, Val was a lieutenant on the eastern front, trying desperately to enforce authority in his company long after any vestige of it remained. He was still trying when Prince Paul Rostoff and his wife gave up their lives one rainy morning to atone for the blunders of the Romanoffs—and the enviable career of Morris Hasylton's daughter ended in a city that bore even more resemblance to a butcher shop than had Chicago in 1892.

After that Val fought with Denikin's army for a while until he realized that he was participating in a hollow farce and the glory of Imperial Russia was over. Then he went to France and was suddenly confronted with the astounding problem of keeping his body and soul together.

It was, of course, natural that he should think of going to America. Two vague aunts with whom his mother had quarreled many years ago still lived there in comparative affluence. But the idea was repugnant to the prejudices his mother had implanted in him, and besides he hadn't sufficient money left to pay for his passage over. Until a possible counter-revolution should restore to him the Rostoff properties in Russia he must somehow keep alive in France.

So he went to the little city he knew best of all. He went to Cannes. His last two hundred francs bought him a third-class ticket and when he arrived he gave his dress suit to an obliging party who dealt in such things and received in return money for food and bed. He was sorry afterward that he had sold the dress suit, because it might have helped him to a position as a waiter. But he obtained work as a taxi driver instead and was quite as happy, or rather quite as miserable, at that.

Sometimes he carried Americans to look at villas for rent, and when the front glass of the automobile was up, curious fragments of conversation drifted out to him from within.

"—— heard this fellow was a Russian prince." . . . "Sh!" . . . "No, this one right here." . . . "Be quiet, Esther!"—followed by subdued laughter.

When the car stopped, his passengers would edge around to have a look at him. At first he was desperately unhappy when girls did this; after a while he didn't mind any more. Once a cheerfully intoxicated American asked him if it were true and invited him to lunch, and another time an elderly woman seized his hand as she got out of the taxi, shook it violently and then pressed a hundred-franc note into his hand.

"Well, Florence, now I can tell 'em back home I shook hands with a Russian prince."

The inebriated American who had invited him to lunch thought at first that Val was a son of the czar, and it had to be explained to him that a prince in Russia was simply the equivalent of a British courtesy lord. But he was puzzled that a man of Val's personality didn't go out and make some real money.

"This is Europe," said Val gravely. "Here money is not made. It is inherited or else it is slowly saved over a period of many years and maybe in three generations a family moves up into a higher class."

"Think of something people want—like we do."

"That is because there is more money to want with in America. Everything that people want here has been thought of long ago."

But after a year and with the help of a young Englishman he had played tennis with before the war, Val managed to get into the Cannes branch of an English bank. He forwarded mail and bought railroad tickets and arranged tours for impatient sight-seers. Sometimes a familiar face came to his window; if Val was recognized he shook hands; if not he kept silence. After two years he was no longer pointed out as a former prince, for the Russians were an old story now—the splendor of the Rostoffs and their friends was forgotten.

He mixed with people very little. In the evenings he walked for a while on the promenade, took a slow glass of beer in a café, and went early to bed. He was seldom invited anywhere because people thought that his sad, intent face was depressing—and he never accepted anyhow. He wore cheap French clothes now instead of the rich tweeds and flannels that had been ordered with his father's from England. As for women, he knew none at all. Of the many things he had been certain about at seventeen, he had been most certain about this—that his life would be full of romance. Now after eight years he knew that it was not to be. Somehow he had never had time for love—the war, the revolution and now his poverty had conspired against his expectant heart. The springs of his emotion which had first poured forth one April night had dried up immediately and only a faint trickle remained.

His happy youth had ended almost before it began. He saw himself growing older and more shabby, and living always more and more in the memories of his gorgeous boyhood. Eventually he would become absurd, pulling out an old heirloom of a watch and showing it to amused young fellow clerks who would listen with winks to his tales of the Rostoff name.

He was thinking these gloomy thoughts one April evening in 1922 as he walked beside the sea and watched the never-changing magic of the awakening lights. It was no longer for his benefit, that magic, but it went on, and he was somehow glad. Tomorrow he was going away on his vacation, to a cheap hotel farther down the shore where he could bathe and rest and read; then he would come back and work some more. Every year for three years he had taken his vacation during the last two weeks in April, perhaps because it was then that he felt the most need for remembering. It was in April that what was destined to be the best part of his life had come to a culmination under a romantic moonlight. It was sacred to him—for what he had thought of as an initiation and a beginning had turned out to be the end.

He paused now in front of the Café des Étrangers and after a moment crossed the street on an impulse and sauntered down to the shore. A dozen yachts, already turned to a beautiful silver color, rode at anchor in the bay. He had seen them that afternoon, and read the names painted on their bows—but only from habit. He had done it for three years now, and it was almost a natural function of his eye.

"*Un beau soir*," remarked a French voice at his elbow. It was a boatman who had often seen Val here before. "Monsieur finds the sea beautiful?"

"Very beautiful."

"I too. But a bad living except in the season. Next week, though, I earn something special. I am paid well for simply waiting here and doing nothing more from eight o'clock until midnight."

"That's very nice," said Val politely.

"A widowed lady, very beautiful, from America, whose yacht always anchors in the harbor for the last two weeks in April. If the Privateer comes tomorrow it will make three years."

▼

ALL night Val didn't sleep—not because there was any question in his mind as to what he should do, but because his long stupefied emotions were suddenly awake and alive. Of course he must not see her—not he, a poor failure with a name that was now only a shadow—but it would make him a little happier always to know that she remembered. It gave his own memory another dimension, raised it like those stereopticon glasses that bring out a picture from the flat paper. It made him sure that he had not deceived himself—he had been charming once upon a time to a lovely woman, and she did not forget.

An hour before train time next day he was at the railway station with his grip, so as to avoid any chance encounter in the street. He found himself a place in a third-class carriage of the waiting train.

Somehow as he sat there he felt differently about life—a sort of hope, faint and illusory, that he hadn't felt twenty-four hours before. Perhaps there was some way in these next few years in which he could make it possible to meet her once again—if he worked hard, threw himself passionately into whatever was at hand. He knew of at least two Russians in Cannes who had started over again with nothing except good manners and ingenuity and were now doing surprisingly well. The blood of Morris Hasylton began to throb a little in Val's temples and made him remember something he had never before cared to remember—that Morris Hasylton, who had built his daughter a palace in St. Petersburg, had also started from nothing at all.

Simultaneously another emotion possessed him, less strange, less dynamic but equally American—the emotion of curiosity. In case he did—well, in case life should ever make it possible for him to seek her out, he should at least know her name.

He jumped to his feet, fumbled excitedly at the carriage handle and jumped from the train. Tossing his valise into the check room he started at a run for the American consulate.

"A yacht came in this morning," he said hurriedly to a clerk, "an American yacht—the Privateer. I want to know who owns it."

"Just a minute," said the clerk, looking at him oddly. "I'll try to find out."

After what seemed to Val an interminable time he returned.

"Why, just a minute," he repeated hesitantly. "We're—it seems we're finding out."

"Did the yacht come?"

"Oh, yes—it's here all right. At least I think so. If you'll just wait in that chair."

After another ten minutes Val looked impatiently at his watch. If they didn't hurry he'd probably miss his train. He made a nervous movement as if to get up from his chair.

"Please sit still," said the clerk, glancing at him quickly from his desk. "I ask you. Just sit down in that chair."

Val stared at him. How could it possibly matter to the clerk whether or not he waited?

"I'll miss my train," he said impatiently. "I'm sorry to have given you all this bother ——"

"Please sit still! We're glad to get it off our hands. You see, we've been waiting for your inquiry for—ah—three years."

Val jumped to his feet and jammed his hat on his head.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" he demanded angrily.

"Because we had to get word to our—our client. Please don't go! It's—ah, it's too late."

Val turned. Someone slim and radiant with dark frightened eyes was standing behind him, framed against the sunshine of the doorway.

"Why ——"

Val's lips parted, but no words came through. She took a step toward him.

"I ——" She looked at him helplessly, her eyes filling with tears. "I just wanted to say hello," she murmured. "I've come back for three years just because I wanted to say hello."

Still Val was silent.

"You might answer," she said impatiently. "You might answer when I'd—when I'd just about begun to think you'd been killed in the war." She turned to the clerk. "Please introduce us!" she cried. "You see, I can't say hello to him when we don't even know each other's names."

It's the thing to distrust these international marriages, of course. It's an American tradition that they always turn out badly, and we are accustomed to such headlines as: "Would Trade Coronet for True American Love, Says Duchess," and "Claims Count Mendicant Tortured Toledo Wife." The other sort of headlines are never printed, for who would want to read: "Castle is Love Nest, Asserts Former Georgia Belle," or "Duke and Packer's Daughter Celebrate Golden Honeymoon."

So far there have been no headlines at all about the young Rostoffs. Prince Val is much too absorbed in that string of moonlight-blue taxicabs which he manipulates with such unusual efficiency, to give out interviews. He and his wife only leave New York once a year—but there is still a boatman who rejoices when the Privateer steams into Cannes harbor on a mid-April night.

Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—*when Shampooed this way*

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to at a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-lookin[illegible] and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children —fine for men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

Conductor of Sight-Seeing Bus: "Don't be Alarmed, Folks! You'll Find Life Preservers Under the Seats"

joy of living, and wonder if it were really me,' and I am not sure what it should be, I put a bracket and go on: '[Should that be I and not me? I am no experienced writer, but just an unhappy girl!]' Looks more genuine and saves no end of trouble. As a rule, they like a happy ending. When I have married the titled villain and been divorced, then I generally come back to the clean youth of my earlier days—a plumber or a policeman or something. I settle down happily with him, and ——"

But I would listen to no more; I was choking with envy. That Bill, who can't put three words together grammatically, should make money this way was too much. Bill, with his girth line and tobacco ash all down his vest, writing: "I am only a chorus girl—only a young girl with a flowerlike face." —*Thomas Edgelow.*

The Cross-Word Puzzler to His Love

YOU'RE my (five-letter product of flowers),
I'm your (five-letter word meaning beau),
And my (four-letter word for affection)
Continues to grow and to grow.

I (four-letter word meaning beg) you
To hark to my fond invocation.
And I hope you won't use in replying,
A (two-letter word of negation)!

My (four-letter word meaning organ
Of pronunciation possessive of "you"),
Is (four-letter word of agreement)
Oh, be my (new wife in five letters)
And maybe, if fortune shall smile,
I (four-letter word meaning sunshine)
Will gladden us after a while!

—*Berton Braley.*

Who Put the "Sin" in Cinema?

A Ballad to be Sung to the Tune, Bring the Wagon Home, John

NEWS ITEM: The Chinese bandits, who kidnaped many prominent American and European passengers, said they learned how to wreck the train by watching an American motion picture.

A BANDIT bold was captured in the
wilds of Far Cathay.
He'd wrecked and robbed a train, and kidnaped people just for pay!
They brought him into court. He sobbed,
and, shamefaced, hung his head
"I couldn't help it, judge!" he cried in
Chinese. Then he said!

CHORUS

"It was the movies learned me!
I wasn't born this way!
Them pitchers from America
Are why I'm here today!
Oh, give me one more chance, judge,
And I will all explain!
It was the movies learned me
How I could wreck a train!"

II

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers.
There was dearth of woman's nursing,
there was dearth of woman's tears.
The soldier moaned. I went to him, and
ere he passed away
He fixed on me his glazing eye, and to
me he did say:

CHORUS

"It was the movies learned me!
I wasn't born this way!
Them pitchers from America
Are why I'm here today!
If I had never looked at them
I might have had an eye!
It was the movies learned me
To throw a custard pie!"

—*Katharine Dayton.*

An Impression of the Rules Regarding Dimming on the Highway by One Who Has Never Read Them

IF THE dimmers on an approaching car do not meet with your unqualified approbation you may show your disapproval by any of the following means: (a) throwing your spotlight directly in the eyes of the approaching driver in an effort to put him off the road; (b) throwing on your brights when he will be the most readily blinded by them; (c) giving him as thorough a bawling out as thirty miles per hour will permit.

Don't waste your energy dimming for cars whose brights are too weak to blind you. What's the use?

If you wish an approaching car to dim switch on your own dimmers and wait three seconds with your hand on the switch. If the approaching car has not dimmed by that time, switch back to brights. By the time you have done this the other car will probably have dimmed, so immediately switch back to your own dimmers. The approaching car, however, having assumed that you had decided not to dim, will have turned on brights again, so it will behoove you to get back to your brights at once in order that the driver of the other car will not imagine that he has caught you napping

By this time it is possible that one of you will have gotten by safely

If you wish to take advantage of the other fellow's dimmers without dimming yourself, simply keep behind a driver who is dimming for all approaching cars and being dimmed for by them.

The approaching drivers will probably be pretty mad at you, but what can they do about it?

The safest and easiest way is to provide yourself with a powerful spotlight and leave it, together with your dims, on at all times. Thus you have the advantage of the same blinding light that your brights would give you, and should the driver of an approaching car signal you to dim, you are in a position to flash the spotlight in his eyes by way of reminding him that, for heaven's sake, you *are* on dims! —*E. M. Curtis.*

The Astigmatic Bard

DAPHNE, if you care for me
You'll let down your hair for me;
Daphne, if you love me you will loose those
golden tresses
Oh, the joy that lingers through,
When I run my fingers through
As the gentle autumn wind an aspen leaf
caresses

Twine those ringlets aureate
Round your poet laureate!
Sweeter than the bays they'll lie upon my
fevered forehead!
Famed in verse and story, dear,
Is your crowning glory, dear!
So untie those silken strands or else I'll think
you're horrid!

You thrill every bit o' me!
You are the epitome
Of Diana's grace and Aphrodite's beauty
mingled!
What! You won't undo your hair?
Why, what's happened to your hair?
What a chump I am! I clean forgot you'd
had it shingled! —*Max Lief*

Our Discussion Club—Gerald B. Smart, (Our Best Talker): "Science Will Yet Discover a Synthetic Process by Which All Power of Thought Will be Reduced to a Maximum Quota Per Capita, Equalizing, But at the Same Time Raising the Individual Standard. Once This is Accomplished There Will be Such an Impact of Collective Wisdom as to Penetrate Far Out and Beyond the Vast Void of the Unknowable"

Dr. Jneezinski (Our Radical Member, in the Foreground, Speaking in Rebuttal): "The Previous Speaker is All Right as Far as He Goes"

CHORUS

"It was the movies learned me!
I wasn't born this way!
Them pitchers from America
Are why I'm here today.
I found I was that Spanish type,
With Valentino dome.
It was the movies learned me
How I could wreck a home!"

III

ENCORE

In Africa I saw a man, attracted by his cries
His vest was stained with yellow, he was
blind in both his eyes
I stopped and spoke to him in kindly tones.
Said I, "Well, well!
How came you thus?" To me, then, this
sad story he did tell!

Mother: "Now, Remember, Mary, No Pastry for the Children! I'm Very Particular What Goes Into Their Little Tummies"

FIVE
Schrader
VALVE INSIDES
A. SCHRADER'S SON INC
BROOKLYN N.Y.
Ever since the old bicycle days the Schrader Valve Inside has held air in tires so well that millions of users have hardly given it a thought. It still equally dependable for balloon or cord tires

No Schrader Valve can "Slow Leak"

If equipped with a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside

Tires will not lose air through the valve—

(1) If a Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every Schrader Valve. Should the Valve Inside become damaged, a Schrader Valve Cap screwed down tightly by hand forms an air-tight secondary seal.

(2) If you renew your Valve Insides and Valve Caps whenever they become injured.

Schrader Valve Insides cost only a few cents. They are among the lowest-priced accessories that are essential for your car. Five Schrader Valve Insides come in the red and blue metal box. Always carry a "spare" box in your tool kit. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers.

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Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Modern decorative ideas offer so many ways of getting character into a room. In floors, for instance, Art Inlaid today is fast going way to colorful Belfor Inlaid. This rich design is 'Pattern No. 2047 6.

This Three Tree trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belfor Inlaid—a new line of marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.

Straight Line Inlaid—cleancut inlaid tile patterns, marble and

Dutch Tile and Mottled Inlaid—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.

Marble Inlaid—a rich two tone all-over effect.

Granite and Moresque Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.

The edge shows you

How rich inlaid patterns are permeated through and through to the cork base.

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Govt. specifications. In five colors.

Plain Linoleum—quiet weavings of Battleship Linoleum. Two weights.

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored floor.

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paints on genuine Linoleum. Has a hard glossy surface.

Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.

Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.

Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047

Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 1683

Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 2048

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

"A Quality Product Since 1888"

"I thought this floor was expensive until Bess showed me the bill"

CERTAINLY nothing could be more luxurious and beautiful than this newest of Nairn floorings. Yet moderate price is one of *Belflor* Inlaid's notable features.

Enough *Belflor* Inlaid for the average size room actually costs less than a small upholstered chair. And think of the joy of having a floor whose colors harmonize with your rugs and other furnishings. *Belflor* Inlaid *decorates* a room—so different from cold, common-place wood.

And *Belflor* quality is of the highest. It measures up in every particular to the standards that have distinguished all the other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums for nearly forty years.

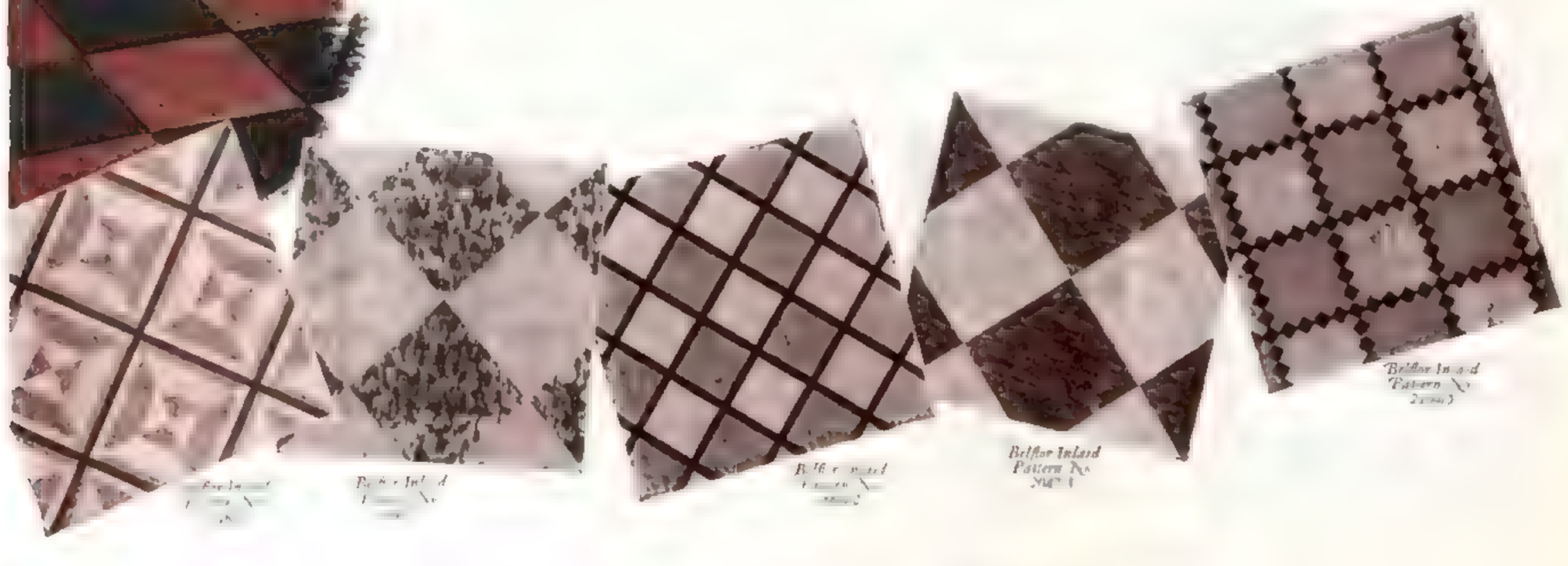
Belflor Inlaid is easily laid and will keep its beauty for years. The colors are permanent, they go clear through to the burlap back. An occasional waxing keeps them fresh. Refinishing is unnecessary.

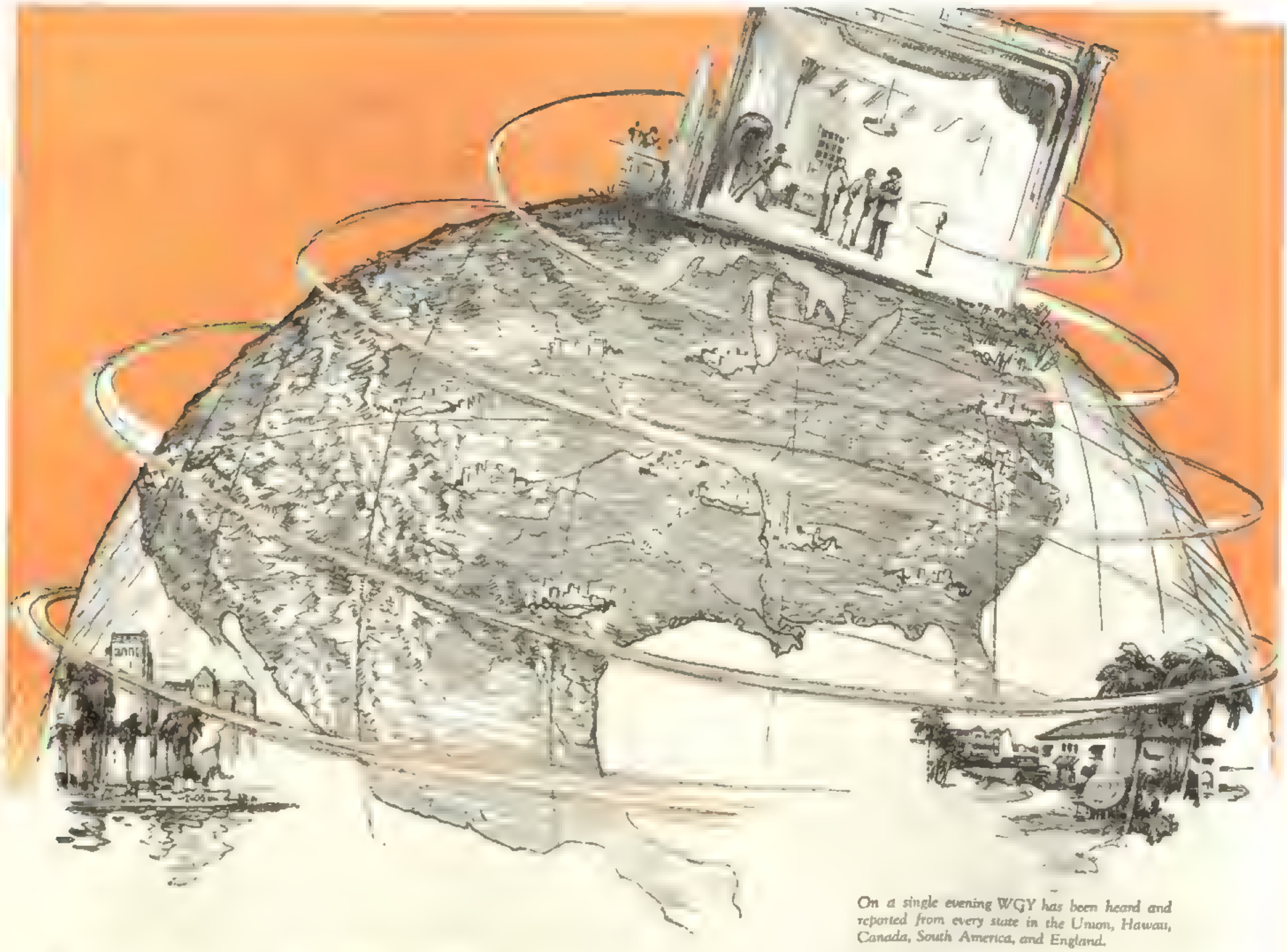
Let colored floors beautify *your* living-room, sun-porch, kitchen, dining-room. In *Belflor* Inlaid you'll find just the designs and color-combinations you want, and at small cost.

You'll be interested in seeing the patterns reproduced in the Nairn *Belflor* folder. Write us for it.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN, INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans





On a single evening WGY has been heard and reported from every state in the Union, Hawaii, Canada, South America, and England.

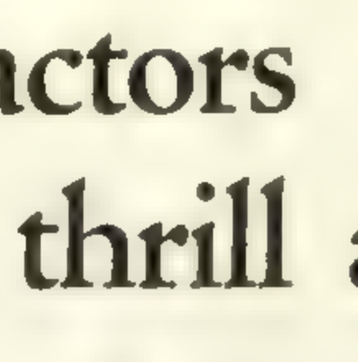
Unseen actors that thrill an audience of *millions*

OUT upon the still night come the sounds of a desperate struggle. Heavy blows splinter a door—there's a crash. A shot is fired—a woman screams!

And millions of radio listeners thrill as delightful gooseflesh creeps up their backs. For it is not real bloodshed but WGY, the General Electric Company's broadcasting station at Schenectady, N. Y., giving a radio drama. On a single evening WGY has been heard and reported from every state in the Union, Hawaii, Canada, South America, and England.

In the broadcasting of this famous station, Exide Batteries are employed. All batteries in the equipment are Exides. A great many of the most important government and commercial radio plants use Exide Batteries.

They were selected for the Navy airship Shenandoah and the great liner Leviathan. Exides went to the Arctic with MacMillan and helped the American airmen circle the globe.



Exide 6-volt "A" battery in one-piece case

There are also Exide "A" batteries for 2 volt and 4-volt tubes and "B" batteries, 24 and 48 volt, of 6000 milliampere hour capacity. The Exide line includes a most economical "B" battery Rectifier.

When you tune in

There is a complete line of Exide Radio Batteries made for home receiving sets. Like the larger Exides, they are dependable and long-lived.

They give uniform current through a long period of discharge and assure you the clearest reception. You will find them not only a great satisfaction but a genuine economy.

You can get Exide Radio Batteries at every Exide Service Station and at radio dealers'. There is a type for every tube and a size for every set.

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Philadelphia

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin St., Toronto

Exide

RADIO BATTERIES

FOR BETTER RADIO RECEPTION
USE STORAGE BATTERIES

POWER

(Continued from Page 42)

things over, but that she preferred I should go to her instead of her coming to me.

That was nice and nervy of her, but it didn't altogether fit in with my plans. So I took a chance and declined to visit the second-class apartment hotel where she'd so discreetly planted herself. She became equally firm in her decision not to make the first surrender. But she began to sniff the quarry by this time, and, as I had foreseen, she finally surrendered. She talked to me over the phone, in a wonderfully sad and timorous voice, and made an appointment to come to my office at four the next afternoon.

I had everything ready for her the next day, but I gave no evidence of that to the visitor herself, for, although she arrived punctually on the hour appointed, I kept her cooling her heels in the outer room for exactly forty-five minutes. A wait like that, I've found, always takes a little of the wind out of their sails. I'd insisted that she should come alone. I'd also suggested the expediency of bringing along her precious little package of letters, though Newt was unable to tell me just how many to expect in that package. Newt, in fact, was too rattled to be of much use to us. He'd have taken the first boat for South America, I guess, if I'd given him a chance to get away. And hidden away in the auditor's office, fresh from his Hoboken oyster bar, I had the bleary-eyed Forgan, growing mellower and mellower over a bottle of Kentucky mountain dew.

When I was good and ready for her, I sent out for the Swickard woman. I knew when she stepped into my office and I knew when the door closed behind her. But I made it a point to be busy with my papers. I kept her standing in front of my desk for a full two minutes before I even looked up at her, and when I did look up at her I got the shock of my life.

I'd expected to see a hard-faced young termagant with a frescoed cheek and a roving eye, a wary and worldly-wise virago who might smell of musk, but who'd fight like a cornered rat. Yet, instead of that when I looked up I saw a rather slender-bodied young woman with a pale face and misty hazel eyes with a trace of tears in them. Her tremulous red mouth was trying to smile as she looked down at me. What most impressed me was a beguiling air of softness about her. She seemed anything but a fighter. In fact she looked like a woman who was already beaten. And I'd actually weakened enough, before I quite knew it, to push a chair over to where she stood.

She kept her eyes on me all the time as she felt for the chair arm and sat down. I didn't flatter myself that she was afraid of me, but there was a timid light in her eyes that rather puzzled me. I began to feel, for the first time, that Newt wasn't such a fool as I'd thought him. The woman was attractive. She looked so pensive and passive as she studied me with those wounded-gazelle eyes that I began to feel like a good deal of a bully. I had to take myself in hand and think hard of Forgan. I was too old a fighter to be sidetracked by a pretty face, and I'd my family name to clear.

"I understand my son has been making a fool of himself," I said, wading right in.

"No, it's not Newt," she protested. "It's me." And that rather took my breath away.

"I agree with you," I managed to proclaim, fixing her with the steeliest stare I could send in her direction.

I sat there, waiting for her to say something; but she remained silent. It wasn't until she dug out her handkerchief that I felt it wise to get things moving again.

"What is it you want?" I asked, and I didn't ask it any too gently.

"I want Newt to care for me," she said in a small and sobbing voice. For the second time she took the wind out of my sails.

"D' you mean you want to marry him?"

"I don't want him to marry that other woman," answered the wet-eyed lady in the armchair; and knowing what I knew, I had to acknowledge that she was an uncommonly finished little actress.

"You're so set against it," I reminded her, "that you want to fine him fifty thousand dollars for the privilege."

"It's not the money I want," she protested with another shrug. "It's Newt."

"Are you trying to tell me that you care for him?" I demanded.

"I have loved him," she answered back, and she said it with such a quiet dignity that I had to remember Wambaugh's official reports in my desk drawer before I could persuade myself that pious meekness was all a part of the carefully planned game.

"And you still love him?" I asked.

"I don't want him to marry that other woman," she repeated in a sort of tearful stubbornness.

"No more do I!" I echoed, without knowing I'd said it. For when I thought of Lavinia Page with her pale green eyes fringed with amber and her exacting hard mouth and her finicky pale fingers that couldn't handle anything heavier than a water-color brush, I began to feel rather sorry for Newt. He seemed to be standing halfway between a wildcat and a water moccasin.

"Then what's the matter with you marrying him?" I suddenly suggested; and I thought at first it was my speech that had caused the quick hardening of her curved and tremulous lips.

"Newt says he'll never marry me," was the girl's altogether unlooked for answer, and for the second time my estimate of Newt's character went up a peg or two.

"Then what are we to do about it?" I asked.

The girl stopped, before answering that question, to dry her eyes.

"He says he wants these letters back," she explained, producing a neatly arranged package tied with blue ribbon.

"Might I look at them?" I ventured.

"They're far too personal for that," was her firm but quiet retort, and for the first time I was able to see the claws beneath the velvet.

"Then what do you intend doing with them?" was my next inquiry.

"That's for you to decide," she announced, as she let her gaze meet mine.

"I don't quite follow you," I parried.

"You're a wealthy man," was her answer, "and I'm a poor girl. Through your son, I've been hurt and humiliated. I accepted his attentions as honorable. I gave him everything I had to give. I believed in him and thought he was going to ——"

"Were you willing to marry him?" I interrupted.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation. "Yes, of course I wanted to marry him."

"Would you have married him?" I insisted.

"Yes," she acknowledged.

"And you were free to do so?" I demanded. "You were a girl of good character, with a name clean enough to be linked with that of my son?"

"Of course," was her somewhat indignant response, though her face, as she spoke, was a trifle paler than before. "And a good deal cleaner, now I've come to see things as they are."

"Then let's get this straight," I went on. "My son Newt, who seems to want to marry another woman, wrote you those letters which you hold in your hand. They're of such a nature that they could either stop this intended marriage or humiliate him and the other lady if made public. But for a certain consideration you're willing to return those letters, hold your peace and retire discreetly from the scene. What is that consideration?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," announced the quiet little thing with a throat like a swan's.

"That's a large sum of money," I objected; and more than ever I noticed the hardening of the misty red mouth in front of me.

"It's the smallest sum I would consider in this case," she coolly proclaimed as she tucked away her handkerchief.

"Are you quite fixed on that?" I exacted.

"Quite!" she announced, without blinking an eye; and for all her pose of quietness, I could see a certain anticipatory eagerness creep into her face as I got up from my chair and fell to pacing back and forth across my office floor.

"Is there no other way of settling this?" I asked as I stopped and faced her.

"I know of none," she said, without even looking up.

"And you still demand that fifty thousand?" I repeated.

"I'm not demanding it," she had the effrontery to explain. "It's you and your son who are demanding something from me." And this time when her gaze met mine there was steel in it.

"Then may I make one small demand of you?" I said, out of the silence that had fallen over us.

"What demand?" she asked, as her eye followed my movement where I touched the buzzer button that sounded the signal for Wambaugh to send Forgan in.

I thought I had control of my features, but I must have been mistaken in this, for something in my face brought the swan-necked woman slowly up out of her chair, with her narrowed eyes on mine and her breathing quickening as she stood across the desk from me, staring into my eyes.

"I want you to meet a mutual friend of ours," I announced, as I saw Wambaugh swing back the door, for I knew well enough that Bob was ushering the pasty-faced Frank Forgan into the office.

The woman, who had been watching me, let her eyes slue around to the figure that had come to a stop at the edge of the rug. There was, as far as I could see, no change in her expression. She merely stared at that fatal figure for ten or twelve seconds of silence, knowing of course exactly what Forgan's presence there meant to her carefully planned coup.

But she must have done a good deal of thinking in that ten or twelve seconds. She was even able to laugh as she turned back to my desk, where I already had Wambaugh's report on her well-spattered past spread out for her inspection. But there wasn't much mirth in the laugh.

"Send him away," she said in an abstracted and tired sort of voice, with a head nod toward her ex-husband. "Gumming the game was about all he was ever good for anyway."

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want to talk to you," was her answer.

"On the contrary," I said, as I motioned for Wambaugh to lead off his man, "I've considerable data right here that I'm going to hand out to you."

"Oh, that stuff!" she cried, with a contemptuous, quick glance down at my documents in evidence. "What's the use of trotting that old story out at this stage of the game? I'm not a blockhead."

"I agree with you," I acknowledged, trying not to smile.

"And I've sense enough to know when the cards have gone against me," she went on, as she sat listlessly down in her chair again. She leaned forward and pushed her package of letters across the end of the desk. I don't think her eyes were even on me as I took the package, untied it and looked through the letters to make sure I was getting what I expected.

I could see pertness and defiance and frustration on her face as I opened the drawer on my right and dropped the package into it. She was about the color of a calla lily by this time; but out of that pallor her eyes shone with an odd sort of light, like that of a cat's in the dark. And the strange part of it was she struck me as being a perversely attractive young woman, a young woman with an incongruous sort of flowerlike softness that made me realize Newt wasn't such an empty-headed rabbit as I'd at first thought him.

"You're rather a clever old boy," she soliloquized aloud as she continued to regard me with an insolently estimative eye.

"Not so old," I objected, feeling a little awkward under that frank stare of hers.

"But hard as nails," she continued, with her brooding and rebellious eyes still fixed on me.

Al Gillies' head in the doorway at the same time reminded me I had other problems besides talking with pretty women.

"Supposing we get down to hardpan," I suggested, a trifle tired of her flippancies.

She glanced at the Wambaugh report I'd taken up. It surprised me a little to discover that her under lip was trembling. Her clowning, after all, had been merely a bit of play acting to mask a badly troubled soul. She knew I had her exactly where I wanted her, and she was afraid of me.

"What are you going to do with me?" she finally asked, as she got up from her chair and stood close to my shoulder, apparently reading the opening lines of the report in front of me.

I even repeated that question to myself, scarcely conscious of the fact that she had

(Continued on Page 79)

Bon Voyage!

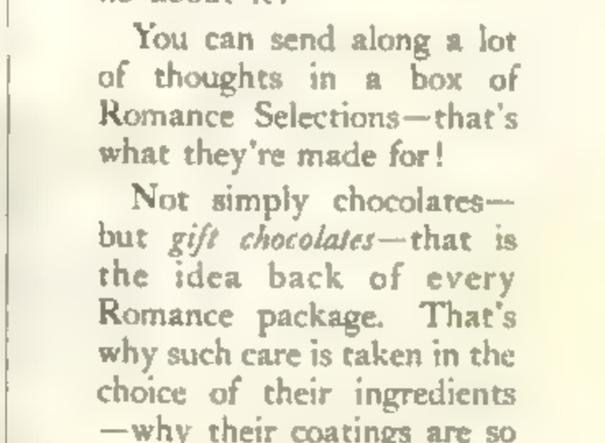
IF you can't go, too—what are you going to do about it?

You can send along a lot of thoughts in a box of Romance Selections—that's what they're made for!

Not simply chocolates—but *gift chocolates*—that is the idea back of every Romance package. That's why such care is taken in the choice of their ingredients—why their coatings are so rich and smooth—why each box contains such a wide variety of delicious pieces.

Cox Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

Romance Selections come in 1, 2 and 5 lb. packages.



ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Will your new floors be as beautiful as these?

These new floors of color will replace your old floors with beauty that lasts for a lifetime

EVERY home, old or new, can now have beautiful floors—floors that smile through years of wear with beauty that is modern.

The growing vogue for pattern floors brings this new beauty to your home. For today, interior decorators, prominent architects, and thoughtful home planners see happy inspiration in the latest floor designs created by Armstrong's.

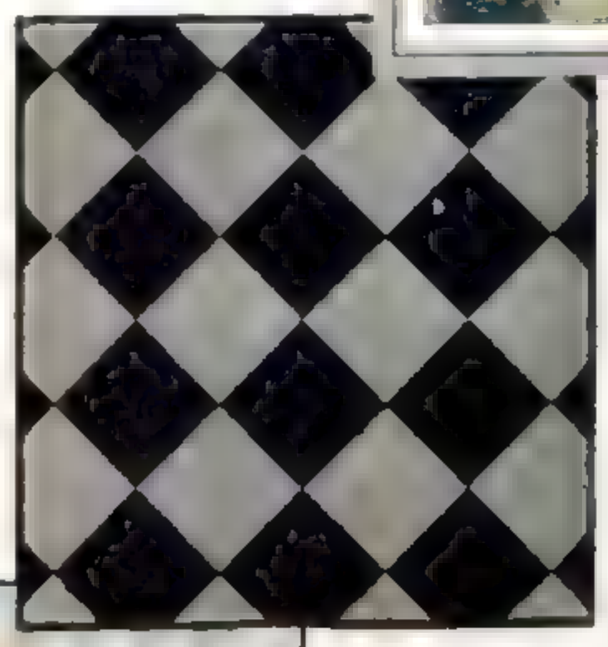
Your floors need no longer be cold and colorless—just something to walk on. Rather, you can now make them the foundation, the basis, for lively color schemes for every room in your home.

Does your sun porch need reflooring? The quaint inset tile effect in the sun room you see here is just one suggestion for making the floors as cheerful and sunny as the rest of the room.

Maybe you prefer one of the new handcraft tiles that come in rich reds, greens, blues, or grays. Perhaps a plain block pattern or a soft carpet effect will better suit the color scheme you have in mind.

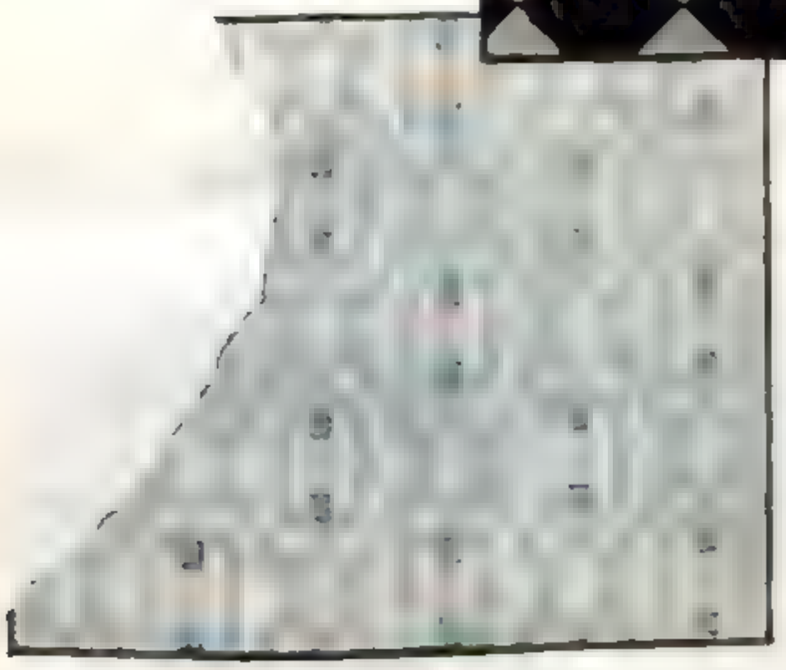
Let your imagination have full sway. The variety of new colorings and new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum will amaze you—and delight you.

The choice color scheme of this sunshiny porch is based on the Inset Marble Tile Floor Pattern No. M61, with its border of gray Jaspé Pattern No. 15. At the top is shown another suggestion for a sun porch or living-room floor (Moulded Inlaid Pattern No. 5056).



The smart charm of this new gray and black design will add a note of welcome to your entrance hall or breakfast-room. It is Pattern No. 201.

A quiet restfulness in the coloring of this new carpet tile floor for bedroom is Pattern No. 3520.



The many new patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum, patterns designed to bring correct touches of color to any room you may be redecorating, are now on display at good furniture and department stores. Go to see them. Ask the merchant to show you how fine fabric rugs look when spread on one of these new Armstrong floors. Then imagine such a floor in your own home—firmly cemented over a warm lining of heavy builders' deadening felt—a smooth, soft-gleaming background for your own pretty rugs and furniture. Best of all, think of that floor as one that keeps its beauty for a lifetime of hard wear.

To help you give your home interiors the correct decorative touch, not only in floor colors but also in draperies and other home furnishings, we maintain a Bureau of Interior Decoration. Write to this Bureau for advice on your particular problems of decoration. Color schemes and other helpful suggestions will be sent you for any room you describe. There is no charge for this personal service.

A new book for home planners

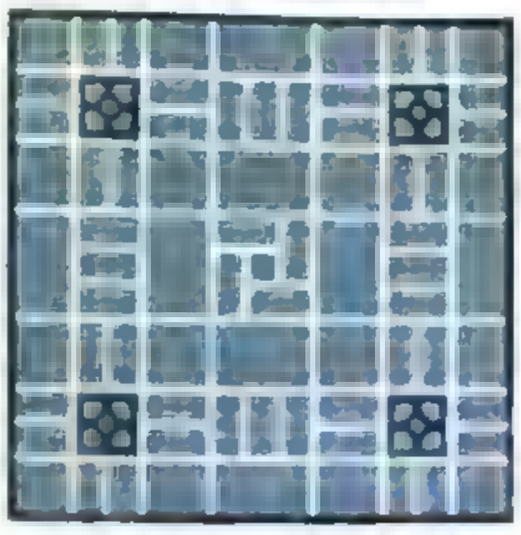
By Agnes Foster Wright

In her new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," Mrs. Wright gives many useful ideas for decorating different rooms. She is an authority on interior decorating and a writer for House and Garden and other magazines you read. This new book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
849 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE A *trademark on the burlap back*

In this new printed design, quaint tiles are reproduced in all their picturesque and pan attractiveness. Pattern No. 7100.



Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

(Continued from Page 77

one hand on my shoulder and that she was looking down at me with a new note of pleading in her eyes.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked still again, in a voice so small it seemed little more than a whisper; and she wasn't unconscious of the fighting power of her softness, of the basic appeal of her pliant and perfumed young body pressed so close to my coat sleeve.

I didn't answer that question of hers. I didn't need to, for at that moment Javan Page came into the office. He stopped short at the tableau that must have been rather a puzzle to him. He even smiled wintrily as Irma Swickard drew away from me. But no further sign of shock escaped him. Page's cool eye, in fact, looked the lady over with approval as he talked for a moment or two on official business, and as he talked I suddenly decided what to do with this same troublesome Irma Swickard. I had a property in hand, and not to use that property was bad economics.

So I got up and formally introduced Javan Page to the luminous-eyed young lady standing before the window. Page was in English golf clothes, which were not so common in those days, and he announced that he was off for the afternoon. He chatted for a minute or two and then asked, with a slightly mocking sort of gallantry, as the Swickard woman gave evidence of her approaching departure, if he could drop her anywhere on his way uptown.

Her eye met mine. She covered her momentary indecision by solemnly walking over to me and shaking hands. I didn't speak, but she seemed to receive and register a message.

"Thanks, I'll ride with you," she said, with an arch smile over her shoulder to Page, a smile that promptly took a little of the starch out of that stiff-necked gentleman. And before they went away together, rather gayly, she turned back to thank me for my kindness. Some day, she protested from the doorway, she hoped to repay it.

I didn't quite know what she meant, and she couldn't have quite known what I meant when she studied my face. But through the operation of some vague instinct she must have surmised that I stood not unwilling to see her attach herself to the cold-eyed man in the English golf clothes. I had the satisfaction, at any rate, of seeing her laughingly link her arm through the other's tweed-clad arm and go out as light-hearted as though she were a child with a new toy and as though Bob Wambaugh didn't stand in the other doorway with a look of mingled perplexity and disgust on his honest face.

"Does Page know the breed of that bird?" my investigation chief inquired as I folded up his reports.

"Probably not," I acknowledged.

"He may get his fingers blackened if he plays with pitch," ventured the wise man beside my desk.

"That would be a great misfortune," I conceded, as I showed Wambaugh the salvaged package of letters and tossed them back into the drawer again. But I wasn't thinking of Newt and I wasn't thinking of his letters. I was thinking more of Aurelia Page and what she and her family had once done to my family, and I had a few fish of my own to fry.

Two days later I had Irma Swickard back in my office again. When she confessed that she was at the end of her rope and needed help I suggested the possibility of her going on our pay roll. She looked me over with her estimative eye and asked me what her work would be. I somewhat disappointed her by announcing that I'd begin using her as a spotter, to check up on our conductors' turn-in of cash fares; but that when she'd established a claim for silence and discretion she'd be moved on to more important work, and probably work more to her liking. Her connection with the road of course was to remain an official secret.

"All right," she rather indifferently acceded, after giving my proposal a minute or two of thought. "I'm wise."

It was on her way out that she stepped back to my desk for a moment.

"How about this man Page?" she asked.

"Well, what about him?" I parried.

"He's taken quite a fancy to me," said the misty-eyed lady as her gaze met and locked with mine.

"And how about you?" I inquired.

"That's for you to say," she answered, without a tremor.

But I didn't say. If the lady came to her own conclusions, however, it was no fault of mine. I had work enough running a railroad without playing shepherd dog to officials who nibble themselves astray the same as the unwatched sheep nibbles itself astray. And I was busy two minutes later conferring with Haskins, the head of the First National, on the transfer of our fourteen-million-dollar block of preferred to the Moskowitz-VanVorst Syndicate.

XII

I SOON had bigger movements than the entangling and untangling of petticoats to take up my attention. I'd been grooming my system, as a jockey grooms his horse, to face its big jump to the Atlantic seaboard. From the very beginning, in fact, I'd planned and worked for that movement. I'd nursed my resources and built up my reserves. I'd waited in weakness and advanced when I had the strength to advance and waited again until new power came to hand. By drastic and skillful operating we had been able to show a continuously increasing net income, and instead of cropping our soil we were quietly putting back into it considerably more than we were taking out. We did not rank high on the stock exchange. That, indeed, was the one thing I did my best to guard against, for the time was not yet ripe for us to show our power. And I never cared to have my proof of power take the form of a naval parade. But we were stronger than either our friends claimed or our enemies surmised.

By keeping our whole gangling system under my eagle eye and by operating in a manner which would have brought a smile to Big Sam Callard in his grave, I was able to push my average trainload of revenue freight up to five hundred and twenty-nine tons, an increase of sixty-four tons as compared with the year when we took over the C. M. & T. Our loaded freight-car mileage was increased by 12½ per cent and our empty freight-car mileage was decreased by well over 13 per cent. In spite of adverse legislation and labor exactions and increased competition, our average revenue per ton mile rose as high as 6.88 mills, and our average revenue per passenger mile came to within a mill or two of two cents, a little tidal wave of triumph sweeping through our home offices when we'd passed the old New York Central by several mills for the same year.

But we were like the mountains that looked on Marathon while Marathon looked on the sea. We could go eastward only as far as the Morris and Mideastern. Where we ended there the Morris and Mideastern began, lapping its happy feet in the waters of the upper bay where it narrows into the Hudson. It had a tidewater outlet, but this gift of the gods was sternly discounted by its paucity of feeders and a halfway inland terminal that stood as firmly anchored as our own halfway Eastern terminal. For we blocked them on the west as inexorably as they blocked us on the east; and when you've an enemy holding you down, you've either got to beat him or be beaten by him.

But we weren't strong enough to swallow the Morris and Mideastern. It would take six or seven years of careful campaigning, as I'd figured it, to build up for anything like that anaconda act, even with luck still on our side and no crop failure or business depression to retard our natural growth. And many things, unforeseen things, from the hand of Providence or an Interstate Commerce Commission, can happen in that time. Labor, too, was getting more and more organized and arbitrary, and I was none too satisfied with the prospect in general.

The investing public, in fact, was with me in that feeling of uneasiness. There was a definite withdrawal of funds from railway enterprises, and when M. & M. ran true to form and reacted to this sentiment, I made it a point personally to pick up every loose share that I could get at a sufficiently low figure. I knew what I was working toward, but my aim wasn't selfish and my attention wasn't primarily directed toward the financial phase of a consolidation. It was manifest destiny. It was the spirit of the times crying for amalgamation.

What I wanted to see was a linking up of short lines for the betterment of transportation, one unified system under one efficient management and the whole haul from coast to coast going into the coffers of one company. It was not to thwart our bigger rivals and it was not to strangle our smaller ones; it was for the public service. It was not for gain and it was not for glory, as I made plain in that pretty well-known speech of mine to the commission, when it first convened to consider the merger—though it was my own daughter Natalie who read that same speech in the evening paper, and when her cool, amber eye had got to the end, murmured "Claptrap!" and marched out of the room with a careless smile on her lips.

I was going to give the history of that merger, step by step, but the sagacious Wallie says to cut it short. It's only of interest, he contends, to the railway world, and the railway world already knows it from A to Z.

Perhaps it does. But when Holston, of the M. & M., suggested that I go on their board he had no inkling of the M. & M. stock I owned or controlled. When I was offered the general managership of his half-moribund Eastern road, and promptly declined it, they interpreted my stand as mere loyalty to the old D. & B. And, in a way, it was loyalty to my old home road, loyalty to a plan that was bigger and older than my own personal ambition. Instead of going as a commander, I went as a hostage to the M. & M. personnel. There, I knew, I could eventually swing the rest of the board to my way of seeing things.

It took a year of carefully guarded home operating to let them finally anchor their hope in me. But our water-level route in the lake region, our fattening feeders and our interchanging record at all gateway cities, our big Twin City cut-off and the ironing out of grades and elimination of strangle curves, our roadbed as clean as a billiard table, and our rolling stock that functioned to the last inch of its ability—all these combined to bring light to the doubtful.

The American Railway Association had set thirty miles a day as the average distance a freight car should travel, and most of the roads had trouble in attaining that operating goal. But once I'd broken Ninety-Car Nelson in to my needs, that grim-jawed adjutant of mine ran his record up to forty-three and then to forty-four and a half miles a day. We had no competitor who could get more out of a ton of coal. We nursed no sluggards and we had no natural advantages that stood neglected.

By expedited service and intensive utilization of equipment, by strenuous solicitation of business, by continued improvement in train loading and by rigid economies in fuel and wages and maintenance expenses, we finally made them sit up and take notice. And that record of earnings and expansion, they knew, was not due to luck. It was due to the activity and ability of a carefully selected corps of workers dominated by the personality of one man—one man both determined on success and willing to render service to the last ounce of his energy.

I happened to be that man. And when the Wall Street group who controlled the M. & M. wanted to share in that success, when they knew a natural-enough craving to savor the taste of triumph, I explained to them that they could do so only at a price. They could do so only by merging with my Western line and making me overlord of the new system.

They hesitated to listen to reason, it's true, but when it came to a test vote I held enough stock and proxies to save them from committing commercial suicide. And Big Sam must have smiled once more in his grave, for when I walked out of that board room that looked like a battlefield with its strewn papers and its stale air and its drifting cloud of cigar smoke, when I walked out of that room into the arms of twenty waiting reporters who crowded around me like wolves around a lamb, the old D. & B. fulfilled its destiny and reached the Atlantic. At one jump it had broken through to the seaboard.

There were details to be worked out, of course, such as a deposit agreement and an equitable exchange of the older shares for the newer and the obtaining of Federal sanction for the amalgamation. But that was merely a matter of routine, for the holders of those shares had already registered their approval by their votes, and the governmental agency reputed to be supervising the merger had already duly reported:

"The tentative consolidation plan of the commission and the showing made in this proceeding support the conclusion that consolidation of the two properties and corporations here involved so serves the public

Effecto AUTO Enamels

Try it on a fender!

If you are skeptical about your ability to paint your car with Effecto Auto Enamel, just touch up some of those rusty spots on a fender. Then you'll begin to realize the possibilities in one or two coats of Effecto, the *original* automobile *enamel* that has delighted several million car owners during the ten years it has been on the market.

A few dollars' worth of Effecto, several hours of interesting work and twenty-four hours for drying will make your old car look like new. Effecto is free-flowing and self-leveling. It dries without runs, laps or brush marks.

Effecto is not a paint, wax or polish; it is made in eight popular *enamel* colors, Finishing (clear varnish) and Top & Seat Dressing. Sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Free Quarter Pint Can of Black Effecto Enamel

Send a dime to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter pint of Black Effecto Enamel which you can try out on a fender or wheel.

Free Effecto Color Card and Names of Local Dealers Sent on Request

If you wish a professional finishing job, your automobile painter can secure the very best results with one of the several Pratt & Lambert automobile finishes.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
145 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 91 Courtwright Street
Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"Save the surface and you save all"

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circula*...ERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

THE fourth of March is a Politician's uncertain day. He is either coming in or going out. If he is staying in it's because they haven't got wise to him yet. I have always said Office-holders should be elected for life (subject, of course, to impeachment for neglect or dishonesty). Then they could give their work all of their time, instead of worrying about how to stay in, and that would do away entirely with the biggest social problem we have to face in this Country. And that is the thousands of Individuals who go through life just trying to get in office. If we could just get their minds off offices, and get 'em to working at something useful! But what's the use talking about a Heaven on earth?

We got to die to get rid of the Office-seeker, and then I bet you we will find them, either wanting to have Saint Peter impeached, or to get a job as Superintendent of the Furnace. Oh Yes, I like to forgot 'Bull' Durham. It will be on sale in both places, no advance in prices.

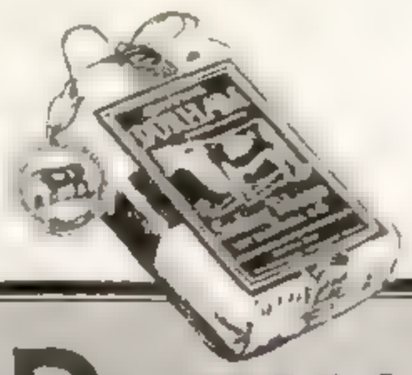
Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents



'BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

interest that impediment would be a misfortune."

The important part was that the directorate of the M. & M. went away from that meeting with the satisfied feeling that they had absorbed me. It was expedient, of course, to let them nurse that illusion. But I knew, in my own soul and behind all the solemnly polite phrasing, that I had absorbed them. The one gesture of surrender on the part of the D. & B. was the shift of the controlling offices. It was agreed, with my final reluctant consent, that the headquarters of the merged roads should be in New York. This meant the elimination of the old D. & B. headquarters and a shift of me and my staff to the Eastern terminal.

It was a move to which, personally, I could see many objections. But it permitted the M. & M. directorate to save its face. It gave an impression, which I knew could be only temporary, that the Eastern division had swallowed the Western. It deluded certain Wall Street financiers into the belief that the tail could swing the dog instead of the dog swinging the tail. But that was as trivial, I foresaw, as the first dispute of a bride and groom over who's going to be boss of the family. It's only nature that the stronger should rule, though gallantry, of course, sometimes allows the weaker a pretense at governing. So I let them have their little parade of triumph. All I wanted was possession. They'd know me better, I remembered, when I'd been with them a little longer.

Up to this time, I must acknowledge, I wasn't much of a figure in either the general railway world or the world at large. I was known to my fellow workers and my rivals, but my name meant little to the man in the street, and I'd never asked for his attention.

But the M. & M. merger made a difference. I became a personage. As I've already said, the newspaper boys were waiting for me when I came out of that board room. They followed me and photographed me and harried me with questions while I stared at them with a hard eye and kept my mouth shut. But I realized I had something they wanted, and I guess I enjoyed keeping it away from them. It was a new taste of power to me, the headier kind that comes from front-page stories and display type and line cuts that make you wonder why a sane woman ever married you.

From that day on, however, I became rather a public character. When I walked into a hotel lobby men would whisper, "That's John Rusk!" When my business car rolled into a station yard, there was usually an interviewer outside the brass railing to ask my views on cigarette smoking or the prevailing export situation. When I announced that I'd fire Bayne Purvis quicker'n hell could scorch a feather if he had another congestion and embargo at our new terminal, the New York papers used that homely phrase in their headlines. They spoke of me as the strong man out of the West.

But if they'd had a little closer look into my family life they might have wavered about calling me the Cæsar Augustus of the cinder pit, for there I still carried the ashes of defeat on my tongue. My son Newt was a failure, idling away the best part of his life, out of touch with me and my work, tangled up with the good-for-nothing daughter of a man I despised and a woman I abhorred. My wife seemed lost in a vapid little world of her own, too preoccupied with the tepid problems of her mental therapy to be interested in the conflicts of my grosser world, even protesting that she was too tired to take up the responsibility for our Eastern migration and leaving that matter largely in the hands of our amber-eyed Natalie, who, for once in her life, emerged from her shell of disdain and showed a febrile sort of interest in our new fortunes.

It was Natalie, indeed, who piloted the passive family through the devious steps of that migration. It was Natalie who went on to New York and looked over the field with a coldly calculating eye and decided on the graystone Fifth Avenue house which I was fool enough to lease for nineteen years. It was Natalie who made me take the elk tooth off my watch chain and insisted that Tassie should be transferred to a Tarrytown boarding school, and was equally firm on a butler and a second footman and a chauffeur for the town car, which she personally selected from among the more expensive of the new foreign makes. And it was Natalie who led in a queer-looking woman claiming to be an interior decorator and turning out to be a pastel-loving nincompoop who made our new home look more like a modiste's salon than a place to eat and sleep and be comfortable in. Natalie's smile was one of quiet scorn when I complained about the strangeness of those new surroundings. She silenced me by saying she knew about such things, and I didn't.

So I let her go her own way. I was a busy man, and home, after all, had never meant a great deal to me.

But there was, to me, something always lacking about that graystone house on the Avenue. I missed the old brown-leather morris chair where I used to smoke and read my paper. I missed the old golden-oak dining-room set that Aggie and I had picked out right in the Grand Rapids factory where it had been made. I missed the old black-walnut hatrack with the bevel mirror and the stag-horn hooks, and the marble-topped table where I used to keep a model of our first D. & B. lake ferry under a glass dome.

The best I could do was to commandeer the third-floor billiard room and order out the convertible pool table and dome lights and, after taking possession, install around me my road maps and blue prints and profile charts and files and books and the telegraph key connecting me by private wire with the office across the Hudson. And on top of my new bookshelves, in grim defiance of Natalie and the rest of the family, I placed the model of my first lake ferry and the silver loving cup the boys of the home office had given me the night of their farewell dinner.

Natalie once spoke of that heavily inscribed cup as an atrocity in metal, and it may not have been a thing of beauty to the casual eye. But to me it meant as much as the fillet they used to give one of those old Greek athletes after a struggle that meant a lifetime of preparation. It meant about what a first love letter means to a woman or what a baby shoe means to a mother who has seen the foot once wearing it wander off to far and lonely parts of the earth. For when I crossed the Hudson I in some way crossed my Rubicon. Things were never the same again. Some older sense of freedom slipped away from me. I wasn't allowed to put my feet up on a chair, and we no longer had homemade biscuits when company came to dinner. We were personages, and we had to live up to our parts.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Car *of the* Present

Before the advent of the Chrysler Six the better cars were on fairly even footing—with practically nothing to distinguish them but price. The Chrysler organization knew that, of course, and they knew that the public was not satisfied with existing types. Public dissatisfaction centered, not on individual cars, but on *all* cars. Chrysler engineers recognized that the uses of the car had outstripped the cars themselves, and that new and fresh enthusiasm would come only when the public was offered a car designed for the purposes of the *present*. Thus the Chrysler organization became the pioneer of the new order of things in automobile design and manufacture. It created an entirely new standard which has had the most profound influence not only upon motor car design, but upon motor car sales. Starting from scratch, Chrysler engineers were free from all limitations as to materials, methods and equipment. They were to produce the ideally serviceable car, regardless of traditions. The Chrysler thus came into being entirely new in the sense that it revealed possibilities of performance, comfort, grace and economy which were never even indicated before. New shop equipment was devised and completed. With it the Chrysler organization gave to motordom refinements that were and are impossible with old methods and old equipment. In the meantime the public response to the Chrysler Six was piling up a tremendous demand. Where people had seemed lukewarm, they became enthusiastic. Where they had been hesitant about other cars, they were eager to own the Chrysler. The Chrysler once seen and examined, there was born the desire to possess and drive this fleet, facile, eager, blithesome creation. Beyond the slightest doubt, once you experience the thrill of driving a Chrysler, you will never again be satisfied with anything less.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONT.

The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195; The Royal Coupe, $1895. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current government tax.

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

CHRYSLER SIX

How Do You
Buy Safety?
SOME owners drive to an ordinary repair shop. They accept cheap brake lining and inefficient methods. Yet, brake lining and brake service sold on the basis of the dollar sign cannot be safe, dependable or economical. Thousands of accidents are traceable to "cheap" brake lining incorrectly applied
Careful owners seek the Raybestos Brake Service Station where relining brakes is an important branch of automotive repair. Silver Edge Raybestos is used and applied to brake bands by modern, electrically-driven machines. "Price" is subordinated to "safety".
The Raybestos Service Station sign is far more essential to safety than the dollar sign. When you have the brakes relined, go to the Raybestos garage man in your vicinity. We will send you his name.
THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.
The Canadian Raybestos Company, Limited
Peterborough, Ont.
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, England

COOTS

Continued from Page 17

through the open door, and looked around. Uncle Benny was out on the bay, as usual. Dumping his purchases on the table, Coots slumped into a chair, extricated from his hip pocket a half-emptied flask that was fancifully labeled Five Roses, and placed it with the provisions. Thus he continued, shaking his head solemnly at intervals, until at dusk Uncle Benny came in with a bag of crab claws.

First, the old man glanced at Coots, then lifted the flask and viewed it with an appraising eye.

"That all?" he demanded.

"Enough, for the kind."

"Huh!" said Uncle Benny. "Got a head start on me, eh? Well, here's luck."

"And con-confusion to all Pharisees." added Coots.

Uncle Benny chuckled, recognizing that his friend had arrived at the stage where his language was apt to be Biblical. Then, without more comment, he went about the business of building a fatwood fire, filling an iron kettle with water, hanging it over the blaze, and selecting a dozen crab claws for dropping into the water when it should boil. This done he kicked off his rubber boots, leaned back in the other chair, and allowed the flask to remain gurglingly and long at his lips. Then he lighted his pipe.

"Pay up at Greb's?" he asked.

Coots nodded.

"Didn't meet up with any Pharisees, did you?"

"No," said Coots. "Nor Sadducees, nor Shulamites, nor any of the tribe of Bildad. But I—I have been scorned—scorned, Uncle Benny—by the loveliest of 'Phesians."

"Don't know the lady."

"Yes, you do. Must. Offshpring of Cap'n Lonzo Peete."

"Oh! Lon's girl, eh? The towhead that lives over on the key with him. What about the brat?"

"Pardon me, Uncle Benny. Should speak more respectful about young Diana, daughter of goddess. Might bring down wrath from Olympus."

They discussed the point at length, but without heat and with no impairment of the friendly tolerance on which their fellowship was based. Uncle Benny insisted that Lon Peete's daughter could have no Olympian attributes, whatever those were.

"Just another one of them hookwormy Cracker girls. Woods are full of 'em."

"Then why," asked Coots, "should she look on me with such high scorn? Why?"

"Well, why not? You ain't so much, are you? Specially when you're half soused, as I expect you was. And what if she did give you the cold eye? What's the odds, anyway? Let's have some supper."

By noon of the following day they were both sober; Uncle Benny remorsefully so from strictly physical reasons, Coots Avery unregretful but in a quieter, more thoughtful mood than usual. He was still trying to account for the cold scorn in the eyes of that bare-legged girl who had so casually snubbed him in front of Landers' store. During the afternoon, as he helped Uncle Benny bend lead sinkers about a new cast net, he tried to shake off all thought of her, but without success. Somewhat vague and blurred as it was, the image of that tawny-haired young person in the faded calico dress persisted. If anything, it grew clearer. And for many days afterward it recurred to puzzle and perplex him.

Finally he reopened the subject with Uncle Benny. "What's your idea, now? Was it because I'd been drinking that this Peete girl was so uppish with me?"

"Her?" Uncle Benny sniffed in disdain. "Why, she's seen more souses than both of us put together. Look at the crew Lon Peete generally has with him over on the key, specially in the mullet season. And Lon ain't no teetotaler himself. She's been brought up on it."

"Then it must have been something I said to her."

"Might," assented Uncle Benny. "Tell her she was one of them 'Phesians, did you? Huh! That's it, then. Thought you was makin' fun of her. And all them Crackers are mighty proud feelin', even brats like her. Nothin' to fuss over, though. What do you care?"

Coots shook his head. "I can hardly lay claim to being either a useful or an ornamental member of society, but at least I can be inoffensive. If I have sown seeds of bitterness in the heart of one human being, even the lowliest, I must make my amends. I'm going to hunt that girl up and explain if possible, that my reference to her as the daughter of Diana was intended as a compliment."

"How you goin' to say it—in Greek or Eye-talian?"

"In plain, Anglo-Saxon English, Uncle Benny."

"You can't. You'll go usin' a lot of fancy language, and first thing you know you'll git her more muddled up than ever."

"In that case I shall apologize for speaking to her at all. She will understand that, surely."

"If you take my advice, Coots, you'll stay away from anywhere near Lon Peete's island, or his girl."

"I don't see why I should, when the thing troubles me as it does."

And that very evening, having equipped himself with two pounds of somewhat stale chocolates in an ornate box, Coots Avery borrowed the wheezy motorboat and went chug-chugging across the bay to the point of a low-lying key where a dim light shone from the open door of Lon Peete's humble home. As he shut off the motor he could hear distant voices, so he guessed that Lon and his crew were busy up at the net racks, making ready the seines for an early morning venture. Good! He might find the girl alone.

He did. By the light of a large nickeled lamp she was washing dishes at a crude sink in the shantylike kitchen. As his footsteps made no sound in the sandy path she was unaware of his approach or that he stood looking at her. He noted that she wore the same faded dress with the addition of a canvas apron, evidently cut from an old sail. Also that the movements of her bare rounded arms were lithe and graceful.

"Miss Peete, I presume?" he opened.

She turned and shielded her eyes to gaze at the form in the doorway.

"Who's that?" she demanded, a quick note of alarm in her tone.

"Please don't be startled," he assured her. "It's Avery—Coots Avery—the one you were talking to in front of Landers' last Wednesday."

"What you-all want here?" Low though her voice was, there was aggressiveness in it.

"I was afraid you might have misunderstood what I said the other day about Diana, of the Ephesians. In my clumsy way I was merely paying you a compliment. She was a Greek goddess, you know, and a very beautiful one. Loveliest of the Ephesians, they called her. And while I am not sure that Diana had a daughter, if she had been so blessed I am sure that ——"

"Aw, shet yer yap. I done heerd enough of that the first time."

"But, my dear girl, I am only trying to ——"

"Say, you better git, mister, while the gittin's good."

She had turned to face him, hands on hips, a smoldering hate glowing in her eyes, a tense vigor revealed in the firm lines of her full young figure. With bow and crescent she would have been almost a Diana indeed. The wild beauty of her pose was not lost on Avery, nor the menace of her words. With a shrug of his shoulders he bowed.

"I am sorry I can't make you understand. I offer my apologies."

"Huh!" was her only response.

"I am going, as you wish. At once, if you insist. I should like first, though, to ask you one question."

"Well?"

"Why do you feel this way toward me, Miss Peete?"

"I don't want any truck with you, that's all."

"I see. And you are quite within your rights too. Then I suppose you would not care to accept this small peace offering which I took a chance on bringing?" He held out the ornate box.

She peered at it suspiciously, hesitated, smothered a little gasp.

"Choc'let candy?" she asked.

"As a token of my regret."

She was still peering. "Some got cherries into 'em?"

"I believe so." He held out the box, gay with its bow of pink satin

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Once an active social leader— now a helpless invalid

LIKE so many thousands of others, her breakdown traced its source to infected and abscessed teeth—abscessed teeth neglected!

They brought on serious internal disorders that wrecked her health within a few short years.

HOW ABOUT YOURSELF? Have you seen your dentist lately? Are you aware of the fact that many, many grave diseases trace their origin directly to neglected, abscessed teeth? Your doctor and dentist will tell you so.

One eminent authority in this field estimates that 78 out of every 100 adults today suffer from tooth abscesses—many totally unaware of the dangers lurking in such infections.

Among the troubles traced to these hidden wells of poison in your mouth are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor ailments ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

The age to which you are going to live may depend very largely upon the kind of attention you give your teeth.

Don't neglect seeing your dentist

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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—*Lambert Pharmacal Company*

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He says his beard is a music-box cylinder

"Mine isn't a beard. It's an old-fashioned music-box cylinder. Worse, my skin is as tender as a mother's love. Then I tried Williams Cream. Now, don't expect me to say that it makes shaving a joy. It doesn't. But it comes closer to it than anything I ever expected to find. I can now shave with comparative comfort. And my face is in better condition than it has been in years."

—NAME ON REQUEST

ALL THAT a perfect shaving cream can do is *done*—when your face has been lathered with Williams.

The first time you squeeze a bit out on your brush and apply it to your face, you realize how incomparably efficient it is:

1. The lather is dense—it piles upon the face.
2. The lather is wet—holds its moisture to the end of the shave.
3. It lifts and scatters the oil film on the beard almost magically.
4. It is precisely suited to its work—so does it efficiently with speed.
5. It is absolutely mild—leaves the skin in perfect condition. Its purity is indicated by its whiteness.

We ought to know how to make the best shaving cream. We made the first high grade shaving soap in America. If your beard is wiry, your skin tender—you especially need Williams lather.

Let us send you FREE a trial tube of Williams, enough for a week's comfort-shaving. Use coupon below or a post card.

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The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

Send me free sample of your shaving cream. (Sample does not have expensive Hinge-Cap)

Williams Shaving Cream

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 43-A.

S.E.P. 3-14-25

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Watching her sober quiet eyes he was conscious that some inward struggle was ruffling the depths of her nature, was coming near to marring her exquisite poise. A moment more and she had made her decision. With easy dignity she nodded toward the table on which blazed the nickeled lamp.

"Set it there—and git."

Coots obeyed. As he plowed through the sand toward the little wharf he thought he saw something slip from the shadow of a mangrove bush. He went on, head down, rearranging his confused impressions. While stooping to lift the boat's painter from a wharf stake he heard behind him a scuffling, a muttered oath. Looking over his shoulder he saw the lank figure of Lon Peete, half crouched in the path, a rifle in his hands. Beside him was the girl, one arm around his neck. With the other hand she was holding the gun barrel so that it pointed in the general direction of Orion.

From sheer nervousness Coots did the right, almost the heroic thing. Dropping the painter over the bow of the boat and pretending to ignore the presence of the man and girl, he fished a package of cigarettes from his pocket, lighted one, stepped into the launch, and shoved off. After two or three preliminary coughs the motor was started and bore him wheezingly back to the mainland.

"Any luck?" asked Uncle Benny.

"Yes and no." Coots dropped into a creaking chair and, with fingers which were somewhat shaky, lighted another cigarette. "I couldn't make her understand about Diana, but she did take the candy—and she persuaded her father not to shoot me in the back. The high gods frowned a little, they smiled a little, and I'm alive to tell the tale."

"You got off easy. Them Crackers are mighty treacherous."

"They have no monopoly of the vice. Oh, well! I hope there were some cherries among those chocolates."

In Sandspur, as elsewhere, life went on. The mullet season closed and opened again; the snow birds, otherwise known as winter tourists, came and went; the balmy perfection of Florida's spring simmered off into the hot mugginess of summer; a bond issue which staggered the more conservative taxpayers was voted to pave Mullens Avenue with brick; and once Coots Avery caught sight of the Peete girl wearing quite obviously new shoes and stockings.

She was standing on the dock, waiting while Lon loaded cans of gasoline on the forward deck of his fish boat, and she seemed as unconscious of the addition to her wardrobe as she had previously been of its absence. It was this flawless poise of hers which appealed to Avery; more, perhaps, than the symmetry of her figure. It was not just a grace of limb, a balance maintained, a native dignity in repose and action. Beyond that, directing, controlling, was a sureness of look, a placid mind, a serenity of well-being, as of one born to a high station. How could the daughter of Lon Peete be like that? She ignored his steady gaze as completely as she did the glances of the other dock loafers, and when she finally sailed off across the bay it was without one backward look.

"Ain't felt like tryin' any more apologizin' to her, eh?" chuckled Uncle Benny.

"I always feel like it when I see her," said Coots.

"Don't mean to say you're gettin' soft on a—a girl like that?"

"What would be the use, Uncle Benny, with a girl like that?"

There the discussion ended. For while these two spent most of their time together and had come to understand well each other's moods and traits, their talk seldom verged on intimate and personal affairs. Aside from the facts of their present status neither knew much of the other. About Uncle Benny, Coots understood that he had come from somewhere in New York state, that he had been a small-town storekeeper—groceries, he believed—and that when his wife had died and his creditors had closed him out, both in the same month, he had saved what he could out of the wreck and come to Florida, broken, discouraged, but not altogether robbed of a genial nature and a whimsical outlook on life. From some source or other he had a small income which came to him quarterly. When a check arrived it had been his custom to cash it, pay his small account at Greb's, and go on a two or three days' spree. Lacking a system which could neutralize alcoholic poisoning, he paid for each indulgence with a week of acute suffering. Yet he would embark on a new one every quarter day. He had no illusions about them however.

"One of 'em's goin' to finish me some of these days," he often told Coots.

Avery, too, received regular remittances from the North. They came monthly. And at first he observed the arrival of money in the same manner as did Uncle Benny, minus the days of remorse. But quite abruptly, after his second interview with Cilla May Peete, he stopped. Not that he refused absolutely to join Uncle Benny in a glass or so on rare occasions, but he went on no more sprees.

"In the kind of stuff you get nowadays," he told Uncle Benny, "there's no surcease for sorrow. You only pickle it."

"You don't know that a bit better'n I do, Coots, but you can carry it out better. Here's luck."

Twice during the following winter Avery encountered the girl from the key, but no more than a look passed between them, so if there was to be any romance in this affair of theirs it was moving with sluggish feet. And if anyone had taxed Coots with being an unenterprising admirer he would not have denied the fact. To what end should he be otherwise? What had he to do with romance? Chance and a flask of Five Roses had brought about two brief interviews. Well, chance must now go it alone. As with other matters, he chose to let this one drift. It was the simple scheme of life which he had adopted. So he stretched himself in the sun, fished a little when it seemed best to fish, watched the gray gulls and the white clouds, thought his long thoughts. Sometimes Uncle Benny wondered about him, but he asked no questions. It was part of their unspoken agreement not to ask.

Summer again, sizzling, steaming, shower-splashed. The sprawling allamanda vine spread over the sagging roof a riot of lemon-tinted trumpetlike blooms, even thrust its branches across the shanty doorway so thick they had to be lopped off with a knife. And with Avery's September check came a letter. He sat reading it on the shady side of the veranda one afternoon as Uncle Benny squatted near by, peeling potatoes Having scanned the contents he reread the typewritten page. Then he laughed, low and mirthlessly.

Uncle Benny looked up.

"Got your check?" he ventured.

"Yes. And a summons."

"To court?"

"No. To come home."

"Somebody dead?" asked Uncle Benny carelessly.

"Father. Two months ago."

"Left you something, eh?"

"Nothing tangible. Advice, mainly. This is from Uncle Edwin. He offers to give me another chance—a three months' tryout in the bank. There's a string to it, of course. I must prove that I've reformed. If I can do that I am to have my share of the estate."

"How much?"

"I don't know. Quite a lot, I suppose. Father owned most of the bank, Uncle Edwin the rest. The gas and electric-light plant, business blocks, other things."

"Then you'd be rich?"

"Comparatively so."

"You could make the 9:10," suggested Uncle Benny.

Coots smiled. "In a hurry to get rid of me, aren't you?"

"Might as well have it over with. I'll be missin' you, Coots. No need of my sayin' that. And you'd be goin', sooner or later."

"I'm not sure. I may; and then again, I may not. I must think it over."

"But that's jest plumb silly," protested Uncle Benny. "Don't mean to say you'd want to chuck all that up and stay on here to—to get like me?"

Coots folded the letter, stuffed it in his pocket, stared out toward the bay. "They kicked me out, you know. Not actually, but it amounted to that."

"Some scrape you got into?"

Avery hesitated. He seemed to be reviewing something, considering. After a moment or two he went on. "Several scrapes—a series. And I suppose they were justified. Perhaps there was nothing else to do. I've never quite decided. Everything came so fast there for a while. It began while I was in college, the night of my first big spree."

"Got liquored up, eh?" And Uncle Benny nodded understandingly.

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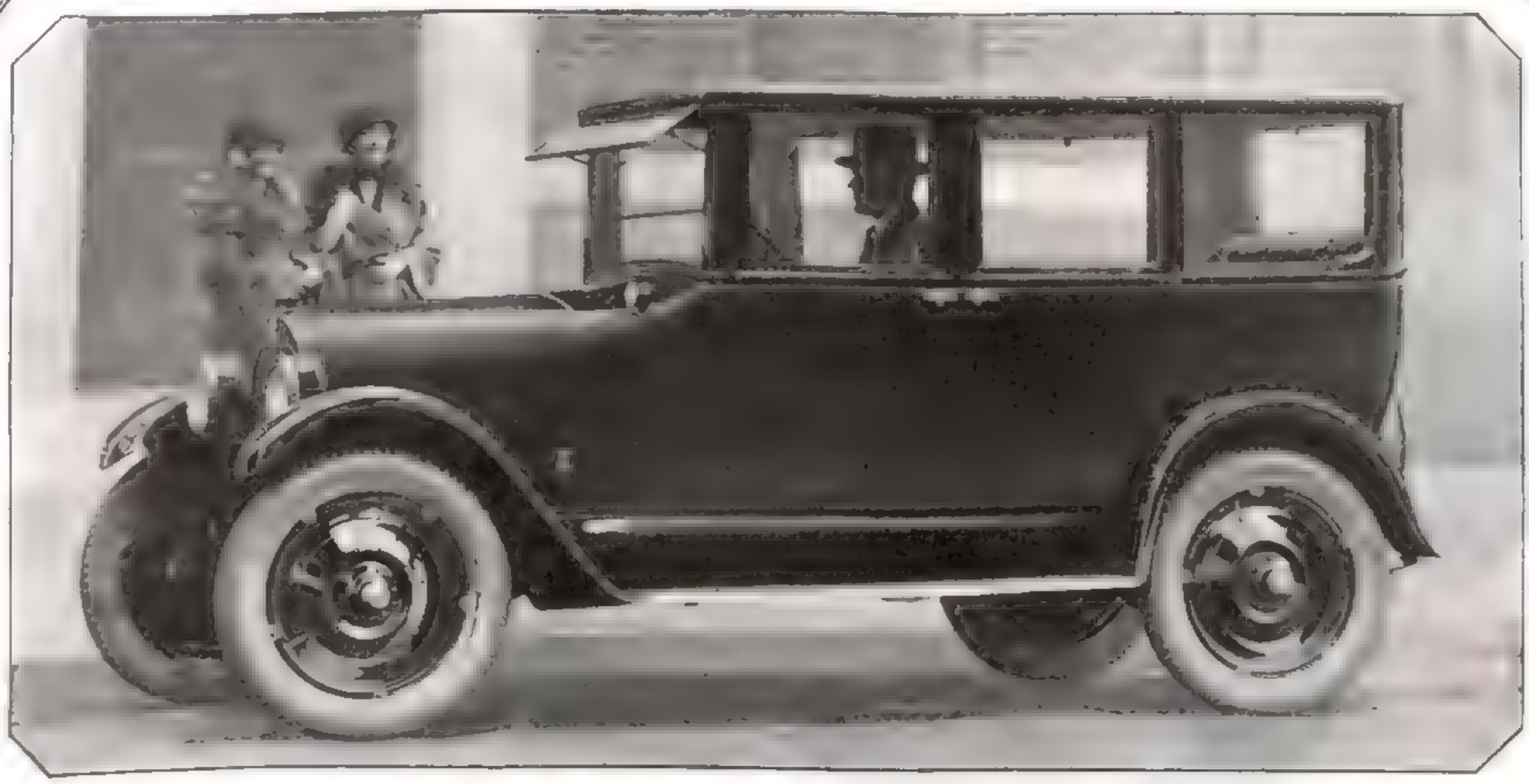
DURANT FOUR
for VALUE



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Note its substantial beauty and refinement of line and finish. The suggestion of reliability is realized in the remarkable flexibility and hill-climbing power of the motor.

If you have never ridden in a Durant, your first experience will be a revelation—it is so much car, and so much better car, than the price would lead you to expect.

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YOU'VE seen good-looking shoes before, but have you ever seen a better-looking shoe than this? Never mind the pattern, for you can get any style you want in Walk-Overs. Just look at the smartness, the texture, the atmosphere of quality. Don't you get that "there's-the-best-shoe-I-ever-saw" feeling?

You are right, for this is a Walk-Over. It is as good as it looks. It has the famous Walk-Over *pear-shaped* heel that is extra-wide where your foot is extra-thick. When your foot settles down into a Walk-Over shoe, it can make itself at home. It can stretch out and be comfortable.

Ordinary shoes gape at the ankle because they are so wide at the top. The *pear-shaped* heel slopes in at the top and is narrow. It grips without pressure, and makes the Walk-Over shoe fit.

This photograph shows the contour of the heel in an ordinary shoe.

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Stop in at the next Walk-Over store you see, and make a new friend for life in the Walk-Over shoe that fits your foot. It is smart, long-wearing, and the most comfortably fitting shoe you ever took a proud step in.

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GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

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"It happens to most of them," said Coots. "Generally they start when they're freshmen. I managed to put off my heavy spreeing until I was a junior. You see, I had no inherited taste for the stuff. I drank because I thought it was the thing to do, afterwards because I liked the kick I got out of it. Helped me to break through my shell, to get rid of the supersensitiveness that had always been my hardest handicap. I broke through, all right. I must have been traveling free and wide and wild that night. Anyway, they tell me I finished by wrecking a quick-lunch café, throwing the pancake chef through the door, and taking over his job and his white cap and his place in the front window. I was browning buckwheats free for all comers when they phoned the university authorities, and a member of the faculty arrived to order me to my room. I wasn't ready to go to my room. Besides, I didn't like the way this poddy little man glared at me through his glasses. I dimly remembered he had glared at me in that manner before. So I emptied about two quarts of pancake batter over his head."

Uncle Benny slapped his knee. "I bet that squelched him."

"Only for the time being. The poddy little man, as I recalled when he appeared in police court next morning, happened to be the dean. Rather an important personage, you know. The justice let me off on a suspended sentence, but the dean lost no time in busting me. I was fired, sent home, and a full account of my iniquities was relayed to my father, who had already seen a version of the affair in the newspapers. Of course it was rough on him and on Uncle Edwin. Leading citizens, pillars of the church, all that. But Brother Willard took the blow hardest. Yes, the Reverend Willard certainly was bitter about it."

"Minister?" asked Uncle Benny.

Coots nodded. "He'd just been called to the First Congregational Church. You could hardly blame him. And we'd never been able to get along very well anyway. Perhaps you know how critical an elder brother can be. Well, Willard wasn't sparing. He told me I had brought disgrace on the family, ruined his career, and was on the way to the dogs myself. He was eloquent about it He made me believe it was so. But it was what I got from Ruth that hit me hardest."

"Sister?"

"Sweetheart," said Coots, after a pause. "We were engaged. I tried to tell her how it had all happened, that I wasn't much used to drinking, and so on. She wouldn't listen. Said I was a low, disgusting person, and that she never wanted to see me again. I didn't dream she could be so hard. Well, that did discourage me. And I found that the rest of that strait-laced, narrow-minded little New England town agreed with her and Willard. All except the gang that hung around the Palace Pool Parlors, down by the station. There I was almost a hero. So there I went. It was about the only place I could go. I kept on drinking, partly to forget, partly out of spite. If my family and my old friends were going to insist that I was no more than a drunken bum I meant to be one. And I was, nearly."

"Too bad," said Uncle Benny, shaking his head.

"After a few months of this they called a family conference. I must get out. The Reverend Willard was strong for South America. Uncle Edwin would have been satisfied with California. I told 'em they needn't bother to pick a place. I'd go—somewhere. And I landed here. Their offer was fifty a month if I'd stay away, and I accepted. Now Uncle Edwin asks me to come back and make another try. There was a clause in father's will, I believe. A job in the bank."

"You'll take it, all right."

"He gives me a month to make up my mind. I'll see."

But Uncle Benny had no doubts. That Coots would soon be going North to become a banker, a reputable and a respected citizen, was an established fact. Every day he made suggestions to that end. Coots must get himself slicked up, buy a new suit, shave every morning, get used once more to wearing white collars. He was as earnest and as excited over the prospect as if it had been himself who had been called back. And Avery did go so far as to discard the shameless sennit and to bring home from the store a blue serge that almost fitted him. But he still delayed his reply.

"If it wasn't for the Reverend Willard," he confided to Uncle Benny. "Having him look me over and watch for disgraceful slips. There'd be Ruth to face too. She married Willard, you know."

"Hum! You'll find another though," consoled Uncle Benny.

That was the status of the affair in mid-October, when the long summer was showing the first signs of waning. For weeks one calm, cloudless, perfect day had succeeded another; night after night a gentle, cooling breeze rose with the fast waxing new moon that beyond the keys the placid Gulf was a burnished mirror in the sunlight, a dreamy, silent sea under the brilliant stars.

Then, late one afternoon, a bank of grim gray clouds rolled up far out on the Gulf, and into this murky screen the sun dropped ingloriously, to be snuffed out as quickly as one snuffs a candle. The southwest breeze, bringer of fair weather while it blows, died as suddenly. A flat calm fell on land and water. The air was heavy, lifeless. Between the glassy bay and the glassy Gulf the sandy palmetto-set keys stood up as if lifting to meet some unseen menace. In the sickly greenish light the dock loafers stirred uneasily. Some gathered about the aneroid hung on the fish-house wall.

"She sure is fallin'!" announced one.

"Must be dirty weather out there," said another.

And as they shook their heads there came to their ears the low growl of the Gulf, muffled, distant, threatening. It increased, came nearer. No need for them to tell each other what that meant. The great shallow sea was grumbling on its bars and shoals. It had shifted to one of its most treacherous moods.

"Guess I better go see about my boat," said Uncle Benny, and started for the lane.

Coots elected to stay on the dock. If there was to be a storm he wanted to see the whole show. He had heard about them, had often watched their distant progress as they swept impressively past, miles out, along the course of the Stream. But as yet he had seen the coast only flicked by the tail of one.

He was not kept waiting long. Without warning a dank, warm, sweetish breath came puffingly from the northeast. Then another, stronger. And another. The bay ruffled, whitened. The murky air thickened. The growl rose to a roar. The grim cloud bank swallowed the keys. Almost before they knew it the wind was whistling shrilly through the rigging of the small craft tied up in the lee of the dock, and on shore it was thrashing wildly the long fronds of the swaying palmettos.

Few words passed among the little group huddled behind the fish house. They were awed if not frightened. For the elements were loose and none knew what might come out of that noisome murk. A half hour passed, but to Coots it seemed as though he had been listening for a long time to that ever-swelling roar.

Then a tall lank figure, bent to buck the gale, came running out toward the end of the dock. It was Lon Peete, nearly breathless, his face drawn, his sallow lips compressed.

"Lucky you ain't out on the key now," someone shouted at him.

He stood in the doorway, gazing across the raging bay. "I been to the grove a-prunin'," he said, after a moment. "But Cilla May, she's over thur."

"Your gal!"

They stared at him.

His big bony hands clenched; his lean arms stiffened. "I got to git over thur," he announced simply. "I need a man to help."

No one stirred.

"You, Jeff," he said, looking at one of his fishing crew, a brawny bronzed fellow.

Jeff shrank back. "Aw, Lon!" he protested. "How long you reckon a boat'd last in that sea? Couldn't make the first channel stake 'fore she'd fill."

Others indorsed this verdict. They told Lon not to be a fool. It would be suicide.

"You yeller swine!" snarled Lon. "Think I'm gointer stand here an' let my girl drown? I'll go alone."

He had started for his boat, a twenty-five-foot, skifflike craft, which was pounding against the dock piling. In a moment Coots Avery was by his side, shouting in his ear.

"I'll help. But not in that skimming dish of yours. See. She's half full now. There's that sponge boat of old Hansen's though. Might make it in her."

Peete gave him one quick, appraising glance, then turned to stare at the odd craft

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Wide Open the First Mile

LINCOLN

THE buyer of a Lincoln is astonished by the information that he may drive his car at any speed his first mile behind the wheel. Yet he would find nothing surprising in this had he watched the building of the car and observed the exhaustive tests to which it has been submitted.

Many hours of block tests at both low and high speeds, followed by searching inspections are conducted after the motor is completely assembled. As a further inspection, the engine is partially disassembled and the adjustments of all working parts carefully checked. Then it is cleaned and reassembled.

Specially trained drivers test the Lincoln chassis around a track at the Lincoln Plant at a wide range of speed to insure perfect operation. Then the chassis is again gone over, experts on the various parts—valves, pumps, transmissions, etc.—scrupulously checking every detail of performance.

Therefore, there is no "breaking in" to be done on the Lincoln after you get it. It has already been tested for several hundred miles under severe conditions by highly skilled mechanicians.

Built with a precision that knows no parallel, powered with a superbly designed eight cylinder motor, the Lincoln comes to you ready to respond instantly to any demand you may make of it; and capable of delivering many years of reliable service.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN

The new Sonora Radio Speaker can be plugged into any radio set — no extra batteries needed

De Luxe Model $30
Standard Model $20

In all Sonora instruments the "horn" or tone chamber is made of many thicknesses of wafer-thin veneer — laid with alternating grain to neutralize vibration

A NEW all-wood Radio Speaker -without mechanical noise

IT took long years of experiment to develop the phonograph from a squeaky talking machine to the beautiful instrument of today.

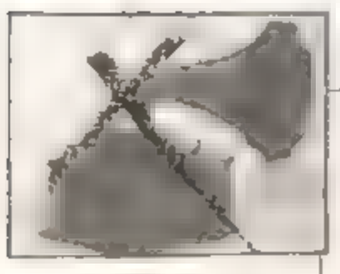
Now the very tone chamber of the Sonora Phonograph, famous for years for its clear tone, has been built into a separate unit as a radio speaker.

Now you can have the same refinement of tone in radio that Sonora has made possible in the phonograph.

Every Sonora tone chamber is made of many plies of wafer-thin wood, set at cross-grain to one another. Vibration is neutralized—overtones are eliminated. The most delicate shading of tone comes to you unchanged in all its original beauty. With this perfectly designed tone chamber the radio takes its place among great musical instruments.

Stop in at your dealer's and hear this instrument for yourself, or write for a booklet fully describing this new Radio Speaker. Sonora Phonograph Co., Dept. D, 279 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Sonora now makes possible for Radio, as it did for the phonograph, beauty of form and purity of tone



At first the "Talking Machine" like Radio had an ugly harsh horn

You will also find a complete selection of Sonora Phonographs and Radio-Phonographs, including many exquisite de luxe period models—in each a beauty of tone you never dreamed of before.

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
Radio Speaker

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which was even now dragging her mooring toward shore. A bluff-bowed, high-sided, clumsy affair, built by a Tarpon Springs Greek after a model which had been little changed since the proud fleets of Athens ruled the Ægean, since Ulysses fared forth past Scylla and Charybdis. Hansen, the Swede who now owned her, had unshipped the long boom from the stumpy mast, decked over the midship well where the sponge divers had kept their air pump, calked the spreading seams, tinkered the powerful marine motor. Lon Peete nodded.

"Might," he said. "But you're takin' a chance, Yank."

"I know. Here's a dinghy."

No more was said. They climbed down into the bobbing skiff, each grabbed an oar, and paddled toward the drifting sponger. Barely did they have their fingers on the rail before the dinghy sank under them. After fumbling for the switch and priming the cylinders Coots got the engine going. Scrambling forward Lon cast off the mooring, then wriggled back to the tiller.

For a few anxious moments the boat still drifted shoreward. Then she held, gained headway, went laboring, plunging, bucking into the white ridges, her crudely carved figurehead pointed squarely into the eye of the wind. At her helm was the best boatman, probably, between Cedar Keys and Sanibel Light; and while Coots Avery could not have qualified as a first-class engineer he knew enough to keep the bearings sluiced with oil, the connections tight, and the batteries covered.

Out across the bay they thrashed, slowly, fighting for every foot. Crouched over the tiller, hatless, coatless, shielding with one hand his eyes from the flying spume that hurtled over the bluff bows, Lon Peete was like a figure done in bronze. But when the moment came for action his movements were swift, catlike. At Number One stake he must veer south along the edge of the big flat and put the boat into the trough of the sea. He did it just an instant before her keel grazed the mud. Rolling gunwale under the sturdy craft staggered along, pounded fiercely by the waves. But though her deck was awash she careened no farther. At Double Stakes, where the tortuous channel bulkheads, another and still more daring maneuver was called for. Lon met it with such reckless skill that Coots, watching through the cabin door, shouted approval, but the wind tore his words from his lips and hurled them aft.

The gale was increasing, each gust whirling down on them stronger than the last. The throbbing engine seemed to groan as it labored to drive the heavy boat on. At times they appeared to be making no headway, to be about to be blown on the shoal, where in a few moments the old craft would be battered to pieces. Then they forged ahead. At last they were under the lee of North Point, where they could see the green rollers tumbling through the Pass. Something else they saw. That the seas were breaking across the low key just where Peete's fishing shanty should be. The Gulf was pouring into the bay.

No word from Lon, father of Cilla May. Speech was useless then. The roar had doubled, trebled. No human voice could carry against that pandemonium of whistling, screeching, crashing sound. There was neither rain nor lightning nor thunder. Just wind, and the tumult of tumbling waters.

As they edged in closer to the key they saw the roof of the shanty sweep past them. Glancing at it, Lon's wide mouth straightened to a grim line. On he pressed. Coots wondered why. Could anyone live in the path of those roaring breakers? Why, the tough mangrove bushes were bent almost flat by the fury of wind and wave.

It was on one of these that at last they saw something white, something that clung to a branch and was tossed about. Coots noted that Lon Peete's lips moved. He guessed that he was saying the white object might be Cilla. He pointed, nosing the boat toward it. And Cilla May it proved to be, still alive, gripping desperately the slender branch, battling against the racing torrent which was trying to sweep her into the bay.

Craftily Lon jockeyed the boat up to the bush, signaling Coots to the bow. He understood. As he came within reach he leaned over the rail, slipped an arm about her waist, hauled her aboard. She was almost nude, nearly exhausted, hardly conscious. So he half dragged, half carried her into the little cabin. As he tried to put her down she clung to him in weak frenzy. He unlocked her arms from around his neck, pushed her free. There was still work to be done.

To attempt another trip across the bay would have been folly. But Lon had a plan. In pantomime he indicated to Coots that they must work down the shore by holding onto the mangrove bushes. A quarter of a mile or so south from the point the island was higher. There would be shelter of a sort, if they could get that far without being blown into the bay. So, hand over hand, bush by bush, they left the raging cut-through behind. At last they were able to get out ropes, to make fast bow and stern. But it was with bleeding hands, tired muscles and fagged brains that they were finally free to drop on the deck and listen to the horrid din raging above and around them.

Somewhere about midnight, after the wind had worked almost around the compass, with one brief vicious blast it ceased, went wherever a snorter goes when its job is done. The three who had been caught in its blind sport and who had won through, slept as they were lying. At dawn Lon Peete roused, went into the cabin. Half an hour later the grateful aroma of boiling coffee and frying bacon caused Avery to sit up, stretch his stiffened muscles. Soon after sunrise they were chugging across a bay that was once more a mirror for the cloudless blue of an empty sky. Only the diminishing growl of the Gulf reminded them of the terror that had passed.

Clothed in a paint-splashed pair of overalls and a moldy oilskin coat Cilla May sat on the trunk slide of the little cabin facing her Honey Pap, her gaze hardly leaving his sallow face. At times Lon Peete glanced at her and his stern look softened. But that was all. And Coots, equally silent, made a new estimate of them both.

It was only as the boat reached the dock and Avery was about to leave that Lon surprised him by a detaining gesture. He was holding out a scarred, sinewy hand. Then, in his low, soft drawl, he spoke.

"I ain't never set much by you or your likes before," he said, "but I reckon I was wrong. You're a man, you are."

It was, perhaps, the most embarrassing moment Coots had ever known. Somewhat huskily he made reply. "Thanks, Lon. And—and if I'm one, then you're another." They shook hands.

Then he walked ashore, made his way through the wind-stricken little town. Here was a house partly unroofed, another which had escaped by a foot or two the crash of a great live oak whose roots stretched helplessly into the bright sunshine. He saw tall pines whose trunks had been twisted as by a maniac giant. Everywhere the water fronts of buildings crusted with salt, trees and shrubs from which every leaf had been stripped. All the antic wreckage which marked the path of the snorter.

But the frail shack which he called home he found almost untouched. A few bricks gone from the chimney, some rotted shingles from the roof. Within, limp on the cot, was Uncle Benny in soggy shirt and trousers. He greeted Coots with a wan whimsical smile.

"Had a time tryin' to save the old boat," he said, speaking almost in a whisper. "Had to give up. All tuckered out. Dunno how I got here. Crawled, I guess. Awful, wan't it?"

The effort left him gasping for breath. Avery saw the dry, parched lips, the flush on his cheeks, felt of his hot forehead. He went for a doctor. It was nearly two hours later that he was able to return with one to the shanty.

"No use," said the physician curtly. "Pneumonia. Both lungs. All I can do is ease him along."

Uncle Benny had heard. "Wait," he gasped. "I—want to fix it so the place goes to Coots. Nobody else. Can't you ——" He waved a thin hand.

On a prescription blank the doctor scribbled a few lines, and Uncle Benny, summoning all his waning strength, scrawled his signature. At dusk, with his friend at his side, he gave up the vain struggle for breath. The snorter had secured at least one victim.

Of course the sane and sensible thing which Coots Avery should have done then is clear. He should have left Florida, gone back to his own people, accepted a position in the bank, lived down his past. Instead, he wrote a crisp and not altogether polite

Continued on Page 90

New *Standard Six* Touring
$895
f. o. b. Cleveland

A Companion to the Famous "43" Cleveland Six

A Lighter Six of Finest Quality

Inaugurating its sixth successful year, Cleveland announces a sensational new car, to be known as the *Standard Six Model.*

A quality product in the strictest interpretation of that word, it ranks as a fit companion to the famous Cleveland Six "43."

This new car embodies exactly and explicitly the engineering fundamentals that have been winning all America to the Cleveland Six.

It is designed to the principles that made possible the electrifying victories on Mount Wilson, Mount Diablo, Mount Baldy; and the unparalleled exhibition of traveling 1,000 miles in 745 minutes—an average of over 80 miles an hour from dawn to sunset!

With a good name to protect, with a priceless reputation to sustain, Cleveland Six has built this new car to standards that definitely insure long life and low maintenance costs.

In it is incorporated every recent automotive development. It has the famous "One-Shot" Lubrication System. The smart, attractively upholstered metal bodies are finished in grey Duco. Balloon tires are standard, four-wheel brakes optional equipment at a slight extra cost.

To see this new car—to experience its uncanny performance, its superb comfort, its amazing roadability is to experience a genuine revelation—*no matter what size or type of car you are accustomed to driving!*

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CLEVELAND
Cable Address, "*Cleveauto*"

CLEVELAND SIX

"ONE-SHOT" Lubrication System

THOUSANDS of enthusiastic Cleveland Six owners testify to the convenience and economy of the "One-Shot" Lubrication System. Despite the high cost, this exclusive feature has been incorporated in the chassis of the new *Standard Six.* You step on the plunger and oil every chassis part. No grease guns. No oil cans.

(The "One-Shot" Lubrication System is licensed under Bowen Products Co. patents.)

New *Standard Six* Four-Door Sedan
$1195
f. o. b. Cleveland

A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

"The best between meals food"

The *right* food between meals is never harmful. Health authorities everywhere, are agreed that the best "Between-Meals" food, for young and old alike, is milk. Pure bottled milk both refreshes and nourishes, without overloading or overtaxing the digestive system.

Drink *more bottled milk*—at mealtime and between meals, too. Bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles—your guarantee of *full measure*, and good evidence that your milkman is progressive and gives good service.

THATCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

Thousands of progressive dairymen use our famous Poster on their wagons, windows and billboards. Look for it. It identifies a dealer with honest-measure service.

Look for the Thatcher imprint on the bottle's lower edge. It's your milkman's guarantee of Honest

★ Tested and approved by [illegible]

THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles

(Continued from Page 88)

note to Uncle Edwin declining his offer. Just why he did this he did not trouble to make lucid, even to himself. He had no definite plans, no program.

He was conscious of certain confused emotions, vague desires, half-formed longings. Also distinct repulsions. Among the latter figured the Reverend Willard and Ruth; connected in some way with the former was Cilla May. What there was about this strange, proud, crude-spoken girl that should arouse and hold his interest he could not say. He only knew that there was grace in her every motion, mystery in her calm wide eyes. And her attitude toward him was puzzling. Was she as scornful as she seemed? And why? Did she know how tightly she had clung to him that night of the storm? Yet afterward she had spoken no word of gratitude, hardly given him a look. What was back of that cold indifference? Had she no warm, human impulses; did she never smile, sing, laugh lightly? Suppose one should come to know her better, win her confidence, gain her friendship? What then would she be like?

He was not deeply versed in the ways of womankind, Coots Avery. Few and trivial had been his affairs. That with Ruth had taught him little, except wariness. They had grown up together, neighbors, schoolmates; and their engagement had been largely a matter arranged by her ambitious mother, its abrupt breaking off a hurt chiefly to his self-love. Her marriage to Willard he resented, in the main, as another sneer at his unworthiness. He could easily forget Ruth. And it was pleasant to speculate about Cilla May. The unmated male is often a most ingenuous animal. Yet he is usually blundering along toward some goal or other.

Coots was much surer in his reactions toward Lon Peete. He was touched by the frank honesty of the lanky native, perceived that under the rough manners lay unsuspected courage, other sterling traits. And when Lon suggested that he join his fishing crew Avery promptly agreed. He helped build another shack on the tip of the key, now a small island, learned to pay out and haul in the heavy seine, shared cheerfully the toil and discomforts of the life, discovered that seining could be a rather well-paid occupation. When Uncle Edwin wrote regretting that the executors considered it unwise to continue his allowance he merely grinned at the canting phrase and tossed the letter into the Gulf.

Cilla May no longer lived on the key. Lon had a grove just beyond the outskirts of the town, with a house on it, and there he established a home. That the girl might not be too much alone he sent for a widowed sister and her two small children to join them. For a while it was Coots who did most of the cooking and dishwashing, such as it was, for the crew. But as he acquired skill in boat handling, in sighting schools of mullet, and in rounding up the silvery-scaled prey, he was promoted. It was at his instance that another boat was bought, and he was put in charge of it. From his savings he supplied some of the capital. He became a partner of Lon Peete. They made some lucky catches, hundred-barrel hauls. The firm prospered. And his liking and respect for this gaunt silent man increased.

Naturally he found his way, now and then, to the grove. At first Cilla May tried to ignore his presence, but after a few visits she seemed to accept his intrusion with grave, shy dignity. He brought chocolates with cherries in them. Once he found her reading a book, oddly enough an English translation of the Æneid, lost by some careless school-teacher on the beach, where Lon picked it up.

"Vergil, the old pest, eh?" said Coots, looking over her shoulder. "Still singing of arms and the man. Got me into lots of trouble at prep school, Vergil did. Where are you in him? The walls of Troy, eh? Do you mind if I see how it goes once more?"

He sat down beside her on the bench and read a page or two, catching the swinging meter of the lines, booming out in mock eloquence the stirring verses of the immortal epic. Cilla May listened, fascinated.

"Why, you can make sense of it, can't you?"

"You should have heard what hash I made of the original."

"Read some more," she urged. "It—it sounds nice."

From that day he was a welcome guest. Tiring of Vergil he brought other books—modern fiction of a not too realistic school, Shaw's earlier plays, Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads. He found himself trying to explain just what Candida really thought of the poet, to tell what the Burma girl looked like, and where was Mandalay. Gradually he became aware that he was dealing with a young person of keen mind, quick perceptions and sure instincts. He discovered that much of Cilla May's seeming crudeness was no more than the mask assumed by a diffident nature. She was neither so illiterate as her speech suggested nor so lacking in humor as her grave eyes indicated. They could lighten with fun, those hazel eyes, even flicker with mischief. Her schooling had been little, but from her father she had learned much. For Lon Peete was a man of wide intelligence, of deep understanding, and by no means unread. He had done his best, as the father of a motherless girl, to neutralize the wild rough life they had led in the fishing camp.

Quite as much as Cilla May, Avery enjoyed his visits to the wide-porched, jasmine-covered house set in the sandy midst of Peete's seedling orange grove. They became more or less regular events. He was asked to stay for Sunday evening supper, when in his honor there would be hot biscuits and chicken pilau and palmetto honey. He was learning what Cilla May could be like when she smiled, that she could laugh ripplingly. Also that there was much more to learn about her. And, above all else, that her mental poise was something which lasted, endured. He was not, however, an impetuous admirer. He had acquired the drifting habit.

Still, in a manner, he was showing signs of enterprise. During the close season while the mullet were being allowed to spawn he reshingled the shack which Uncle Benny had left him, set concrete blocks in place of the rotting veranda supports, painted the weather-beaten clapboards. He had the neglected grove cultivated, the hungry trees fertilized and pruned. All this gave him a satisfaction, almost a pride of ownership. When he found that he could buy the waste tract between his few acres and the bay for a small sum he added it to his holdings, although somewhat ashamed to admit to his partner that he had sunk money in such a profitless manner. He was relieved when Lon confessed to having the same weakness.

"That's how most of my cash goes," said Lon. "Jess can't seem to stop lettin' 'em unload land on me—timber tracts, old groves, anything. Like to know it's mine, though what I'll ever do with any of it the Lord knows."

There must have been moments when Coots Avery, sitting alone on his vine-hung veranda or steering a mullet-laden boat in through the Pass, asked himself if he was never to do anything better than this. Chance had tossed him carelessly into this drowsy, shabby little town which barely found a place on the map. Was he to make no effort to get out of it? Or was he to accept his fate, grin, and make the best of it? What would the best of it be? Some day, if they were lucky, he and Lon might own the fish house. How the Reverend Willard would appreciate getting that bit of news. And Ruth!

Yet in Sandspur he remained. A year passed, almost two. Another glorious April—oleanders and magnolias in bloom, quail whistling in the fields, a great yellow moon lifting up over the tall pines. He had met Cilla May in town, where she had been shopping, and they were walking home together, out to the grove. Just before they reached the house they stopped under a live oak about whose gnarled trunk someone had built a seat. Mocking birds were nesting in the branches and Cilla May wanted him to hear the night song which the mother bird sang to her young. As he listened he looked at Cilla May, the moonlight making radiant her tawny hair, silhouetting the clear beauty of her features. Suddenly he knew that the girl had become a woman, and that he loved her. In another moment he had told her so, asked if she would marry him.

She hung her head. "Oh, Coots! Not me?"

"Precisely you and no one else."

"But I—I'm nobody."

"Then we're a pair."

"You know what I mean. I—I'm just a poor Cracker."

"You're not half so poor as I," said Coots, "and as for being a Cracker—you know very well you've always been proud of that, are now, and always will be."

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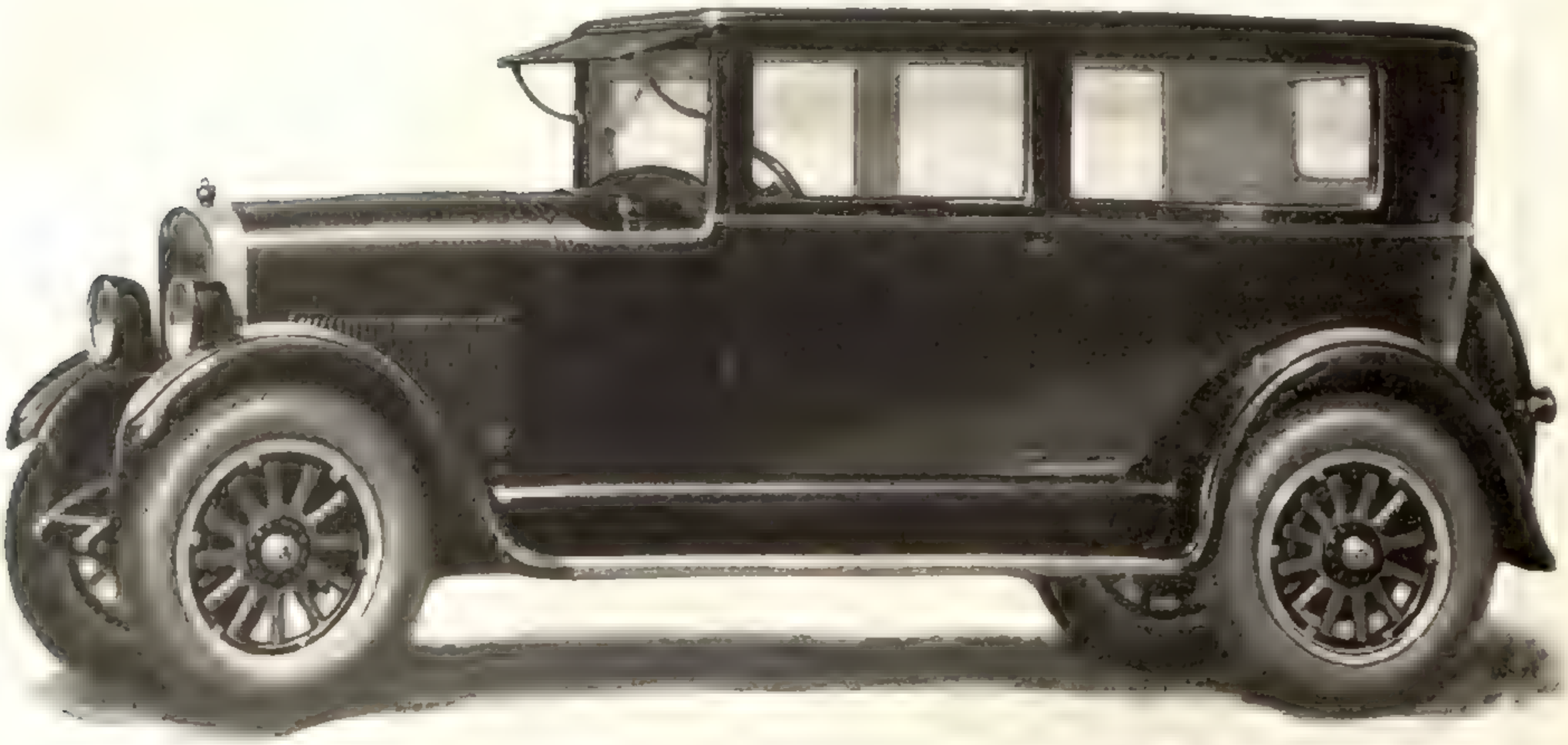
Studebaker *announces* A NEW COACH

A very fine car at an exceptionally low price. There's a Studebaker dealer near you—ask him to show you this car.



THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

An Opportunity to Travel to and from

EUROPE for $155 and up

in Comfort and Congenial Company

That European trip! Now you can take it at hardly more than the cost of staying at home. The Cunard Vacation Specials have made the dreams of hundreds of teachers, students, professional people, college men and women and kindred spirits come true.

$155 pays the transatlantic fare over and back—two delightful ocean voyages.

$226 pays all transportation and hotel charges on a trip of about three weeks to London and Paris and back.

$331 pays for a brief tour of Great Britain, Ireland and parts of the Continent; a wide choice of itineraries.

Longer tours arranged at correspondingly reasonable rates.

CUNARD VACATION SPECIALS

were established by reserving for this particular service the Third Cabin accommodations on a number of Sailings of our leading steamers.

The accommodations consist of comfortable, well-ventilated private staterooms for two or three persons; many baths; large dining halls; lounges and libraries; plenty of deck space for exercise and recreation; excellent, abundant menus.

Last year some 4000 passengers went abroad in this comfortable, inexpensive way. So many enthusiastically appreciative letters were received from them *that the Company offered prizes to the amount of $600.—for the three best descriptions of the actual voyages.*

Read the Prize Winning Stories

They will be mailed to you in the form of an attractive booklet and will tell you all about the Cunard Vacation Specials; just what kind of accommodations, service, cuisine and fellow passengers you will find.

Full information and sailing schedules on request. Reservations may be made now.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST PASSENGER SERVICE DE LUXE

CUNARD *and* **ANCHOR** *Lines*

25 Broadway, New York or Branches and Agencies

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"I reckon I shouldn't be."

"Why not? You see, I've been getting posted. Got to wondering exactly what Crackers were and where they came from. Lon gave me most of the facts. His grandfather, for instance, came from North Carolina, moved down here after the Seminoles were driven out. Others came from Alabama, Georgia. They were the grandsons, or great-grandsons, of the early Colonists; and if there is any better blood in the country I don't know where it's to be found. Even if I wasn't sure what a Cracker was, Cilla, I'd love you just the same."

She glanced shyly up at him. "Would you be proud of me too?"

"Proud as a peacock."

"Then I—I reckon ——"

He did not wait to hear the last of the sentence, for he had taken her in his arms. Then they went in and told Lon.

"I been kinda hopin' to hear somethin' like that the last year or so," said Lon. "There's goin' to be an awful lot of useless land in the fam'ly though," he added, chuckling.

In such casual, offhand fashion did their humble romance drift to an unimpressive climax. But what could you expect of anything that started in front of Landers' store? Besides, Coots Avery was not one of those who mastered fate. Rather he was mastered by it. A chip on the stream. Now floating aimlessly in some calm eddy, now whirled out into tumbling, tossing rapids from which he would somehow emerge later, more or less battered, a puzzled look in his eyes, but with the same mocking, good-natured smile on his lips.

Early in May they were married and went to live in the refurbished little house on the sandy lane. With so meager an outfit they seemed absurdly happy.

And it was about then that things began to happen to Sandspur. Just what started it is still in debate, some giving credit to the new brick roads which replaced the sand-rutted snake trails and the worn-out shell-surfaced highways throughout the county; others pointing to the two-mile bridge flung across the bay and making accessible the long white beaches of the Gulf. Anyway, the drowsy little town awoke, began to stretch itself.

The first indication came soon after New Year's Day, when Sandspur found that its third-rate hotels and all its boarding houses were filled to overflowing. Furnished cottages were at a premium. There were no more rooms to be let. Still the people poured in. They came by train, they straggled in by motor. They crowded the dozen tables of the Crescent Café, they stood three deep before the counter of Joe's lunch room. Some wandered on to other points, some stuck up tents and stayed.

Sandspur didn't know quite what to do about it. A Mr. Metzler, from Central Illinois, did. He had sold out his dairy farm in November, retired, taken himself and his family to Florida for the winter. He had idle capital in the bank. And he was unsatisfied with the quarters he could find. So he bought some vacant lots on Mullens Avenue and started to build a bungalow. From the same plans he built two more, which he sold before they were finished.

Grebs, the grocer, saw and knew. He owned some weed-grown lots. He persuaded his banker to lend him a few thousand, and he, too, built some bungalows. They were sold and occupied before the paint was dry.

During the succeeding summer the rasp of saw, the whack of hammer was heard throughout the town. Flimsy cottages went up, hotels were enlarged, boarding houses tacked on additions. Sandspur was getting ready for another tourist flood. It came, bigger than ever, bringing check books, letters of credit, fat wallets. It found many of the sandy streets neatly paved, the old fish dock replaced by a pavilioned pier, a recreation park laid out, two glaringly white new churches, a half-million-dollar courthouse going up. Also an Elks Club, a Board of Trade, and a Kiwanis chapter. Oh, yes! A gaudily stuccoed movie palace, and a cafeteria where Joe's hot-dog dispensary had been.

It was all very strange for the old citizens of Sandspur, although precisely the same thing had happened or was happening to a hundred other cities and towns up and down the thousand or so miles of Florida's varied coast line, not to mention spots in the middle. Times were flush; wheat, cotton and pork selling high, factories running double shifts, merchandising brisk. Of course there were a few dull spots where people were complaining. They stayed at home. The others, who had profits to spend, who had reached the age when it was discreet to dodge blizzards, flocked to that fortunate peninsula which juts down into the curve of the Gulf Stream and thereby attains a subtropical climate. They stared curiously at Lon Peete and Coots Avery as they chugged past the pierhead with boats full of mullet, red snapper and Spanish mackerel.

"Aren't some of these natives picturesque?" asked the fat wife of an Alpena grocer.

Coots heard and grinned. Lon ignored them utterly. Fish had risen from two to six cents the pound, wholesale, and one week the firm had split more than five hundred dollars. Still, as Coots strolled into Landers' new store to order fifty fathoms of half-inch manila sent down, he felt somewhat abashed among so many full-knickered plaid-stockinged sports who were buying tarpon rods and golf clubs. From the veranda of his modest home he could watch being erected the first hollow-tile, two-story mansion in a brand-new residential park. He had heard that Northern capitalists were coming in, had seen in the downtown show windows the vivid pictures of their dreams.

In March the Board of Trade died and was succeeded by the Chamber of Commerce, and the first act of that body was to set afoot the necessary measures to wipe the pride-lacerating name of Sandspur from map, time-table and postal guide. A prize contest was inaugurated, with one hundred dollars cash as a reward for the person suggesting a name which the committee should deem most suitable. Something with Paradise in it nearly got the decision, but as that had already been claimed by at least two other Florida towns the choice fell on another appellation. Sandspur forthwith became Glory-on-the-Gulf. The editorial wits of the state press printed many paragraphs about "going to Glory," penned many caustic gibes. But Glory-on-the-Gulf won much free publicity and was content.

The real boom, however, got under way late the next summer. A dozen new enterprises were launched about the same time—a million-dollar hotel with an eighteen-hole golf course, a monster bathing pavilion on the beach, a concrete causeway across the bay to reach the same, a row of two and three room apartments with kitchenettes and disappearing beds, a stuccoed business block with an arcade through the center. Then the new subdivisions began to sprout. For miles around you could see the rows of white stakes where building plots were laid out. Land in the business section began to be sold by the front foot—two hundred, two fifty, three hundred. Real-estate offices sprang up. Local capitalists traded among themselves, buying on a shoestring, swapping mortgages, scraping up the interest somehow, figuring their paper profits.

They waylaid Coots Avery, urged him to smoke their cigars, asked what he wanted for his water frontage. Coots smiled and declined to name a price. They got after Lon Peete, with no more success. Lon had been watching, listening. He waved away flattering offers.

"If it's worth that much to them," he told Coots, "somebody else'll give more. Let's hold on."

They did. The town spread, crept up to the sandy lane, out toward the Peete grove. Stuccoed houses of near-Spanish type with grilled windows and orange-colored awnings went up almost as if by magic. Every week the ranks of the real-estate traders increased. They became licensed realty brokers. Grebs had quit selling canned goods and sugar and coffee. He had put a plate-glass front in his store, filled it with potted palms and rattan chairs, and was dealing only in Buena Vista lots, the suburb beautiful, 50-foot-front homesites, only $2200 up. Doctor Bucks, dentist, abandoned his white coat and chair, threw his forceps into a drawer, and launched out in real estate. Morfey, the express agent, went in with him. Drew, who ran the laundry, followed suit. Mascomb, the postmaster, resigned and opened an office. They seemed prosperous, drove around in shiny new automobiles, talked in seven figures.

"Time we was edgin' in on this," said Lon. "If them fellers can do it why can't we?"

"I'm game," said Coots. "What shall we tackle first?"

(Continued on Page 94)

YOU cannot mistake a Pierce-Arrow for any other car. . . Those who take pride in their motor cars value this distinction . . . . It is wrought into *Series 80* bodies by craftsmen who have devoted years in the Pierce-Arrow plant to the creation of fine coachwork . . . Each of the seven beautiful *Series 80* body types is now offered in a wide range of new colors and upholsteries

Pierce-Arrow representatives are displaying the latest SERIES 80 *body styles*
Demonstrations are made at any time. A complete catalog will be sent upon request

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

PIERCE-ARROW

Series 80

Recommend
$2895
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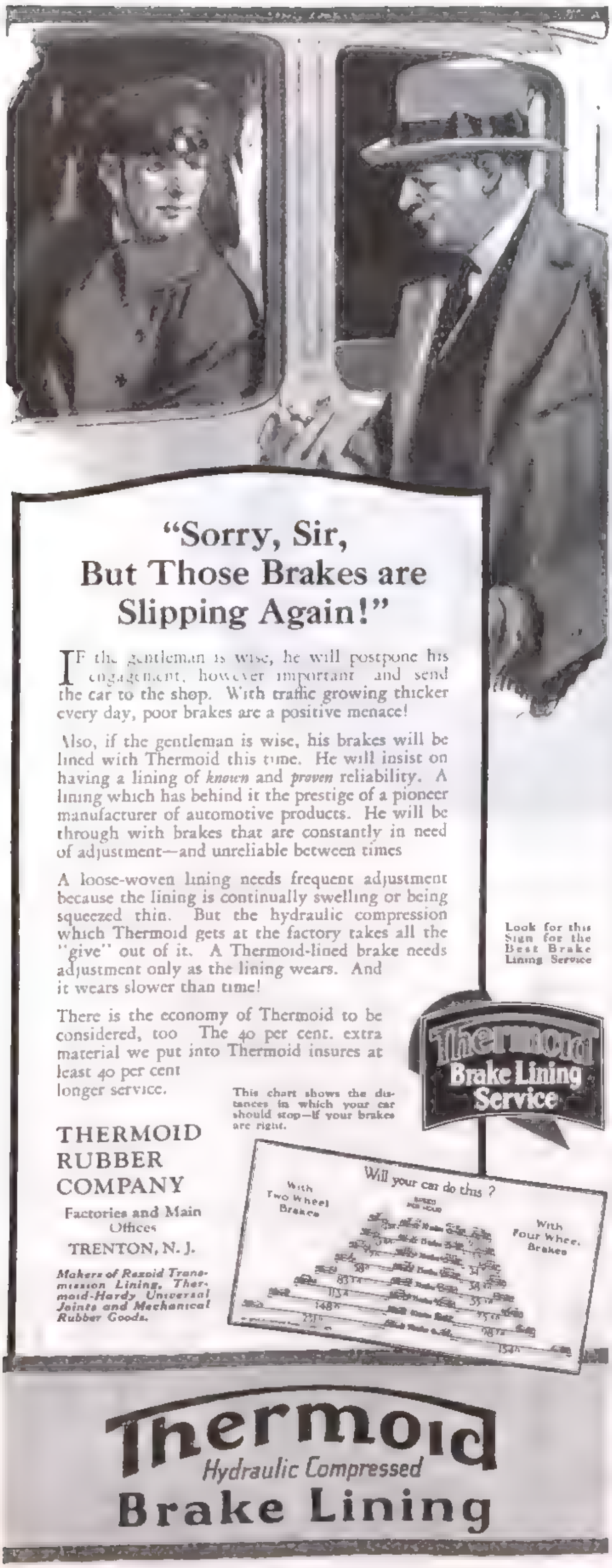


"Sorry, Sir, But Those Brakes are Slipping Again!"

IF the gentleman is wise, he will postpone his engagement, however important and send the car to the shop. With traffic growing thicker every day, poor brakes are a positive menace!

Also, if the gentleman is wise, his brakes will be lined with Thermoid this time. He will insist on having a lining of *known* and *proven* reliability. A lining which has behind it the prestige of a pioneer manufacturer of automotive products. He will be through with brakes that are constantly in need of adjustment—and unreliable between times

A loose-woven lining needs frequent adjustment because the lining is continually swelling or being squeezed thin. But the hydraulic compression which Thermoid gets at the factory takes all the "give" out of it. A Thermoid-lined brake needs adjustment only as the lining wears. And it wears slower than time!

There is the economy of Thermoid to be considered, too The 40 per cent. extra material we put into Thermoid insures at least 40 per cent longer service.

Look for this Sign for the Best Brake Lining Service

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

This chart shows the distances in which your car should stop—if your brakes are right.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factories and Main Offices

TRENTON, N. J.

Makers of Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints and Mechanical Rubber Goods.

Thermoid
Hydraulic Compressed
Brake Lining

"For Short Stops and Long Service"

(Continued from Page 92)

"How about layin' out your bay frontage as a subdivision?"

Avery agreed. Presently a landscape engineer arrived, grubbing gangs were set to work, concrete sidewalks were laid, a sea wall thrown up, streets appeared. An office in the new arcade was hired, a sales force engaged.

"Let's do it in style—the grand openin'," said Lon.

And it was done in style a free fish fry, a brass band, and two leather-lunged auctioneers. Motor cars choked the lane, now a paved city street, banners waved, brasses brayed, and corner lots went as high as thirty-five hundred dollars. Someone else could haul the mullet seines. The firm of Peete & Avery had gone into another line.

"I reckon suckers pay better'n mullet," chuckled Lon as they counted up the first day's receipts.

"Think I'll hold out the homesite," said Coots. "Cilla likes it there, and I might build one of those Spanish houses for her."

It was finished in February. They managed to save some of the old seedlings, and the allamanda vine was trained over the new walls and across the patio.

One sunny March day, as Coots and Lon were looking over the blue prints of a new subdivision they were to open, Miss Krist, the secretary, stepped into the private office to announce that a lady was out front asking if they had a moderate-priced furnished cottage for rent.

"Tell her we don't —— Never mind. Maybe she'd like a lot," said Coots.

He stepped out to find a slim, primly dressed lady waiting for him.

"Ruth!" he gasped.

"Kenyon!"

Later she explained that one of the children had been ill, she was worn out with nursing, the doctor had ordered them both South.

"So this is what you've been doing?" she asked, looking around the office with its gay maps.

"When I wasn't fishing," said Coots, "or loafing around the dock."

She was smiling at the obvious joke, preparing to make some reply, when a motor car glided up to the curb, and from it a goddesslike young person in summery attire stepped across the walk and through the doorway.

There was grace and strength in her perfectly poised figure, a happy light in her wide-set eyes.

"Busy, Coots?" she asked. "I'll be back in half an hour for you." And she was gone.

"What a superb young woman!" murmured Ruth.

"Thank you for agreeing with me," said Coots Avery. "She is my wife."

"I—I must tell Willard about her," said Ruth. "Just think, he doesn't even know that he has a sister-in-law!"

"Perhaps he'd rather not remember that he had a brother," said Coots. "No, I didn't quite mean that. Tell him, by all means. Now let me see what I can do about a cottage for you."

So, eventually, Willard did hear. And Uncle Edwin. And that summer they read in the resort notes that Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Avery were touring in the White Mountains.

Chips in an eddy. But occasionally they get carried out on the broad stream of life. Or, as you might put it, if they don't go to glory, glory comes to them.

BUYERITIS

(Continued from Page 21)

give us your coöperation and suggestions to save both your time and ours."

In contrast, consider another store, one of a large city's most famous. My house, which ranks among the first three in America in its line, never had succeeded in selling this store. None of our salesmen had won even a hearing from the buyer. It was an important account and we went after it patiently and doggedly. For six months one of our men called religiously every Tuesday at nine o'clock, sent in a slip, got it back with a refusal or still was waiting for an answer when the lights were snapped off. There was no personal ill feeling involved, so far as we knew. The buyer, a woman, was a stranger to all our staff, but through no fault of our own.

After six months we gave the assignment to a second salesman. At the end of three months he had no idea what the buyer looked like. A third salesman tried for two months more. Then the sales manager himself took up the siege. When a year ended during which fifty-two calls had been made and recorded, and fifty-two refusals to see the salesman received, the sales manager felt justified in telephoning the buyer. A petulant voice asked the nature of the pressing business that demanded her attention by telephone.

"One of our salesmen has called on you each Tuesday morning for one year without having seen you," we explained. "We should like very much to talk over our merchandise with you, possibly submitting samples."

"Call next Tuesday at nine," she replied curtly.

The sales manager was there promptly and got back his slip with "Not today" written across it in the buyer's hand. This time the dismissal was not accepted until the man at the gate was informed that the sales manager was there by appointment. He took the appeal to the buyer, whose reply was that she needed no aid from us in running her department.

Returning to the office, the sales manager again telephoned the buyer and protested. The conversation ended in a definite appointment for the following Tuesday and an assurance that she would see him. But we called "Keno" too quickly. The slip came back "Not today," as usual.

The sales manager did not return to the office, nor did he use the telephone. He sent in his card to the general manager of the store and was received at once. Briefly he told his story.

The store manager was incredulous. "Surely there has been some misunderstanding here," he said. "We certainly should be seeing your line." He pushed a button and asked his caller to step into another room. Fifteen minutes later the door of the general manager's office opened again. Sitting opposite him was a young woman red of face.

"Miss Curt denies that she has refused to see your salesmen or to look at your line," the executive said. "May I ask you to repeat in her presence just what you have told me?"

With scrupulous care not to overstate it, the story was retold. Miss Curt continued to deny.

"This much is clear, Miss Curt," her superior declared: "In one year you have not glanced at the line of one of the important manufacturers of the merchandise you handle. You will please make an appointment with this gentleman at his sample rooms tomorrow and see his salesmen hereafter whenever they call in buying hours."

With every justification we had gone over the buyer's head, and we had won. She came to the sample room, with poor grace, but she came. She looked at our line and left an eighteen-hundred-dollar order. But the victories that salesmen win by going over the heads of buyers are moral victories only, and moral victories make for hard winters. No wise salesman makes this move until he is convinced that the business is lost hopelessly anyway. For the buyer is the salesman's, and therefore the jobber's and the manufacturer's only point of contact with a store.

Offend the buyer and you have plucked out your right eye.

Merchandise cannot be shipped until an order is confirmed by the buyer's superior, the merchandise manager. Confirmation of this order never came. Nor did we sell that store a bill of goods as long as that buyer remained. We no longer tried. Our self-respect would not permit us.

The general manager of the store was genuinely indignant that a buyer should refuse to look at something out of which the store might make a profit and satisfied customers. But store executives are busy men. They have no time for spying at sample-room keyholes. Very likely he forgot the matter, once the buyer reported having called and given an order. It was not the fault of the merchandise man. Probably he never heard of it. The buyer, I venture, tossed the order into the wastebasket and smiled.

The buyer passed on in time, as buyers do. The war came, with a shortage of labor

(Continued on Page 98)

Kodak Keeps the Story

Indoors, there's a long list of pictures to make for the Kodak history of the home. And the Kodak album soon becomes the most precious book in the house.

Ask your dealer or write to us for a copy of "At Home with the Kodak"

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 94)

and materials. May first of a war year saw every manufacturer sold out, his line off the market. Shoe-string speculators who picked up odd lots of stock cared for the residue of the demand after a fashion. One such, a former salesman, had taken an order in April from this store for holiday goods. Early in October he confided in me that he had no source of supply and could not deliver.

The factory was turning down new business every day, but I persuaded the firm that this was an opportunity to ingratiate the house with an important store we never had sold. We accepted the defaulted order, accepted it at our April price, which was twelve per cent less than the October market, rushed it through the factory and delivered it in ample time for the holiday rush.

On December ninth the store buyer called me by phone. Their supply of a two-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent article was exhausted. Could we give them four hundred more at once? I asked him to give me half an hour, and got the factory on the wire. They balked. It would be necessary to turn the plant upside down to make the goods.

"We have this account now; here's our chance to nail it down," I argued.

The chief weakened. By taking an entire floor off the important work it was doing, and by working extra shifts, they were able to fill the order and ship it out the following night by motortruck, delivering the merchandise at the New York store at nine o'clock the next morning, ordinarily a three weeks' job.

Three days later the store buyer telephoned that he had seen nothing of the promised shipment. We investigated and learned that the store's receiving room, acting on general instructions to accept no merchandise bearing a manufacturer's imprint, had returned the goods, express collect. The buyer had made no such specifications to us about the factory imprint and had not notified the receiving room to waive the rule. The store lost sales of one thousand dollars in Christmas week, and so many satisfied customers. We lost heavily all along the line. They gave us no opportunity to sell the goods elsewhere in New York, which in those flush times we could have done instantly. We were not even asked for shipping instructions, in which case we would have specified freight of course.

Incidentally, in six years no buyer for this store ever has put foot in a sample room in our line, ours or our competitors', yet it would be impossible to carry a holiday display to the store sample rooms if it should be permitted.

Inconsiderate Buyers

The buyer blundered in this instance. At times there is bad blood between buyers and receiving rooms, in which case we again have the precarious rôles of innocent bystanders. I once got an order from a store where this condition existed, for one hundred of a small commodity that is packed six to the unit. It is a trade custom never to break a package, so we shipped one hundred and two. The receiving clerk, standing on the letter of the order and saying nothing to the buyer, returned the two extra packages, express collect. The value of the returned merchandise was twenty-six cents, the express charges thirty-two cents. A brash youngster at the factory, who handled credit returns, wrote the store on his own initiative. "If you ever have occasion to do this again," he advised, "just throw the goods away, drop us a postcard, and we'll give you credit."

In theory the buyer examines every lot and line of merchandise in the market and selects shrewdly and impersonally, guided only by his judgment of price, quality, style, seasonal demand and the state of his stock and departmental appropriation. In practice the buyer frequently performs as did the young woman upon whom we called for one year without seeing her. Hers is no isolated case. Neither am I voicing a personal grievance. It is notorious that the toughest trade a legitimate salesman for a standard line can draw for his sins are some of the department stores of New York and vicinity. Here buyeritis, perhaps only a rash in Cincinnati or Oklahoma City, rages in its most malignant forms.

Buyers are men and women, young and old, wise and otherwise, inexperienced and experienced. Good and bad bridge players, even as salesmen, school-teachers and senators. Neither does human nature vary with state lines.

Why, then, buyers? Why, in particular, New York buyers?

I make these observations out of thirty years of selling, the first fifteen on the road, the second in New York. I was born in New England and reared in New York. Before I had my third pair of long trousers I went on the road with a sample case in a day when a salesman by reputation was a gay fellow.

"Do you mean to tell me," said my aunt to my father, "that you intend to let that boy of eighteen be a salesman?"

"I suppose," said my father, "that there is no devilment in New York for him to get into."

I traveled Texas and Arkansas on my first job. Before I returned to take charge of the New York office of my second firm I had sold goods in every state west of the Hudson. I am still in charge in New York, a vice president of the company, and my income is proportionate. I think I know something of salesmen and buyers, and I know I know New York and the rest of the country.

I met my first variety of crab buyer some twenty-five years ago in Michigan, and I have encountered all varieties since. This Michigan town was off the beaten trail and drew the younger traveling men. It had one large house, the senior buyer for which was notorious in the Chicago territory. His first rule was that salesmen must appear before nine o'clock or wait until the following day. Fifteen of us were lined up this morning when the hour struck. One of us, a good-natured giant, was traveling out of New York for a tea-and-coffee house.

"I'm going to open up my stuff and have it ready," he confided to the rest. "It will save the buyer's time and mine."

A Well-Deserved Licking

There were forty, perhaps fifty, small compartments in his sample-case trays, each containing a grade of tea, coffee or spice. The buyer walked in at nine-thirty, glared at the open sample case and barked, "Who told you to open that up?"

With a sweep of his hand he knocked the trays over, pieing, as a printer would say, the contents into a scrambled heap. That meant a week's wait while new samples were sent for and shipped from New York.

The big fellow cried for rage and gave that buyer as sweet a thrashing as fourteen young salesmen ever had the pleasure of watching. He sobbed like a schoolboy, and every time he sobbed he smashed that buyer. None of us sold any goods in that town on that trip, but we left smiling.

This buyer would have been a bully, no doubt, as a bushelman, a sheep herder, as far as he dared. He was a tyrant by nature. But as a buyer he could dare all. Some of us are born to courtesy and consideration of others, some of us achieve them by training, but a lot of us have them thrust down our throats by necessity. We don't dare to be otherwise because we are at a physical, an economic or a moral disadvantage to the persons with whom we are dealing.

A buyer has no such leashes upon the old Adam. That marble group in City Hall Park, New York, depicting a proud young man with his feet upon the necks of two prostrate and symbolical figures, always has seemed misnamed and mislocated to me. It is called Civic Virtue. Had I been consulted the group would have been set up in Madison Square or Greeley Square, and labeled Buyer and Salesmen.

By the nature of things the salesman's neck always is bowed to the buyer's foot Whether the buyer steps on it or not is a matter of personal option purely. The salesman is a supplicant; the buyer, by virtue of office, a despot, benevolent or malevolent. And as long as the sparks fly upward it will remain so. The clerk in a chain tobacco store or a hotel system who stands beneath a framed motto reading "The customer always is right," envies the independence of the man who sells locomotives to railroads, but the difference is one of degree only.

That is all part of the game. I ask no sighs, tears or public tongue clucking. If my neck is sore from the imprint of many heels, I can get a job tomorrow as buyer. I shall continue to sell. I make more money and I like the job The case against the objectionable buyer is that he or she is costing the public money and is tripping up the stores in the race with competition. If a grande dame bullies a shopgirl or a male martinet insults a hotel or cigar-store clerk, that is deplorable; but if a store buyer abuses his similar advantage over a jobber's or manufacturer's salesman, something more than the salesman's feelings is lacerated.

The peculiarity of the department-store buyer's job is that it often combines large and often sudden authority with low pay, small responsibility and little business training. A typical store in an average American city has six or so large-volume departments whose buyers are experts drawing from six to ten thousand dollars a year, and upward. The innumerable minor departments pay from forty to seventy dollars a week. The buyers are in immediate charge of the selling in their divisions and responsible for the purchase of goods valued at ten to twenty or more times their wage. They are sought after, flattered and deferred to by suave salesmen of much longer business experience and far greater earnings.

The buyer's job is the dream of every girl and man behind a store counter. Even forty dollars a week is money to a sales clerk, but more—infinitely more—the buyer makes an annual or semiannual buying trip to New York. That is both a social and an economic distinction. And when at home they are dined and danced by New York salesmen.

And frequently the girls and men behind the counters are so promoted through the intermediate stages of stock keeper and, perhaps, assistant buyer. The head office is crying turnover, turnover, and there is no turnover, for example, in the stationery department. The merchandise man is on the carpet. Off goes the buyer's head. Little Nellie Kelly is promoted from head of stock. Either that or a new buyer is hired from another store or advertised for in a trade paper. Nellie must be a level-headed young woman if she does not come down with buyeritis. A little while back she called it a big day that saw a total of seventy-five dollars on her sales book. Now she is spending the company's money in the thousands of dollars. She can crack the whip over the sample-case luggers. They have something to sell and Nellie is the girl to whom they have to sell it. Like sweet Alice, they weep with delight when she gives them a smile and tremble with fear at her frown. And Nellie, being young and human and a bit jingled with her first sniff of power, more often than not finds her bob a bit tight for her head.

A store's buying staff changes only less rapidly than its sales force. Here is turnover anyway. If Nellie does not produce turnover she is not demoted back to stock or transferred to another department. She is fired, and joins the parade of buyers from store to store and city to city, almost journeymen of trade. We salesmen may never see her again or she may turn up unexpectedly and with ironical results as stationery buyer in Rochester.

Failings of Merchandise Men

Nellie's successor, like Nellie before her, usually condemns the stock on hand and the ability of the person who bought it, marks it down, clears it out at a sale, and buys new stock from the same or a different manufacturer. As a salesman this may be my loss or my gain, but it is the store's loss always. Merchandise men might prevent this if they had a better knowledge of values and materials, but they frequently have half a dozen departments as different as carpets and hardware. They know department-store methods, selling costs, and the like, but they seldom have a working knowledge of the intrinsic values of the things they sell. So they trust in Providence and the judgment of their buyers.

Because Nellie and her fellow sales clerks and stock keepers always are potential buyers, it is the salesman's job to know by name and have a smile for everyone in the department. Curiously, too, when a store changes buyers, salesmen in the interested lines often are asked to suggest candidates, and their judgment asked on applicants. I have cause to remember a case illustrating both points.

The merchandise man in my line in a store in a city to the westward of New York is an old friend I dropped in to see him one day and was told that he had discharged the buyer for the department which I sell.

"I have taken a girl out of stock and I'm going to let her try it," he said. "I wish you would give her any help you can"

The girl's name and face were not familiar to me. I hunted her up and introduced myself.

"I know you quite well, Mr. Brundage," she said, "and, incidentally, I am quite capable of running this department without your help."

I was badly taken aback. In puzzling it out I came to the conclusion that I must have slighted or seemed to slight her sometime when she was a sales clerk. She not only was capable of running the department without my aid but without my goods, it developed. I soon ceased to try to do business with her, but one day I met her by chance on the main floor of the store.

I bowed and would have passed on, but she stopped me.

"I never see salesmen except in the sample rooms," she informed me, "but as long as you are here I have something to say to you. There are two salesmen in your line whom I detest, and you are one. Permit me to add, however, that my personal feelings will have no influence upon my buying."

It so happened that the merchandise man had just told me that the young woman was not succeeding and that she would be let out at the end of the holiday season. I could afford to be superior to her dislike. But I was curious.

"Would you mind telling me who the other object of your dislike is?" I asked lightly.

She named a man with whom I did not care to be bracketed. A salesman should save his temper for his family, but this was a body thrust, and I was hopping mad.

"Whether you do or do not like me or our merchandise is a matter of complete indifference to me," I snapped, "for we see too many buyers come and go, and particularly as I happen to know that you are going."

She went. Three years later I was summoned to the office of the merchandise man of my line in a great New York store. He was changing buyers and asked my judgment on a list of candidates. Fourth on the list was the young woman who detested me.

"I wouldn't give her six dollars a week," I commented.

A Born Merchant

My opinion appears not to have weighed heavily. She got the job. Today she is regarded as the most successful department-store buyer in her line, she has built up the largest department-store business in the country, and she doesn't use our goods. I paid high for that momentary triumph. More humiliating, I had permitted my judgment of her ability to be warped by prejudice.

Usually a buyer whose head is turned by authority is a failure. Pettiness and success rarely are bedfellows in any endeavor. Perhaps this young woman had a genuine grievance, perhaps my personality simply irritated her beyond control. There are personalities that do that to me. But there are exceptions to the rule, one famous in the trade.

Coming over from Europe a merchant became interested in an immigrant lad in the steerage and gave the boy a small job in his store. He rose in a year to command of the book-and-stationery department. He was insufferable in his new authority, and time has not mellowed him greatly. I never knew another buyer who seemed as direly ignorant of the thing he was purchasing. Once he protested to a salesman that there was altogether too much middleman's profit in the book trade, and announced, in utter seriousness, that he intended buying books directly from the authors if the publishers did not come down from their high horses. Not long ago he was in New York on a buying trip. At one of my competitors' places the head of the firm himself waited upon him. The reader no doubt appreciates that all prices in a first-class house are fixed and subject only to the usual trade discounts.

"How much are these eight-sixty-sevens?" the buyer asked.

"Thirty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-two."

"You will not," the publisher rejoined.

"Too much; won't have them," said the buyer. "What are you asking for this holiday number?"

(Continued on Page 101

It will last as long as your house—

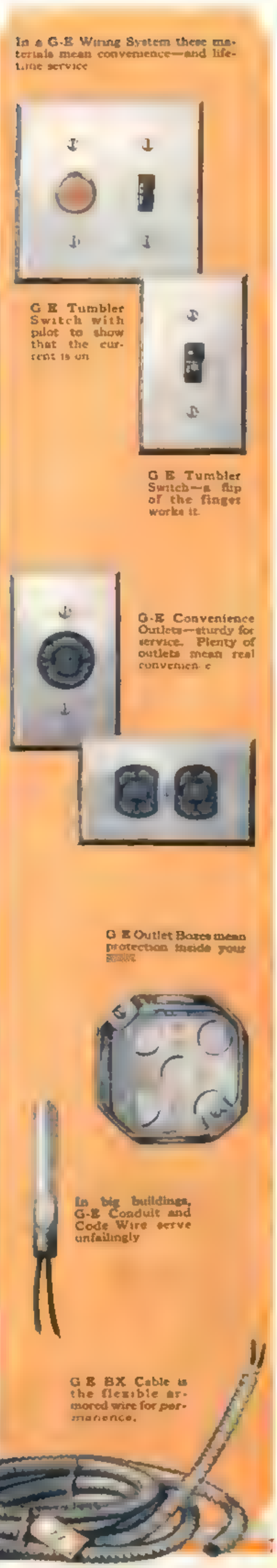
When the electric wiring system is built into your walls, see that it is built to stay. The difference in cost between G-E and unknown wiring materials is less than one-tenth of one per cent of the cost of the house. And the G-E wiring materials will last as long as the house stands.

Don't just look at the price and sign the contract. Insist upon knowing the quality of the materials to be used—the wire, the cable, or the conduit—the outlets and the switches. It is not a matter of technical mysteries, but as important for you to specify as the color of your walls. Insist upon G-E materials throughout your entire wiring system, and you know from your experience with other General Electric products that you have quality throughout. Study the plans. And specify G-E.

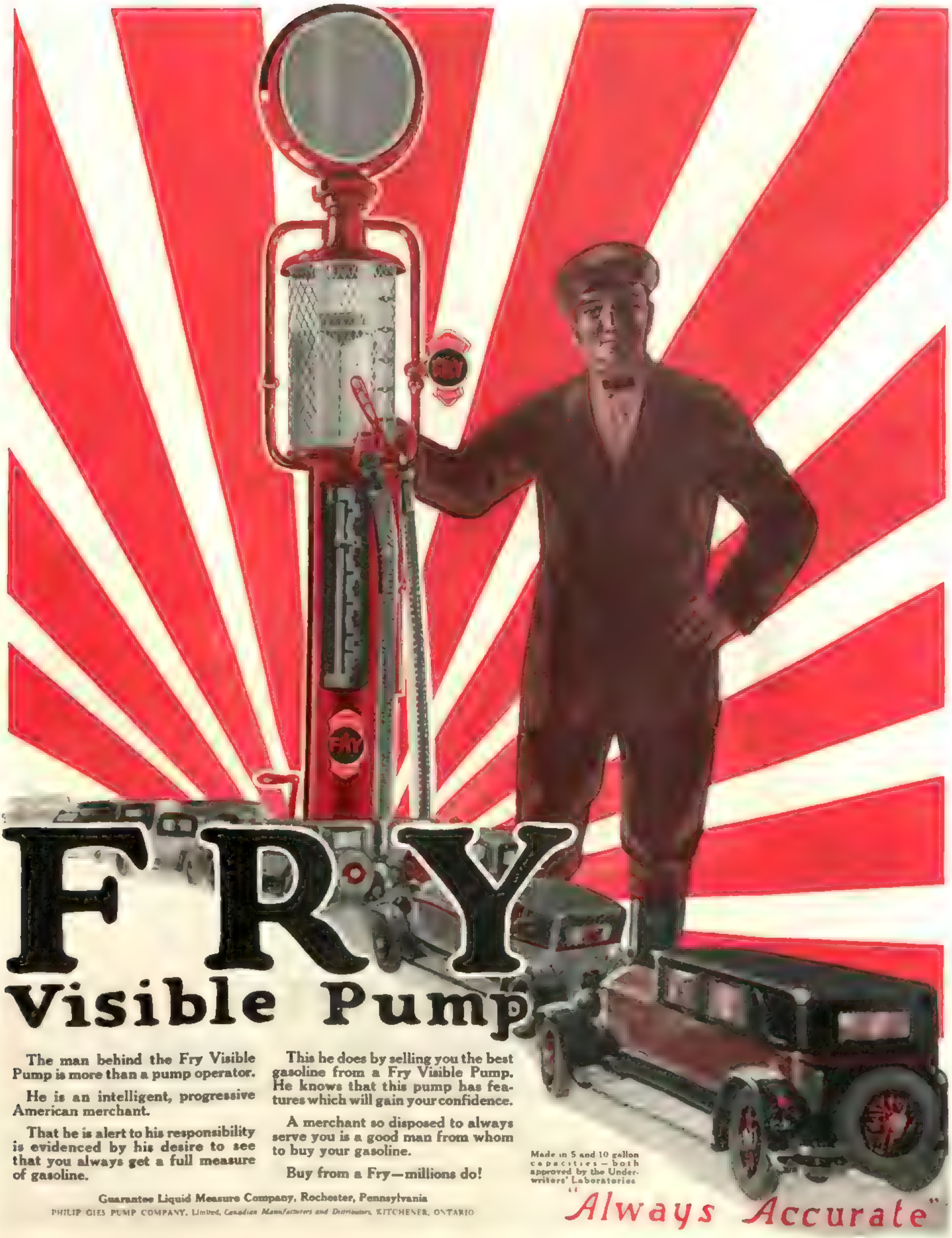
If you are planning electrical wiring, send 25 cents for the illustrated book, "The Home of a Hundred Comforts."

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn

GE WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service


In a G-E Wiring System these materials mean convenience—and lifetime service
G E Tumbler Switch with pilot to show that the current is on
G E Tumbler Switch—a flip of the finger works it
G-E Convenience Outlets—sturdy for service. Plenty of outlets mean real convenience
G E Outlet Boxes mean protection inside your walls
In big buildings, G-E Conduit and Code Wire serve unfailingly
G E BX Cable is the flexible armored wire for permanence.

GENERAL ELECTRIC


FRY
Visible Pump
The man behind the Fry Visible Pump is more than a pump operator.
He is an intelligent, progressive American merchant.
That he is alert to his responsibility is evidenced by his desire to see that you always get a full measure of gasoline.
This he does by selling you the best gasoline from a Fry Visible Pump. He knows that this pump has features which will gain your confidence.
A merchant so disposed to always serve you is a good man from whom to buy your gasoline.
Buy from a Fry—millions do!
Guarantee Liquid Measure Company, Rochester, Pennsylvania
PHILIP GIES PUMP COMPANY, Limited, Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors, KITCHENER, ONTARIO
Made in 5 and 10 gallon capacities—both approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories
"Always Accurate"

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

RECREATION AND REFRESHMENT

Go hand in hand - Wherever you want refreshment, Coca-Cola fills the need - Sold in 30 countries

RE-FRESH YOURSELF / FIVE-CENTS IS THE PRICE

(Continued from Page 96)

"Twenty-eight dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-two," the buyer dickered.

"Listen!" the manufacturer exploded. "Did you see a red flag outside? This is no auction. Let's go to lunch. We'll come back when you're ready to buy."

They returned from lunch and the buyer bought at regular prices a standard line which he knew he must have and which the manufacturer knew he must have. Yet this man has been signally successful. His department sells more books and stationery supplies than any other store in his part of the country that I know of. He still knows precious little about his merchandise, but he is an instinctive merchant.

The only story I know that caps this is of a girl who served briefly as book buyer in a department store. A New York publisher who occasionally takes the road himself, was in Boston in January and sold the young woman an order. Six weeks later he again was in Boston with six new books warm from the press.

"I don't see how you find time to do it!" the buyer exclaimed.

"Do what?" the publisher asked.

"Write all these books," the buyer marvelled. "It was only six weeks ago that you were here before, and now you are back with six new ones."

The publisher thought she was kidding. It developed, however, that she actually believed him to be the sole author of his wares.

All that is true of Nellie of Toledo, to return to that young woman, is triply operative in the case of Sonia, her sister buyer for a New York store. The latter has much more temptation to abuse her position, with the added provocation of boredom. Her wages are as low as Nellie's and there are no New York trips for her. She already is there and it is an old story. The city is the selling headquarters and the merchandise dumping ground of America, overrun with salesmen. Being in the heart of supply, its stores can and do buy from day to day instead of tying up their capital in a season's stock, as must a Western store. She is less important to her store than a Toledo buyer because her errors of judgment can be caught more quickly and corrected more easily.

Buyers' Responsibilities

Nellie in Toledo sees relatively few salesmen and their visits are something of an event in her business routine, however loftily she may choose to receive them. Their merchandise is on display at hotel sample rooms, where she may call at any time of the day or evening at her convenience. Sonia's days are one salesman after another. She can purchase only the smallest fraction of all that is offered, and often she is allowed only four to eight hours a week for buying. What is one salesman more or less to her if she chooses to be indifferent or snippy? What if he is offering something that she could sell to advantage? Another salesman and another will be right behind him. The New York department-store buyer is the sum of the conditions of the job. The conditions are peculiar and the buyers are peculiar.

If the stores paid their buyers better they would attract better buyers presumably, but the stores believe they cannot afford to pay more for the service performed, and their books seem to prove the contention.

A buyer's quota is fixed at the beginning of the year. That is, the store names a sum beyond which the buyer may not spend for stock, a sum normally based upon the previous year's sales. Patently, if the buyer bought a million dollars' worth of goods a year the store could afford to pay a much better salary than it can for seventy-five thousand dollars in purchases, but the store cannot sell a million dollars' worth of infants' wear. It sold only seventy-thousand dollars last year; it will be happy if the turnover is eighty thousand dollars this year.

Nor does it always follow that they do pay more when they can afford to. I know a mail-order house that pays its buyer in a certain line four thousand dollars. He spends two million dollars in a normal year. If he should be 5 per cent wrong in his selections he would cost the firm one hundred thousand dollars.

As a New York salesman, the chain stores as well as department stores are my customers. These chain systems with hundreds—in three cases, thousands—of stores scattered over the country, have central buying offices in New York. Already they are doing 8 per cent of the nation's retail business, and they are increasing competitors of the department stores. They do buy in the millions when the department stores purchase in the thousands, they can afford to pay their buyers accordingly, and they avoid this fundamental defect in department-store organization.

The buying offices of one such chain occupy the twenty-fourth floor of a building that is world-famous. The salesman's reception room has the look of a lounge in a first-class hotel. There are deep-napped carpets and overstuffed divans. You hear no raised voices, no shouting out of "Not interested" or "Not today." There is no confusion. The buying offices are open from nine to five, and open to anyone with something to sell. Salesmen are seen promptly in the order in which they register.

The buyers are paid upward of twenty thousand dollars a year and devote their entire attention to buying. All have come up through the business—washed windows, dressed windows, opened packing cases and managed stores. They change rarely; when one does go the firm does not advertise in the trade papers or hire a successor from a rival; another man is promoted from the organization.

The individual chain-store manager has no voice in the selection of the merchandise he sells. That is left entirely to the judgment of the buyer in New York, and that buyer must know his stores as a baseball fanatic knows batting averages.

Meeting Competition

The buyer for this chain, with whom I deal and who sees every salesman who calls, without exception, tells me that only once in fifteen years has he had to ask an over-insistent seller out of his office.

Enormous buying power and outlet, cash and carry, if the chief, are not the only advantages the chain systems have over competitors.

If tomorrow you find a belt in a chain store for eleven cents less than your favorite department store is asking for a similar one, it will be due partly to the fact that the chain-store buyer is a better paid and more competent judge of merchandise, and that he made his selections from a wider offering.

I can't conceive of a chain system duplicating an experience I had with a great New York store. This store sold fifty thousand dollars' worth of a certain article a year. It was a standard piece of goods, made by every manufacturer in the line. The store was buying from a competitor of ours, and my mouth watered for the business, which I suspected we could supply at a price less than they were paying.

When a buyer left to go to another store he confided in me that the store was paying eighteen cents for the article. I sent a sample to the factory. It was put through the laboratory and I got back word that we could duplicate the item in quantities at sixteen cents.

The new buyer was indifferent and finally I wrote to the firm.

"For six months I have been in a position to save Merchants & Sons four thousand dollars a year," my letter read. "Don't you want to save it?"

I was hardly in my office the next morning when the store's merchandise office telephoned, asking me to call. I told my story to the merchandise man and showed my sample.

"This will bear looking into," he said. "I'll get after it at once."

Nothing happened. After nearly a year of dilly-dally I went direct to the store executive. "You are paying your buyer two thousand dollars a year; I am offering to save you twice that on one item," I told him.

"The fact of the matter, Mr. Brundage, is that we have not liked to hurt your feelings," he replied. "This is an important business with us. We have been doing it for years and we don't like to risk cheapening the quality of an article for which we have built up a special demand. Your sample is all right, but frankly we haven't faith in the ability of your house to provide what you specify at the price you quote. We are satisfied that we already are getting a rock-bottom price."

The president and the general sales manager of my firm both happened to be in New York. I told the store executive so, and asked if he would believe what they told him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I couldn't do anything else."

I took both to the store. The big chief is a profane man. "I don't give a damn what Brundage told you," he swore. "If he said it, we will do it."

The result of that visit was an order from the store to make a sample run of four tons. When we had gone to the mill originally for the base stock, we had taken the precaution to remove all identifying marks from the sample obtained from Merchants & Sons.

The mill had failed to recognize its own product. But when the four-ton order reached the mill someone awoke.

"Good Lord," they telephoned us. "This is such and such. We have been making it for years for your competitor, and quoted you a cent less on the pound without recognizing the goods. We're sorry, but we can't take the business. Your competitor is too old and good a customer."

We took the sample to another mill. The four tons came through splendidly. When we were about to deliver, the store asked that the shipment be held up for thirty days. Meanwhile, we learned afterward, the store's merchandise men had put their heads together. "Evidently we have been paying too much for this number," they reasoned. "If Brundage's house can beat Etcetera's terms, isn't it likely that somebody can beat Brundage's price?"

As an experiment they went to a third manufacturer, who quoted them fourteen cents.

When the stuff was delivered it was bad. The store refused to accept it, finally took it off the manufacturer's hands at ten cents, mixed it with our sixteen-cent goods and the eighteen-cent stock on hand, and sold it all over the counter.

"No more cut prices for us," they announced when the stock was disposed of, and returned to the eighteen-cent manufacturer. Seven years passed, and half a dozen buyers. One day I asked the most recent buyer what he was paying for the article in question. He overruled the question as unfair.

"Well, are you paying thirty cents?"

"Can you produce a better piece of goods at thirty; or as good at twenty-five?" he parried.

I told him I would see. The factory, in due time, sent me a superior sample at thirty cents, and one as good at twenty-five. When I called again on the buyer a letter from our competitor lay on top of his desk.

"From this date the price on such and such is reduced from thirty to twenty-five cents," the letter read.

The mill from which each of us obtained the stock had tipped the other manufacturer off to the fact that we were about to underbid him.

But the store continued to do business with our rival rather than risk a change in a sure-selling commodity.

Charged to Goodwill

It was a buyer for this store who came to us between Christmas week and New Year's asking if we had any factory left-overs which they could sell as remnants. The two of us caught a train for the factory, where we rounded up some twenty thousand dollars in odds and ends which I classified into three piles to retail at thirty-five, fifty cents and one dollar, the most of it at the lower figure. We asked twenty-two cents for that lot. The buyer began to trade with us, seeking an assortment he could retail at twenty-five cents. We rearranged the stuff and grouped a quantity at eighteen and a half cents. This was not enough margin, he argued. If we could make it seventeen cents, he would take it. Eighteen and a half cents represented absolute cost. He was taking an unfair advantage, asking us to cut our price below cost and expecting the usual margin of profit for the store. This is an abuse from which all manufacturers suffer.

We ended the bargaining by saying that we would leave the price to him, to show how we appreciated his business. He had no authority to place the order. He conferred back with his merchandise man and wrote us that he was sorry, but that seventeen cents was the best he could offer. We shipped the goods and charged the loss to goodwill.

The seventeen-cent merchandise went on sale in the store, not at twenty-five cents, but at thirty-five cents. When I called on the

They mate your feet

Twenty miles back to the camp after you've made your kill—that's the kind of work feet were built for—not stepping on the gas or slithering over waxen floors.

Feet that know the crunch of snow shoes, the tug of a mountain torrent, the velvet of moccasins on pine needles or the tilt of an uneasy deck—feet with springs for tendons and muscles that endure—such feet ask for shoes of substance and generous girth.

Packards are smart—none more so—with the spirit of youth in every line—but their style is *vigorous* rather than girlish.

It's the style of choice calfskin, mellowed by slow tanning to the pliancy of a woolen hose; the style that only craftsmen of old-fashioned skill can build into a shoe; the style of modeling so true that months of wear will not distort a single curve.

Somewhere in your city is a dealer who would rather sell you one pair of shoes that are *right* than three pairs that are cheap. He carries Packards. They will cost you from $8 to $10. A few styles higher. If you don't know him, let us send you his name.

Packard

THE NORFOLK
Tan Calf, Brewster
Lace Oxford

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

A Tom Wye
For Every Man

For every day in the year, for every sport, for every demand for extra warmth, you need a Tom Wye. Jackets, vests and pullovers in the greatest variety of styles and colorings. The best fit and style, the longest service—look for the Tom Wye Label.

"Ye Tourist" a popular priced jacket also made by

TOM WYE, Inc.
Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye
KNIT WEAR

buyer he grinned as if he had done a clever day's work. "You know, when I opened that stuff up it looked so good that I didn't have the heart to sell it at a quarter," he laughed.

For fifteen years the best account we had in one Eastern city was a department store which I shall call Trade & Barter's. No matter how often the store changed buyers we continued to sell it the bulk of its business in our line. Returning from Europe, our president met a merchant of another large Eastern city. The latter asked if our firm was selling his store. The chief told him that he thought not.

"Send down some samples of your leaders," the merchant said. "Perhaps we can do business."

We sent the samples and got back a healthy order. The next we knew the buyer in our line at that store lost her place. We never have known what weight, if any, this incident played in her discharge. In the shake of the dice she turned up on the job at Trade & Barter's. It was a war year, stock was short, and all of us could sit in our office and sell our output twice over.

Early in December this buyer came to New York in the hope of picking up additional holiday goods. Not until she had failed at every other sample room did she try ours. Just at quitting time one evening she telephoned to ask if we could help her. I never had met her and knew nothing of the incident in the other city, which was out of my territory.

"Certainly," I told her. "We'll do anything for Trade & Barter. I don't know where I'll get it, but I'll get it somehow, load it on a motortruck and deliver it at your store by day after tomorrow at nine o'clock."

The merchandise, twenty-five hundred dollars of it, was delivered as promised, and fattened the holiday profits of her department. She was profusely grateful and gave us a handsome order in the spring. The slump hit the country the following year. When she had not ordered by April, I looked her up. She explained that she was moving cautiously and would not come into the market until late. When I saw her next in July she suggested a trip to the factory, which happens to lie in a charming summer countryside.

"By all means," I concurred. "Run up to New York and we'll make up a motor party and drive through." She accepted, bringing two women relatives with her. As a commission salesman, I paid all expenses, of course. The house made it pleasant for her at the plant and she left a ten thousand-dollar order, which included three thousand dollars of close-out merchandise at a very special price, given her in appreciation of the large regular order and our exceptionally cordial relations with Trade & Barter. The confirmation of the close-out consignment arrived by return mail. The major order hung fire and was only half confirmed eventually, her excuse being that she had spent more than her departmental appropriation.

Getting the Worst of It

The following year I was in her city with twelve sample trunks, requiring three sample rooms at eight dollars a day each, and three assistants. The other local buyers dropped in as usual. She made an appointment to look at the line on Wednesday, postponed it until Thursday, then until Friday. That day she did not come to the store, and we learned that she was moving. Meanwhile all other local business had been cleaned up and the four of us were compelled to stay on at heavy expense, waiting for her. She came in Saturday and gave us an order for nine thousand dollars. It was not confirmed, and as long as she remained a buyer we never sold her another bill of goods.

In thinking it over it occurred to me that she once had seen me talking to another Trade & Barter buyer of a closely associated line.

There was a rumor, of which she probably was cognizant, that he was to take over her department, and much later he did. But the excuse she gave me was that the buyer at another local store was an old friend of mine and that I would be certain to give him the best of it.

If a buyer's blunder can be covered up he knows he may depend on the salesman and manufacturer to do the covering. Good or bad, buyers, as I have said, are our only approach to the stores. In placing a sizable order with me several seasons back, a New York buyer called my attention to the fact that our delivery was late the previous year.

"I want absolute July fifteenth delivery," she demanded.

"You shall have it," I guaranteed. The order was so made out, I followed it up with a letter to the factory for emphasis, and on July first I checked up and found they were all ready for delivery. On July fifteenth a much exercised young woman telephoned. It was the buyer.

"Your factory delivered sixty-five cases of goods here this morning, with me in the midst of inventory. What are you thinking of?"

"You ordered delivery for today," I reminded her.

"I did not; I asked for August fifteenth delivery," she insisted.

I said I was sorry and told her to accept the goods and date it on her books as of August fifteenth. She protested that she could not. She was taking inventory and any goods in the building must be included in the inventory. It would ruin her department's showing.

"In that case," I offered, "deliver the cases to a warehouse." She said she would, but called back to inform me that it was a store rule that their trucks would deliver only to a railroad or to the manufacturer's local office. So I had to hire trucks and send the stuff to warehouse at an expense of seventy-five dollars to us. Meanwhile I asked headquarters for the official confirmation of the order. It read July fifteenth. Thereupon I sent the bill for seventy-five dollars trucking and storage to the store. The buyer came to my office in tears.

"If the management should see this bill I don't know what would happen," she cried. "It would be horribly embarrassing to me."

"If my boss should see that bill it might be horribly embarrassing to me, too," I told her. But I paid the bill. She was an old friend and customer, and she was the buyer—my only entrée to the store.

Grafting Buyers Rare

In the midst of these animadversions I should like to say this to the credit of buyers: Despite a fairly prevalent report to the contrary, there is very little graft in the business. It never was a considerable evil and it is virtually nonexistent today. I never have encountered but one buyer who demanded a percentage on an order. When one acts unaccountably no salesman assumes that he is being shaken down. We put it down to buyeritis.

The belief in the existence of graft persists however. Among my acquaintances is a knit-goods manufacturer who always has dealt exclusively with jobbers. He was considering going to the larger New York stores and offering his surplus output at what would have been very pretty terms, but he heard so much of the inaccessibility of buyers and of the personal-graft bugaboo that he abandoned the idea. I heard of his decision and the reasons, and it was a matter of pleasure to set him right, showing him how he might do business fairly and pleasantly with the New York stores.

The borrowing buyer is encountered now and then. He has a life-insurance payment coming due and no ready cash with which to meet it. Could the salesman let him have eighty dollars until his next visit? This is a favor one is not inclined to refuse a man who has just bought a bill of goods. The money rarely is repaid. Buyers do accept entertainment and other petty favors, of course, but that is all in the game.

The first of these favors today is liquor. Some selling houses in New York carry it in the vaults for the stimulation of trade and the buyer. In houses that do not carry it, the salesmen frequently supply their customers upon their own initiative, and the visiting buyer may perhaps find several bottles from as many different houses delivered to his hotel the day of his arrival. Liquor is not as easily had away from the coast as it is in such a port as New York, and it is not easily accessible in New York to a stranger. More than that, many a man and woman who drink rarely if ever at home are more receptive away from home. Many of them look to the selling houses for a bottle on arrival, a bottle to put in their grip when they start home, and a drink or two in the sample rooms while they are buying.

There are two sides, naturally, to this buyer-salesman issue. As a salesman it is my opinion that there is more incompetence in my business than in any two other occupations combined. Anyone can call himself a salesman. There isn't a man or woman from one Portland to the other so halt, lame, blind, deaf and dumb—fortissimo on the dumb—who can't get a job today as a salesman on commission for the asking. A certain type of employer cares not a hoot. If you sell, excellent; if you don't, it costs him nothing. When all other industry is on half time the Salesmen Wanted columns are longest.

The normal bumper crop of counterfeits has been increased recently by a new and spectacular variety—the canned salesman, product of New York and Chicago painless schools of selling. Canned sales arguments, bristling with aphorisms and powdered with bird lime, are prepared by a sales promoter. This high-powered oration of commerce is memorized verbatim by regular classes of youngsters, who, when letter-perfect, are sicked on the public. Their victims are expected to believe that the young man's silver-tongued eloquence is original with himself and inspired only by the extraordinary merits of the Sinaloan tamale stock or the combination filing cabinet and ink remover he is selling.

Business men have been amusing themselves on dull days by baiting these lads. The trick is to interrupt in the heart of their address, shouting them down if necessary. Once stopped, their predigested train of thought broken, they are compelled to return to their starting point. One such attempted recently to sell me a course in salesmanship. I argued unavailingly that if I didn't know something about salesmanship after a quarter of a century, I was not worth his valuable time.

"Salesmanship, Mr. Brundage," he began, "is like a flight of stairs. The first step is initiative." And so on.

About the time he reached the third step, I cut in. "Just a minute, just a minute," I insisted. "I don't quite follow you there."

The baffling point explained, with just a suggestion of annoyance, he resumed. "As I was saying, Mr. Brundage, salesmanship is like a flight of stairs. The first step is initiative."

"We already have taken that step; let's resume at the fourth step," I interrupted again.

I had rocked the boat, and he capsized in midstream. His bewilderment was so comical that I laughed.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Brundage," he confided, "the job's the bunk. I'm going to quit."

I was visiting with a Philadelphia buyer known for his austerity with salesmen when the office boy brought in a card which read: "Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Leather goods."

Miss Darby's Boodle Bags

"Who in Helgoland do you suppose that can be?" the buyer asked me. "Some of the gang being funny?" Turning to the boy, he said, "Send Colonel Roosevelt and his leather goods in."

A beaming young man breezed through the door. "Wasn't that a good one, Mr. Mac?" he chortled.

"What is the meaning of this?" the buyer demanded icily.

"Well," the salesman defended himself, "every time I come you send out word 'Not today' or 'Come back tomorrow,' and I come back tomorrow and the boy tells me 'Not today.' What should a live salesman do, Mr. Mac?"

"Show the gentleman out," the buyer instructed the boy.

We still were enjoying this exhibition of showmanship when the boy brought in a slip that read: "Miss Darby. Boodle bags."

"Boodle bags?" queried Mac. "What are boodle bags? Let's have Number 176 in." A rather eye-filling woman of possibly thirty swept in.

"Surely, Mr. Mac, you know what boodle bags are?" she said. "Every woman is wearing one. They are purses attached to the garter."

"Oh, yes," Mac said. "We already have a line of those."

"Ah, but not ours, not ours, Mr. Mac. Ours lie close to the leg and do not bulge."

Mr. Mac declined. "Speaking of sales pressure," he said when Miss Darby had departed without an order, "that is ——" But he never finished what he set out to say.

(Continued on Page 105)

Personalities of Paramount

James Cruze

The man who made "The Covered Wagon"

You would not need to know much more than that about any director to realize that he was one of the real kings of the motion picture art.

Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the world-resounding applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.

This remarkable man has made six hits all in a row: "The Covered Wagon," "Hollywood," "To the Ladies," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Fighting Coward," and "Merton of the Movies." Every one of them takes hold of audiences with a spell like Christmas-time over a child of six.

Any time a James Cruze Paramount Picture arrives and you don't break all other dates to see it, you are simply doing yourself an injury. Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggar on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.

TRADE MARK

Paramount Pictures

PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESIDENT

Paramount Pictures

Changing Conditions in the Film Industry

People used to refer to the movie game.

A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

Everybody took a chance and often lost.

The motion picture industry of today is very different. Entertainment as a world-wide industry is in a class with Food, Housing, Transportation and other fundamentals of life.

As far as the best quality of Production is concerned, there exists a *standard*, and it is high because Paramount sets it.

As far as Distribution is concerned, Paramount Pictures are shown by the best theatres in almost every community in America.

As far as Demand is concerned, you tell that story yourself by your patronage.

Today, millions have excellent reason to know before they go that—

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

U.S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires

with Latex-Treated Web-Cord Construction

WHEN you are looking into Balloon Tires, never forget that balloon cushioning depends on low air pressure.

This calls for an extremely flexible tire.

Here is the place where Latex-treated Web-Cord proves of special advantage.

In Web-Cord the cords are saturated and webbed together with rubber latex.

It is—in effect—a rubber sheet reinforced with cotton cords in such a way that there are no cross threads to chafe or pull when the tire flexes over ruts and bumps.

This gives a very strong, flexible tire.

Note also the flat tread—and small tread blocks—providing a long-wearing, serviceable tread.

And remember also that U. S. Royal Balloon Cords and Balloon Tubes are both accurately balanced so that these tires roll evenly and quietly and do not "gallop" at either high or low speed.

Trade Mark **United States Rubber Company**

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Continued from Page 102

The other day a chain-store buyer permitted me to sit in his office while he went through the morning's grist. I tucked myself away in a corner and pretended to do some clerical work. My line was not represented among the callers so I was not recognized, nor were any trade secrets divulged

The first caller had a line of key purses and reminded me of that old story of the exchange between a salesman and a merchant. It runs like this:

"Mornings"
"Mornings"
"Somethings?"
"Nothings"
"Mornings"
"Mornings"

My buyer friend examined the samples. "None of these operate on swivels," he pointed out. "They aren't practicable without swivels. I can't use them."

From entrance to exit the salesman or so he would be listed in a city directory—said nothing beyond "Good morning," "Yes?" "No?" and "Good-by."

He was followed by a man with a line of bar pins, bracelets and novelty jewelry. He let the bar pins speak for themselves, but defended his bracelets set with imitation diamonds.

"Those aren't cheap stones, mister," he said. "They cost us a dollar a gross."

The buyer compared them unfavorably with similar bracelets the stores already were selling, pointing out the spots where his goods were skimped. "You go seven-eighths of the way, then stop and spoil the job," he indicated. "I'd rather pay you fifty cents more and get the article right Go back to your factory and ask them to figure on it."

The third salesman unwrapped several sets of cast-iron book ends. Had I not overheard the conversation I should never have believed it

"How much?"

The salesman fumbled for a price list in an inside pocket, dropped it in removing it, and eventually read the prices.

"What would they retail at?"

"I don't know."

"This is strictly a holiday line. It's too late for holiday goods, and too early for reorders."

"I didn't know that. We sold a lot to the LMN stores last year."

"What did they get for them?"

"I don't remember."

Further inquiry developed the fact that the salesman represented a factory making casters and metal furniture fixtures, that he happened to be in New York, and that the firm had suggested that he drop in on the chain stores and see what he could do with the book ends

Although he did not say so, it was evident that the book ends had been made as an experimental side line. The factory then sent a man to call on corporations doing an annual business as high as three hundred million dollars without equipping him with the faintest knowledge of his potential customers' needs, of the seasonal nature of the merchandise, of its retail value—of anything beyond the fact that the factory would like to sell some book ends.

A Shoestring Operator

Number Four, speaking the most meager English, unwrapped three sample numbers of imitation-leather belts.

"What is this material?" the buyer asked

"Near-leather."

"You mean painted canvas?"

"No, mister; near-leather, that is."

"What is near-leather?"

"Well, a kind of cloth ——"

"Exactly. Painted canvas. How much?"

"Sixteen dollars a gross"

The buyer threw up his hands. "Let me give you a friendly tip," he said. "This isn't a good ten-cent value, and you are asking a quarter price for it. You are just wasting your time. You haven't sold any of these, and you never will."

When the door closed my friend explained that the belt man was a familiar type. "He knows just as much about belts as he does about tea at the Ritz," the buyer said. "What has happened is that he has accumulated two or three hundred dollars, probably by peddling, and a desire to become a manufacturer—any kind of manufacturer. He has fallen into the hands of some Last Side curbstone belt operator who has painted some such picture as this:

"'There is big money in belts. I'll make you up three sample numbers. You go out and get orders. Then with your capital we'll make the belts and have a fine business going'"

Number Five carried two enormous paper sacks, out of which he fished a tableful of women's cheap hats to retail at $2.99. They were a decidedly brave line of hats at such a price—black, trim, smart tailor-mades, so called. To my eye they looked like much larger money, and I thought of my wife. The man piled his hats upon the table without comment.

"Good-looking hats, those," the buyer commented. "But sample hats always are I'll drop into your place tomorrow morning and see how they look on the rack"

Number Six was selling nothing. He had a complaint. He had sold the company a bill of leather goods delivered on October twenty-fifth. It now was November eighth and he had not been paid. He needed his money, adding that he had been forced to cease doing business with another chain system because they tied up his money so long.

"You know we pay all bills on the tenth," the buyer replied "If you are not big enough to take care of us on the usual terms, we shall have to buy elsewhere. I'll fix you up this time." And he sent the man away with a note to the accounting office.

"There," said the buyer, "is another type. He is an alert manufacturer with good values. He may be worth a million in a few years. I've seen many like him move out of East Grand Street or Williamsburg onto the Drive in a few years. Not long ago he went into business on a shoestring and no credit. When he gets an order it requires every cent of his capital to fill it. Until the bill is paid he is out of business. He knew our terms all along, but if he can wheedle the money out of us one day short of the tenth he is back in business that much sooner."

Numbers Seven and Eight were showing lines of glass vases and cheap hand bags for children, respectively. Their salesmanship was as bad, or as nonexistent, as that of the others. "These fellows were not a representative slice from the day's job," the buyer apologized. "I didn't like to call the better men in while you were here. They would have spotted you at once and been self-conscious or suspicious. But I do see numbers of salesmen as hopeless as these were every business day, and it pays me. A man may know nothing about selling and still have a good article, so we see all comers."

The success of this chain-store policy and a growing awareness of it on the part of the department stores has led to concerted action by a large number of stores to group their purchasing. The progress of these and other group-buying enterprises will be recited in another article.

"The Storm-Beaten Sentinel," Rainier National Park

The AERMORE Exhaust Horn
The Signal With a Smile

The Signal That Opens the Road

The pleasant request of the Aermore gets ready compliance from the driver ahead, who often refuses the harsh demand of ordinary signals.

Flexible, its organ tone can be heard far and clear above other sounds on noisy roads, or reduced to a gentle warning loud or soft always a friendly tone always a courteous request that gets results.

Dependable. Easily installed Guaranteed At your dealer's, or write us direct, giving make and model of car.

Price complete with Valve and Hand Control

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Positive power control
Added safety 4 in. to right of brake pedal
Cannot strike accelerator accidentally when applying brake
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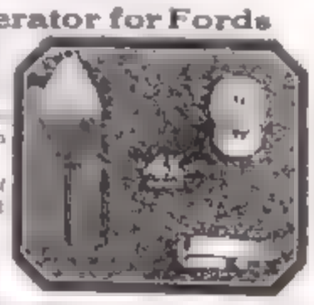

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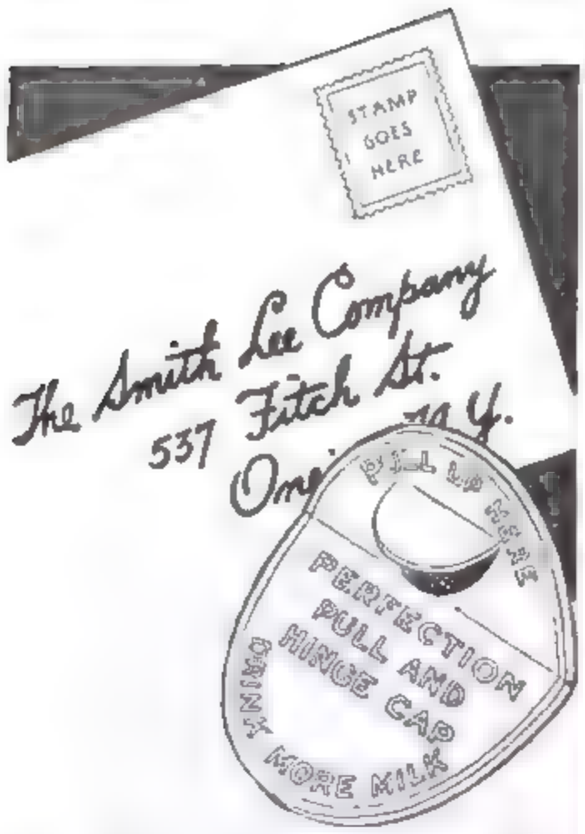

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PERFECT cleanliness in milk leads to health; uncovered milk, or a bottle of milk carelessly opened, may mean the absorbing of countless harmful germs . . . . Learn about the health-protecting way—it will cost you only a two cent stamp.

This pull and hinge cap opens the milk-bottle easily, without forks, thumbs, or ice-picks. When you put the bottle away, after you have used what you need, you can be sure that the milk is securely covered. And it will be easy to open the bottle again.

School-children drink milk through a straw with these handy hinged caps. Get some today—a full month's supply *free* if you will just send in the coupon.

Tell your milkman you want these caps on your milk bottles. And mail the coupon now.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

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Smith-Lee Co., Inc.
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Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

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THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited
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DRINK MORE MILK

BLIND SPOTS

(Continued from Page 8

"Wait now, Stace. Wait now. Don't get so worked up. It can't be as bad as you think. Why won't—don't glare at me like that—why won't the Seaboard want you too? Why won't they take you into their office?"

"Take me? Ha! What for? What will they want with me? Haven't they men of their own?"

"But they'll need more, taking the Deepwater."

"No, they won't. I tell you they won't. There'll be no more Deepwater. They'll sink it into that Seaboard organization and there won't be a bubble to show where it went. And I'll be walking around showing people a sweet little letter from Parish and asking for ten dollars a week on the strength of it. That's where I'll land. Why, I tell you ——"

"Wait now, Stace. Wait now. Don't shout so." Kate had both his hands, drawing them to her. "You must be quiet, Stace. The children will hear you. Let's talk it over, dear. We'll—we'll go for a walk, you and I. The children will be all right for a while. We can talk it over, Stace—think it out. Come."

They walked through quiet streets and out to the town's edge before they turned back. Eustace was calmer then and feared to be overheard; but he strove to show her how wholly unreasonable and futile it was for either of them to be other than disconsolate. For a time she thought to cheer him with light-hopefulness and confidence; but that irritated him, and he angrily demanded that she face the facts and see things as they surely must be soon. This, he told her, was no time to be hopeful. So she skilfully led him to talk of Deepwater and Western, and to tell her, more quietly, how this disaster for themselves had come about. And although much of it was what she already knew well enough, she was content to listen while he went back to the beginning to make it all clear.

He told her how, years ago, a famous stock-market battle raged for control of this Deepwater and Western property. Two great railroads, rivals, fought to keep each other from gaining ownership of this smaller one which connected them, and each bid so aggressively for its stock that the price rose spectacularly. But before either secured enough for its purpose, sane men raised their voices and showed that if the two would cease fighting and strike hands they could jointly control Deepwater thereafter, since their combined holdings would be a majority of its shares. Thus little Deepwater long ago became the vassal of two great lords—Seaboard and Lake Michigan, and Chesapeake Northwestern and these two used it thereafter for their own profit, judiciously limited its earnings so that no dividends could be paid to hundreds of smaller shareholders who were left to be a voiceless, powerless minority.

Once, however, when hard times were cripping all but the richest of railroads, Chesapeake Northwestern, needing money badly, was moved to sell its interest in Deepwater to its wealthier ancient enemy; and Seaboard and Lake Michigan seized the opportunity to drive a hard bargain But here the submerged minority reared its head and called wily men of law to prove that, in one way or another, such concentration of the majority stock would violate statute or equity or what not. And the wily men prevailed, so that all had to remain as before, with Deepwater and Western preserving the identity that would have disappeared, and with Eustace Rawlins going on in his groove leading from a clerk's high stool to an ultimate mahogany desk neatly labeled Asst. Secretary.

All this Eustace explained in detail as they walked through the quiet streets; and Kate clung to his arm and gave it little reassuring squeezes and said, "Now, now," whenever she heard the hysteria rise again in his voice.

"And now it all blows up" he said at last plaintively. "Seaboard buys not only Chesapeake's stock but everybody's. It swallows the whole thing. They'll have to keep Deepwater alive legally, but they'll do that by giving it a room or a desk somewhere in their own offices. Parish and all our officers and directors will drop out, and Seaboard men will take their places. It was all mapped out in the letters I read today. Some Seaboard pet will get the easy job of being Deepwater's secretary. One will be enough to take care of what little there will be to do. Great luck for him, eh? And for years I've been counting on being secretary of Deepwater and Western some day."

"Now, now," soothed Kate. They were not far from home then. "We won't talk any more about it tonight, Stace. Things may be different tomorrow."

"Bunk!" declared Eustace angrily, and they walked on in silence. Presently he stopped and caught her arm. "Mind, now," he commanded severely, "you're not to breathe a word about this—not to anyone."

She was promptly indignant, and said sharply, "Of course I shan't. Do you think I want to advertise that we're in trouble?"

"I don't mean that," he returned. "I mean that you're not to say anything about Deepwater going into Seaboard. That mustn't get out yet."

Kate was puzzled. "Why not?" she asked. "What difference would it make? What would happen if it got out?"

"What would happen?" he echoed in astonishment. "That's a foolish question. I'd be thrown out, of course. I'd be thrown out if they found I had leaked."

"But you're to be thrown out anyhow. What difference does it make?"

He looked down at her with disgust. "You're a good deal of a fool about some things, Kate," he said sourly. "Don't you suppose I have a little honor?"

"Honor!" She seemed surprised. "But I don't see ——"

"Well, then, you can see that I can't afford to lose my reputation, can't you? Do you think I'd get another place with that hung on me—kicked out of the Deepwater office after twenty-two years, for telling what I dug out of the president's file? You're like all women—no sense about things of that kind. The need of honor in business is your blind spot."

"Honor!" Kate said, as if to herself.

"I said honor," Eustace declared disagreeably, "and I don't want a word said. Understand?"

"I suppose so," she answered.

All night, as she lay awake with her worry while Eustace slept heavily, her mind would return to that. Again and again it puzzled her. It was curious, she thought. With one breath he could blame them, snarl at them, damn them; and with the next, fight to have their secret kept for them. Why should he care so much? She could see how it might hurt if they discharged him, smirched; but why would they do that? Why should the telling be such a crime? Why was it such a secret? Wouldn't everyone soon know—the stockholders, the newspapers, Wall Street, everyone?

And Eustace's care for his honor! Wasn't he exaggerating a little? Wasn't his idea of his honor somewhat warped? Of course, men were queer about such things; she had noticed that. But wasn't it dishonorable to pry into that file, to read those letters? Was Eustace's honor still untarnished because no one would know he had read them? She would know. Didn't that matter? Was this the business code? Did men do dishonorable things in business and consider themselves honorable so long as no one knew—that is, no one but their wives, who didn't seem to count if they kept quiet? At such a time as this, it seemed to her, Eustace might well be thinking more of them, of the children, than of honor like that. In his place, she knew she would be thinking more of the children. She doubted that she would be thinking of anything else—except, of course, Eustace.

In the morning again, when Eustace had slept late and was in high fever to catch his usual train, he paused to call from the door as he was rushing away: "Don't forget, Kate. Not a peep about that to anyone."

If she could she would have held him there until he had answered the question in her mind. Why was it all such a secret? She couldn't understand, and she wanted to know. Secrets always had to do with something that was somehow valued—a treasure of sorts or a reputation or a patent or something like that. Well, then?

Eustace was less gloomy that night, and was not without appetite. He even told of a gibe that had passed in his smoking car, and laughed over it; and Kate was loath to speak of what might bring him to fretting again.

But later, when they were quite alone and he was restless with his newspaper, she asked quietly, "Did you hear anything more in the office today, Stace?"

He answered curtly, "Nothing to hear." After a time he added, "I told Thornton about it. He's a decent chap, and we're good friends. He'll be in a hole, too, and I thought he should know."

"But won't he tell?" Kate asked, seemingly intent upon her needle.

"Of course not. Why should he?" Eustace spoke impatiently. "Can't you understand? Men don't go blabbing things like that out of their own offices. Besides, I told him how I found out. He won't leak after that."

He turned again to his reading and there was silence until Kate said, "Stace, there is something that I can't understand. Last night you said that Mr. Parish will get a lot of money out of the Deepwater sale for himself. How will he do that?"

Instantly Eustace sat erect and raised his voice excitedly.

"How will he do it? Why, by working the old army game. He'll buy a lot of the stock before the news comes out. That's his fine little scheme!"

"Now, now," said Kate softly. "It doesn't matter. I only wanted to know."

"Well, you can see it now, can't you?"

Very deliberately she made minute examination of the work she was doing before she spoke again.

"Oh, yes, I can see now. And I suppose that's why you must keep the secret."

"Of course it is," Eustace said impatiently.

"But, Stace, where will he buy the stock? Who will he buy it from?"

"From stockholders, of course. If they don't know what's going on, plenty of them will sell out around this price or a little higher. You can gamble that the news about Seaboard's agreement to pay 75 won't come out until Parish and the others have picked up all the cheap stock they can get."

"Wait now, Stace. See if I have this right. Do you mean that Mr. Parish won't let anybody know because if he did they wouldn't sell him any stock?"

"That's it—just! Parish and his crowd. They'll keep it quiet and buy stock around 50 or 55, where it is now, from the boobs who don't know—who can't know—that the deal's been all signed up. Then they'll turn it in to the Seaboard when the time comes, at 75. Sweet trick, eh? Very simple! No cuffs to deceive! The hand is quicker than the eye!"

"But will that be honorable, Stace?" The gray eyes regarded him levelly across the table.

"Honorable? What does that crowd care about being honorable when it's out for money? Still—there's nothing new about it. It's been done before, over and over. The boob stockholders never know. They may suspect, but they never know."

A recalcitrant thread was bitten many times and finally knotted before Kate said, "Stace, as long as you're helping to keep that news secret, why can't you do the same thing?"

"Do what?" Eustace demanded.

"Why can't you buy some of the stock now and get 75 for it, like Mr. Parish and the others?"

"How can I buy any stock? It takes money to buy stock, doesn't it? How much money have I got?"

"But couldn't you get somebody to buy it for you, if you showed him how certain it is?"

"Sure—if I was that kind of a crook. If I wanted to tell what I know and how I know it I could get anybody to do it. I could get the biggest of them—Johnny Henderson or anybody."

"Who?"

"Johnny Henderson or anybody like that"

"Do you mean Henderson, the Wall Street man, whose name is in the papers sometimes? Would he buy it for you?"

"You can gamble he would—if he knew. Some for me and a lot for himself. He's looking for things like that. And there probably would be good money in it for me. But I'm not that kind of a crook."

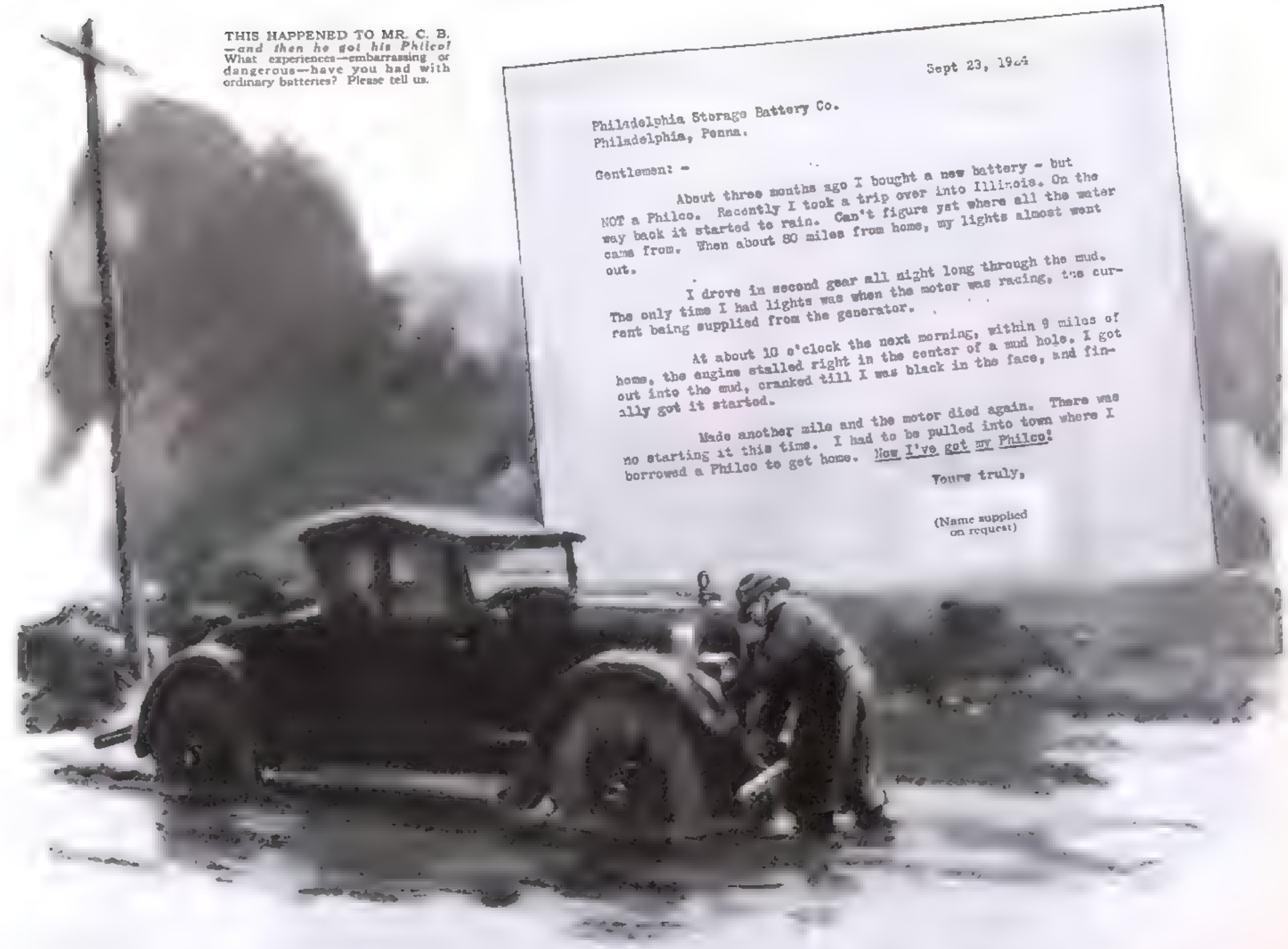
"Don't say crook, Stace."

"Well, that's what I would be if I did such a thing."

"But you say Mr. Parish is doing it."

(Continued on Page 108)

THIS HAPPENED TO MR. C. B.
—and then he got his Philco!
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had with ordinary batteries? Please tell us.



Sept 23, 1924

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: -

About three months ago I bought a new battery - but NOT a Philco. Recently I took a trip over into Illinois. On the way back it started to rain. Can't figure yet where all the water came from. When about 80 miles from home, my lights almost went out.

I drove in second gear all night long through the mud. The only time I had lights was when the motor was racing, the current being supplied from the generator.

At about 10 o'clock the next morning, within 9 miles of home, the engine stalled right in the center of a mud hole. I got out into the mud, cranked till I was black in the face, and finally got it started.

Made another mile and the motor died again. There was no starting it this time. I had to be pulled into town where I borrowed a Philco to get home. Now I've got my Philco!

Yours truly,

(Name supplied on request)

—and then he got his Philco!

No matter when or where you drive—*make certain you have a strong, rugged, high-powered Drynamic Philco in your car.* Your own safety—and the safety of those with you—may depend on the battery.

Philco has tremendous surplus power in reserve—ready to whirl your motor at a touch of the starter. This means no more hand-cranking in traffic or on railway crossings—no more risk of being stranded miles from a service station.

Philco's OVER-SIZE capacity and strong, shock-proof construction are additional factors of safety—your assurance of steady white-hot ignition and brilliant road-flooding lights throughout the long and vigorous life of the battery.

Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries with Philco Retainers are guaranteed for two years—the lowest-cost-per-year-of-service battery built. Philco makes a full-powered, full-size battery for as low as $14.50 exchange.

Philco's new *Drynamic* construction is a further step in advance. See statement under the Diamond on the left.

Philco *Drynamic* means *super*-power

Our tests indicate that, plate for plate, the new Drynamic Philco Battery is the most powerful battery ever built, surpassing in this regard even our own former Philco types.

Furthermore, you are sure to get the full life of the battery because the life of a Philco *Drynamic* Battery does not start till the acid is poured in by the dealer just before installing in your car.

Ask for a Philco Drynamic—see the acid poured in—and you can't get a stale battery.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck · Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives · Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 106)

"I haven't said anything of the kind. Parish isn't telling anybody about it as I'd be doing. He's using his own money to buy the stock—not selling what he knows to a Wall Street gambler. Can't you see the difference? You're thick about these things, Kate. As I treat you, it's a blind spot with you. If I did that I'd be selling office secrets that I stole and haven't any right to know."

"Then, although Mr. Parish is taking advantage of what he knows, you won't—is that it, Stace?"

"Can't you see the difference? Parish is president of Deepwater. He's made this deal. He can do as he likes. What I know I got by being a burglar. I'd be a criminal to sell it, or even to tell it."

"You told Mr. Thornton," Kate said.

"That was only because he's a good friend of mine and I want to help him."

"But to help yourself ——"

"There's no use talking to you, Kate. You can't see——"

"No, I can't see, Stace. I suppose you're right—it's my blind spot. I can only see that a great man like Mr. Parish is keeping quiet about what he knows so that people will sell him their stock for less than he knows it is worth, and you think that is all right. But you won't use what you know to make what you call good money when the children and you and I are going to need it badly, although you wouldn't be harming anybody—except Mr. Parish."

"Now, look here ——" began Eustace angrily.

But Kate went on deliberately: "You have a blind spot of your own, Stace. It keeps you from seeing why it is that we are sitting here tonight worrying over the future—not only our own but the children's, too. Do you think Mr. Parish is worrying like that tonight, Stace?"

He was glaring at her. "But you can't see that there's a big difference between Parish and me," he shouted.

"Oh, yes, Stace," she said with tight lips, "that's just what I can see."

Kate Was Puzzled. "Why Not?" She Asked. "What Difference Would It Make?"

II

JOHNNY HENDERSON glanced mechanically at the white tape which fell jerkily from the stock ticker at his elbow, and rapidly drew a yard of its slimness through his fingers before he turned again to the plump gray-eyed little woman who faced him across the clean-topped desk.

"And now tell me how you come to know all this," he said briskly. "Where do you get your information?"

"But I can't tell you," Kate Rawlins objected doubtfully. She expected that question, and had planned to resist it; yet now, somehow, her determination was not so strong. In fact, much of her planning had miscarried; for this casual, human Henderson person, who had been so ready to hear her, so promptly frank and friendly and patient with her stumbling story, was not at all the ogre she had set up to talk to. Already she had told him much that was to have been kept back, answering his courteously put, sudden questions before she saw where they led, and yet with no misgivings. Surely here was no such bandit as she had confronted last night while she lay open-eyed in the dark, steeling herself for this incredible venture, building courage, fixing what she would say and do. Astonishingly, she was comfortable, actually comfortable now, pouring out Eustace's embargoed secret to this unsurprised, keenly attentive man who plowed his gray-brindled hair into untidy peaks while he listened. Still, she must consider Eustace.

"I can't tell you," she said. "It's all true, Mr. Henderson. It's all certain to happen, just as I have explained. But I can't tell you how I heard about it."

Johnny Henderson smiled cheerfully. "I'm afraid that won't do at all," he declared. "You'll have to trust me with the whole thing. I don't doubt you, Mrs. Rawlins, but you may have been misled; and I must be able to judge that. What you tell me should be valuable to both of us if it is sound, but I can't make use of it unless I know how and where and why you got it. You have my word that I shall tell no one, but I must know."

"And if not—then you won't let me buy any of the stock?"

"If not, I won't buy any of the stock for you," he corrected; "nor for myself either, unless I can get confirmation somewhere else."

The gray eyes were uncertain until they showed sudden resolve. Then she breathed deeply and plunged; and the shame that flooded her when she first named Eustace ebbed away surprisingly as she sensed in Johnny Henderson quick understanding and sympathy. If he recognized the treachery in what she was doing he gave no sign of it; and she was grateful for that. Yet she did not tell how Eustace had gone snooping in a letter file.

"You can see now how true it is," Kate said finally; and added with a touch of defiance, "Of course, my husband doesn't know, mustn't know; and it's very wrong of me to come to you with it. But that's my affair."

Henderson, regarding her intently, said quietly, "I can't see that it's so very wrong."

"You don't understand," she argued positively; and she was talking no less to herself than to him. "I'm betraying my husband's confidence. You can't deny that. I am doing what he thinks is dishonest, and I suppose everyone would think the same. And I know I am risking his reputation. Oh, it's very, very wrong, Mr. Henderson, and I know it. But I've thought it all out. All last night I thought of nothing else. And I am doing what I believe best."

Johnny Henderson's smile was very friendly as he said, "I'm quite sure of that, Mrs. Rawlins. You have some very good reasons there at home, haven't you? How many of them are there?"

The surprise that flashed in her face changed quickly to gratitude.

"You do understand," she said slowly, as if she herself had not understood before. "It's the children, of course. How did you know?"

"Could it be anything else?" he asked.

Kate answered thoughtfully, "I suppose it couldn't"; and then, with sudden desire to make it clear, to justify herself, she went on, "Oh, don't you see, Mr. Henderson? I realize what this means, this loss of my husband's position. He's not a fighter, like so many men. He's a plodder. He's never had to meet anything like this before, and he's frightened, badly frightened. I must hold him up if I can. Unless he has something to make him confident, something to drive out the fear that is in him, he'll lose all the grip, all the backbone, he has. And that will mean the end of the things we've counted on—the things I've lived for. It's the children, of course. I'm ambitious for them—not for myself. I can see that I am thinking more of them than of Eustace. And I'll fight for them, Mr. Henderson—fight in every way I can to keep them from slipping back, from dropping behind."

"You're fighting now—and with yourself," Henderson said.

"That's what I did all last night, before I made up my mind to come here today. I won't pretend it's honest, Mr. Henderson, but I don't care. If I can go to my husband and say, 'Here's money to tide us over. Now we needn't worry, for we can keep our heads up'—if I can go to him and say that, then I won't care whether I've done wrong or not."

"Because in your heart you'll believe you've done right," amended Henderson.

"I shall," Kate Rawlins declared defiantly. "I shall know it." But immediately she weakened again. "Yet I know I shouldn't see my husband's weakness so clearly, nor even see it at all. That should be my blind spot, shouldn't it?"

"Blind spot!"

"Yes. A woman shouldn't be able to see incapacity in her husband, should she? But most of them do, you know; and in one way or another most of them have to take things in their own hands once in a while, as I am doing now—but quite secretly, of course. They call us the lawless sex, Mr. Henderson, but I wonder if that doesn't help sometimes."

Johnny Henderson's laugh was not mirthful. "I could tell you a great deal about lawlessness, Mrs. Rawlins," he said. "I'm supposed to be a specialist in it, you know. And I could change your mind about your own crime, too. I could make it clear to you that the respected rules of the game govern only little men and little women, and little things. That's why big men and big women do big things so successfully. But we'll leave that for another time. Go home now and forget all about your wickedness. Leave the family ethics to your husband and go on running the children's department in your own way. Give me your phone, if that's the best way to reach you, and wait until you hear from me. Meanwhile keep your eye on the price of Deepwater stock. It will give you a new interest in your newspaper. And, although I know it is useless advice, don't worry."

So Kate Rawlins went home with guilt and hope fighting vigorously with each other within her, and sometimes in the days and nights that followed, guilt was so strong and seemingly victorious that Henderson had to take hope's place for a while.

That first night after she had seen Johnny Henderson, the newspaper which Eustace monopolized interminably finally showed her that Deepwater and Western shares had moved up from 52 to 53 on the stock exchange that day. On the second night the highest figure was 55; and then hope prevailed unaided. Another day saw no further change, but the next, which was Saturday, when Eustace came from the city in time for luncheon, brought excitement.

His coating of gloom was thicker than ever when he took Kate's kiss perfunctorily and dropped wearily into a chair.

"You'll hear the news in a day or two now," he said. "The stock showed it today. Jumped to above 60." He stared dismally through the window and did not hear her startled gasp.

"Sixty! Today!" she echoed.

"I said 60 today," he answered irritably. "They bought eight or nine thousand shares and put it up more than five points with a rush. That means they're ready to tell the world."

"Who?" Kate asked. "Who do you mean by 'they'?"

"Parish and his crowd, of course. Who else would it be? He has some of the Seaboard people in with him, and some of the Chesapeake outfit too. But Parish is the whole thing. He wasn't in the office today, but what the stock did tells the story. It's plain enough to me."

Kate dared to say, "But it may have been somebody else buying."

"Yes?" inquired Eustace with irony. "Maybe it was Henry Ford or the Kaiser. Maybe the Prince of Wales is trying to buy the road, and that'll make me a corner, eh? Like what, for instance? Don't you suppose I know what I'm talking about? I told you how it would be, wasn't I? They've

(Continued on Page 113)

WILL HE FIGURE OUT THE COMBINATION?

Fire is not always successful in his raids upon the country's treasure, but his average is alarmingly high!

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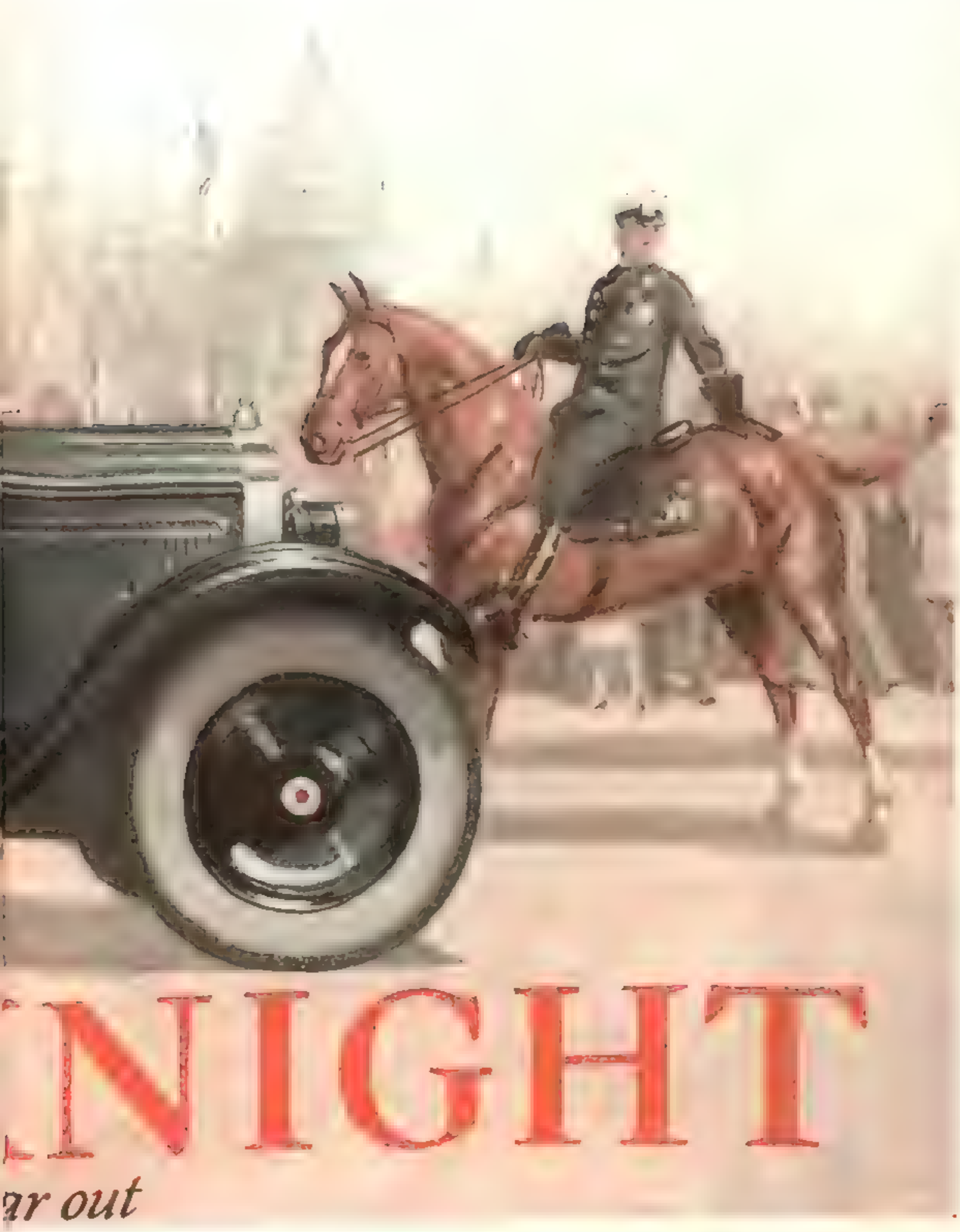

NIGHT

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There is a great and very definite national movement toward Willys-Knight—the motor car that *owners can keep*, want to keep and *do keep* for years and years.

There is a wide gulf of difference between a poppet-valve engine and the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine. And you don't have to have an engineering diploma to understand the *advantages* of Willys-Knight's *patented* sleeve-valve engine when contrasted alongside of the *disadvantages* of ordinary poppet-valve engines. . .

No Carbon to Annoy You

The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine is the *only* type of internal combustion engine that actually *improves with use!* This engine stays young because all moving parts move with a *sliding* or a *rotary* motion—whereas poppet-valve engines have clashing parts in constant concussion. . . This engine does not choke up with carbon—whereas poppet-valve engines do choke up with carbon . . . This engine *never* needs valve-grinding—whereas poppet-valves do need grinding . . . Quiet in the beginning, this engine is even *quieter* after thousands of miles of driving—whereas poppet-valve engines grow *noisier* . . . This engine *gains* power with age—poppet-valve engines *lose* power with age!

A Revelation in Smoothness

The new Willys-Knight is the *only* car in the United States that is equipped with the great Lanchester Balancer—the celebrated invention which enables Willys-Knight to introduce to the motorists of this country the joys of *vibrationless* motoring. No vibration at any engine speed!

Famous Men Laud Performance

Dr. Lee de Forest, the "father" of radio; Glenn Curtiss, the aeroplane inventor; Hiram P. Maxim, President of the Maxim Silencer Company; Franklin D. Roosevelt, formerly Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Navy—scores of prominent Americans, after riding in the new Willys-Knight, have voiced their highest praise of this car's remarkable smoothness—its quietness—its nimble getaway—its great sufficiency of sustained power.

New Beauty—Greater Luxury

Just to look at the new Willys-Knight is to like it instantly. It has that tempting drive-me-out-and-see-what-I-can-do look. It has style. It has luxury. It has long, graceful lines of exceeding charm and smartness—and is as satisfying in comfort as the finest furniture of a very fine home.

Sedan $200 Lower

And in addition to the fact that the new Willys-Knight models are by all odds the finest Willys-Knights ever produced—*prices have been substantially reduced*. For instance, the price of the new Willys-Knight Sedan represents a reduction of $200! Thus Willys-Knight offers the buyer a definite saving in the very beginning—and then goes on saving the owner money month in and month out. Any number of Willys-Knight owners drive 40,000 to 50,000 miles without paying out a dollar for engine repairs. And drive as you may—you'll never wear the engine out!

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We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

The most important thing to look for in any manufactured product is Reputation. The fixed opinion of many thousands of people is an infallible index of quality.

Heating contractors, you will find, are ready to specify Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators without hesitation. They know, through long experience, that these products will justify their own faith and that of the owner.

Furthermore, they know that every Capitol is covered by the broadest written guarantee in the boiler field. Where our own responsibility is so clearly defined there can be no element of speculation.

These are essential facts that you should consider when you are in the market for a heating system. They amount to positive assurance that you can buy no better boiler than the Capitol.

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*Columbus	*Seattle

*Portland, Ore.

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Capitol Boilers

(Continued from Page 108)

bought what stock they want, and now they'll pull the string and out will go that poor fool, Eustace Rawlins. Listen to me, Kate! I tell you ——"

"Now, now, Stace. Don't get into a fury. Come to lunch, dear. Don't spoil the day for all of us."

She had to say "Now, now, Stace," many times that week-end; and she had to hide her own guilty cheerfulness when it bubbled up, for it irritated Eustace, rousing him from sullen despondency to hysterical anger that had to be calmed again. She waited impatiently for the coming of Monday, when she knew she would hear from Henderson. If she didn't hear she would go to him. But she did hear.

By telephone he told her, "Everything is checking up nicely, Mrs. Rawlins. I suppose you've seen what the stock has been doing. I have bought a thousand shares for you. It cost an average of 55 or about that. The price is 62 this morning. Be sure not to say anything to anyone—not to anyone, mind—until you hear from me again."

Kate said excitedly, "Oh, Mr. Henderson, I can't tell you ——"

"You never told me how many there are," Johnny Henderson interrupted. "How many?"

"Three," she answered hastily, "but I want ——"

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Kiss 'em all around for me. Good-by."

That day was hope's own until Eustace came home, greatly excited and nervous.

"There's a big row on," he told Kate. "Parish was in the air all day. Somebody has leaked about the Seaboard deal, and they're all accusing one another. The stock went above 63 before the market closed. And who do you think has been putting it up?"

"Who?" Kate asked faintly. "Wasn't it Mr. Parish?"

"It was not," declared Eustace. "It was Johnny Henderson!"

"How do you know?"

"Everybody knows. He's been buying it openly. He was the man who made that jump on Saturday, and he kept on buying today. Parish is all wild. I heard him telling someone on the phone that he'll find out how Henderson got the tip if it takes the rest of his life." After a pause Eustace added, "Now do you see why I told you to keep quiet about the thing?"

Kate Rawlins did not sleep well that night. Guilt fought with great new strength. But the difference between 55 and 63 was 8—eight dollars a share! One thousand shares—eight thousand dollars! Was that possible so soon? And Seaboard and Lake Michigan would pay 75. That would be twenty thousand dollars. Could that be possible? But it must be. Then why worry about Mr. Parish?

The figures danced before her all next day. Eight thousand already! Twenty thousand in the end! Eustace would have to work four years for that. Why worry? Twenty thousand dollars! The children would not step down. Why worry?

But that night Eustace showed new fright. "Kate, they've started an investigation in the office," he said. "Parish says the leak was there. He's had somebody talk to Johnny Henderson and he says Henderson knows some things that couldn't have come from anywhere else. I was the first one he grilled this afternoon. Of course I didn't let him see that I know. But ——"

"But what?" Kate asked quickly.

"Well, there's Thornton. I told him, you know. And if Henderson's information did come from our office, it was Thornton who gave it to him. I didn't tell anybody else. It must have been Thornton. Suppose they find out that he was the man, and suppose he gives me away?"

"You're supposing too much," said Kate rather sharply. Twenty thousand dollars! Why worry? "You didn't go to Mr. Henderson. You're not to blame."

Eustace shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't trust Thornton," he mumbled. "He'd lie to save himself. He might drag me in and try to pin it all on me."

And Thornton did. When Eustace slouched home again he was whimpering.

"Kate!" he called before the door had closed behind him. She came hurriedly, and he drew her into the little library and held her arms in a convulsive grip. "Kate," he chattered, staring at her with frightened eyes, "they've sacked me! They've thrown me out! Thornton gave me away, and Parish says I went to Henderson. He wouldn't listen to me, Kate. He kept me waiting there until the others had gone, and then he called me every name he could think of. Told me that he'll mark me so that no one will ever want me in any office again. Even talked about the police. Oh, Kate, I begged him ——"

"You begged him!"

"I begged him not to do it, Kate. I told him how it would ruin me, and he said that's what he wants to do. And it does ruin me, Kate. There's no use trying to go on now."

Kate took his face between her hands and kissed him. "You're not yourself, Stace," she said anxiously. "You can show Mr. Parish that he's wrong. Mr. Henderson will tell him that you didn't do it."

"They wouldn't believe him," Eustace cried. "They'd think he was trying to shield me—lie for me. He couldn't help. Nobody can help. Parish's word is final, and I'm done, Kate. I'm all through. There's just one thing left for me to do."

"Eustace!"

"Well, why not? What good am I going to be now—to you or anybody?"

"I won't have you talk that way," Kate cried passionately, angrily. "I won't listen to you. I won't have the children hear you."

He turned away mumbling and climbed the stairs with dragging feet.

Later, when he was calmer, Kate said to him, "Stace, would you feel the way you do about this if we had some money back of us—enough money to take care of us and to start you in business of some kind?"

"It would only last so long," he answered sullenly. "What business could I go into? My reputation's gone, I tell you. Everybody will hear this thing. I'm a criminal."

"But I mean plenty of money, Stace—ten, or even twenty thousand dollars."

"As long as you're dreaming, why not make it a million?" he sneered.

"But suppose we had that much?" Kate persisted.

"I tell you it isn't money that matters now," Eustace declared angrily. "It's my good name. I've been caught stealing. After twenty-two years I am thrown out for being a thief, and nobody will believe me when I try to explain. I'm done, Kate. I'm marked—branded—and I might as well be a jailbird so far as the rest of my life is concerned. I'm done, Kate. I'm down and out. And Kate, Kate, my heart's broken."

III

ONCE more John Henderson sat making hills and hollows of his hair while Kate Rawlins talked earnestly. This time her gray eyes were moist and afraid.

"I'm frightened, Mr. Henderson," she said desperately. "He's not sane. I can't reason with him and he frightens me. I tell myself that he'll get over it, but he may—may do something—foolish, and I would be to blame. It is all my fault that this has happened. I wouldn't touch that money now. I couldn't."

Henderson was frowning, but he said nothing. Kate went on:

"I must do something to change him—to make him see that he's not a criminal in everyone's eyes. He actually believes it himself. He must get back his self-respect. Won't you help me, Mr. Henderson? Won't you go to Mr. Parish and make him believe that Eustace didn't ——"

"Wait!" commanded Johnny Henderson.

He leaped to his feet and strode across the room to the big window, where, looking down on Broadway and its wriggling life, he had worked out so many of his problems. With his back turned upon her he stood there unmoving while Kate, waiting nervously, dried her eyes and wept a little and dried them again. When he turned at last his face held a grim little smile.

"You and I are going calling," Henderson said with decision, and reached for a telephone.

"Get the Deepwater and Western office, and say that I will be there to see Mr. Luther Parish within the next ten minutes," he ordered. "Say it is important and so urgent that I must see him immediately or not at all. If he's not there find where he can be reached."

Presently the telephone rang, and when he heard its brief message he uttered a satisfied "Good!" To Kate he said, "Come along, Mrs. Rawlins. It's just around the corner."

As they walked through Wall Street Henderson instructed her:

"You must let me do the talking, and you mustn't be surprised if you hear things you didn't know before. We'll have to be diplomatic with Friend Parish, and that means we may be more interesting than accurate. And don't try to make peace if Parish and I seem to quarrel. We both will get over it."

He gave Kate no opportunity to ask the questions that crowded her mind, and her heart was beating fast when they were shown into a room where an austere man, bald and eye-glassed and fiercely mustached, sat impressively stiff behind a broad desk.

The man scowled when his glance met hers and he turned a look of indignant inquiry upon Henderson.

"Good morning, Mr. Parish," said the latter pleasantly. "I have brought with me another Deepwater stockholder—Mrs. Eustace Rawlins."

"Rawlins!" Luther Parish echoed incredulously, reddening a little.

"Quite so." Johnny Henderson made such pretense of beaming as was in his power. "You know the name, of course, as Mrs. Rawlins' husband is one of your trusted lieutenants."

"He is not!" Parish declared angrily. "He is a discharged employe."

"But that was yesterday," said Johnny lightly. "In this part of the town, Mr. Parish, yesterday is a thousand years ago. With your permission I will ask Mrs. Rawlins to sit down."

He placed a chair for her and turned again in time to note the other's flush.

"Apropos of that," he went on, taking a chair for himself, "the proper way to mention the Rawlins incident in my letter is one of the matters I want to discuss with you."

"Letter?" Parish repeated. "What letter?"

"I came in to tell you about it," answered Henderson. "It's a letter I have written to all Deepwater stockholders. Mrs. Rawlins has helped me prepare it, and now it is ready for the printer. But I want to avoid saying anything that might conflict with what you are about to announce officially, and I would like to talk it over with you before I give it to the advertising agency."

"Advertising agency?" The aloofness of Deepwater and Western's president seemed somewhat shaken.

He leaned forward and his heavy white eyebrows were drawn together in an unpleasant frown.

"Quite so," said Henderson again, evidently enjoying the phrase. "I am doubtful about my list of stockholders. You see, it is rather an old one and may be badly out of date. So I shall publish my letter in newspapers here and through the country. I want it to be widely read."

Luther Parish's frown deepened and the upturned points of his white mustache were fiercer than ever.

"And what is the purpose of this letter, Mr. Henderson?" he asked coldly.

"To give my fellow shareholders in Deepwater the important information they haven't got," Johnny replied promptly, still smiling. "It seems to me very unfair that they shouldn't know what I know. Being in ignorance of what you have arranged, some of them may be tempted to sell their stock for less than the seventy-five dollars a share which Seaboard and Lake Michigan has agreed to pay for it."

"How do you know that?" Parish demanded aggressively.

"I learned it first from Mrs. Rawlins," Henderson said blandly, and if he heard Kate's gasp of dismay he ignored it, for he went on: "She, of course, had it from her husband; and he, I feel sure, will get a vote of thanks from Deepwater stockholders for having given out the information. He is the one man among all those who take their pay who has made it possible for them to know what they should know, since it bears so much on the value of their stock. I point that out in my letter, Mr. Parish, and ask for something substantial for Mr. Rawlins. I explain just why he is entitled to every shareholder's gratitude."

There was silence until Parish asked, "And what else have you put in this imaginary letter, Mr. Henderson?"

"Not very much more," Johnny replied, cheerfully deaf to the sneer. He elaborately checked his points on one finger after another. "There's the Seaboard agreement to pay 75 for everybody's stock and the foolishness of selling any for less. There's the way the information came to me and

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60 cents a pound East of the Rocky Mountains

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The Super-Quality Long Kind

FRALINGER'S
Atlantic City, N. J.
Please send me a taster package containing ten full-size pieces of Fralinger's Original Salt Water Taffy, for which I enclose ten cents.

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Address

Name of my dealer

Buy it in your home town

the justice of providing liberally for Rawlins. There's the—oh, yes—there's the excuse for the management."

"The what?" Parish demanded.

"The excuse for the management. I advise the stockholders not to blame you and the other officers too greatly, because it is such a common fault of corporation presidents and directors to consider themselves privileged in matters of this kind. As I state, they frequently regard it as their right to profit at the expense of their shareholders when it can be done through the stock market. That's quite true, you know."

Luther Parish struck both palms violently upon his desk and craned across it, glaring.

"How dare you ——" he began.

But Johnny Henderson went on smoothly: "Mrs. Rawlins reminded me a few days ago that most of us are afflicted with a blind spot or two. I have made use of that idea in my letter. I point out that this particular blind spot is the misfortune of many corporation officers. Because of it they don't see that it is wrong—that it is unfair and indecent if it isn't illegal, which it will be some day—for them to deceive the real owners of their companies by secreting facts until they themselves have taken advantage of their power to profit by using the stock market.

"In the present instance, Mr. Parish, some of your stockholders might become dangerously indignant if something wasn't said to soften them toward you. So I am mentioning the common imperfection—the blind spot—as an excuse for you."

Parish said thickly, "Henderson, I want no more of this nonsense. Your only interest in Deepwater is the price of the stock you have just bought because one of my employes sold you information which he stole from this office. You are trying to force me to do something that will put that price up immediately. You are threatening me. How dare you, sir? How dare you come here to my office and talk this way to me?"

The Johnny Henderson smile disappeared and the Johnny Henderson voice became disagreeable.

"You're right about my interest, Parish," he said insolently. "I bought my Deepwater after I discovered your scheme, and I bought it to sell again—at 75. I want that price as soon as I can get it. But otherwise you're wrong.

"I'm not threatening you, Parish. I am telling you what to do. As a stockholder of Deepwater and Western I am demanding that you tell all other stockholders the truth. If you don't I'll tell them. Which is it to be? Either you or I will make a public statement within the next twenty-four hours. Which?"

It was the president of Deepwater and Western who first lowered his eyes.

"That has been arranged already," he said at last, and Kate Rawlins failed to hold back a little squeak of unbelief which caused Henderson to turn upon her a look of surprise and reproof.

Parish continued, "The official announcement of the Seaboard purchase and offer for the minority stock will be in—in the newspapers tomorrow—tomorrow morning, I think."

"Good!" exclaimed Johnny Henderson, and the smile returned. "Now, what about Rawlins? That is what interests Mrs. Rawlins most. Did I tell you she owns a thousand shares of Deepwater?"

"I will have nothing to do with Rawlins," Luther Parish declared angrily.

"But that isn't at all satisfactory," Henderson said quickly. "From the viewpoint of the stockholders now present he is very important and must be rewarded."

"Rewarded? For disloyalty?" cried Deepwater's outraged president.

"Disloyalty to whom?" asked Henderson sharply. "To the stockholders? Or to the president whose personal profits have been cut down? Didn't you understand me when I talked about your blind spot, Mr. Parish? Do you really want to raise a question of disloyalty for your stockholders to answer?"

Parish sat scowling at the spotless blotting sheet before him. At length he said hoarsely, "What do you want done with Rawlins?"

Henderson used a new tone. "Under the circumstances, Mr. Parish, don't you think it would be better all around to have him inside rather than outside?" he asked.

"Perhaps," Parish muttered.

"Then call him back to his place and arrange to have him taken over by Seaboard when they take control of Deepwater."

"I can't do that," objected Parish. "It is fully understood that Seaboard and Lake Michigan will not take anyone from this organization. In the future, all of Deepwater's affairs will be looked after by one man who will be elected secretary, and one of the Seaboard men will get that position."

"Change that program and put Eustace Rawlins in the place," urged Henderson briskly.

"I tell you I have nothing to say in the matter," Parish asserted irritably. "It is out of my hands and beyond my power. The man for the place already has been selected, and I certainly will not ask the Seaboard people to change their arrangement. They wouldn't do it if I did."

Then Kate Rawlins spoke for the first time, and Johnny Henderson was startled by the new note in her voice. She sat erect, bristling.

"I am very sure those Seaboard people will do exactly as you wish, Mr. Parish, when you explain to them how very unpleasant it may be for you if they don't," she said, speaking very distinctly and looking very steadily into the eyes of Deepwater's president.

So Eustace Rawlins now is the Deepwater and Western Railroad Company's secretary, as he always felt sure he would come to be. He has little to do, for Deepwater has been well swallowed and is scarcely more than a name; but he has a tidy fat salary and a gorgeous mantle of dignity and quite enough proud satisfaction to keep his rather narrow chest well expanded.

Eustace thinks it was very brave of Luther Parish to admit his mistake so frankly and so promptly, and to atone for it so handsomely. He admires Luther Parish immensely and is very grateful to him. And Eustace also realizes now that a man should never, even for a day, so lose confidence in himself as to give anyone, even his wife, an idea that he may be weak. Sometimes he wonders why Kate never mentions those days of his unnecessary terror, and he is glad that she doesn't, although he can see well enough now that they really were no more than days of ragged nerves brought about by overwork. Any man may have a week or two of ragged nerves now and then.

But, for that matter, he finds many occasions to wonder why Kate does things or leaves them undone. She gets queer notions and she is very stubborn at times and he doesn't understand her. Only a night or two ago, for instance, she looked up from something she was sewing and said, "Eustace, which name do you like best—Jeanne or Joan? Of course, Johanna is impossible."

"Why worry?" asked Eustace. "We're not going to have use for any girl's names."

"Then," said Kate placidly, "we'll call him John."

Eustace lowered his newspaper and looked across its top. "Why this sudden affection for male or female Johns?" he demanded. "There's no John in the family."

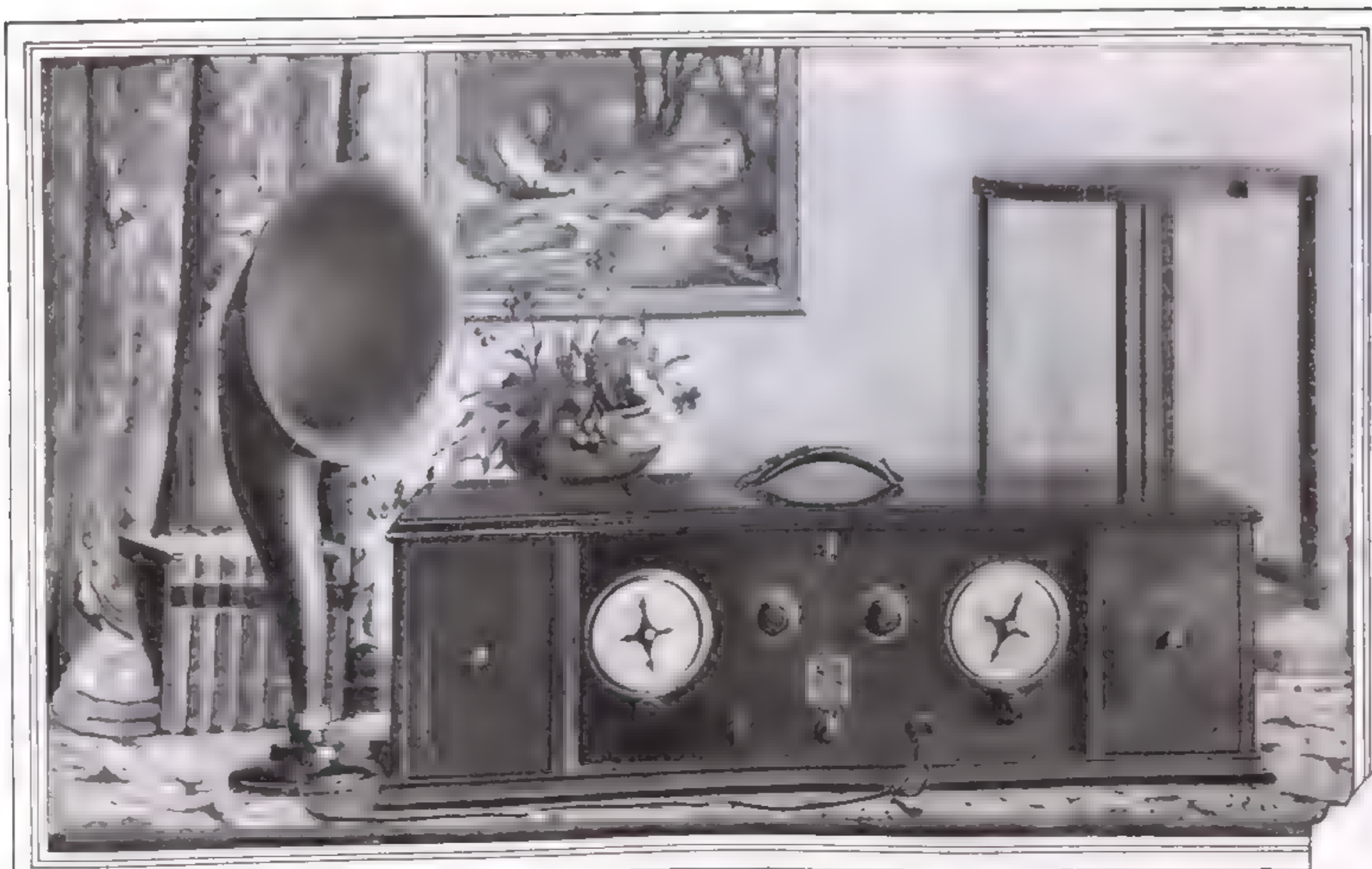
"I like it," Kate replied thoughtfully. "I like John."

"Well," said Eustace, "if he's named John he's to be called Jack from the beginning. That's an order. I don't want anybody to start calling him Johnny."

Kate looked up in surprise. "And why not?" she asked.

"Because names like that stick to men all through their lives," Eustace declared. "Can't you see what a silly name for a grown man Johnny would be?"

"No," said Kate, smiling faintly, "I can't see that at all. It must be another of my blind spots."



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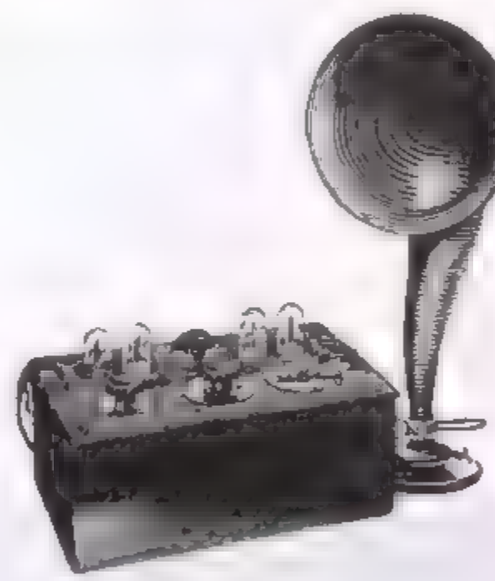

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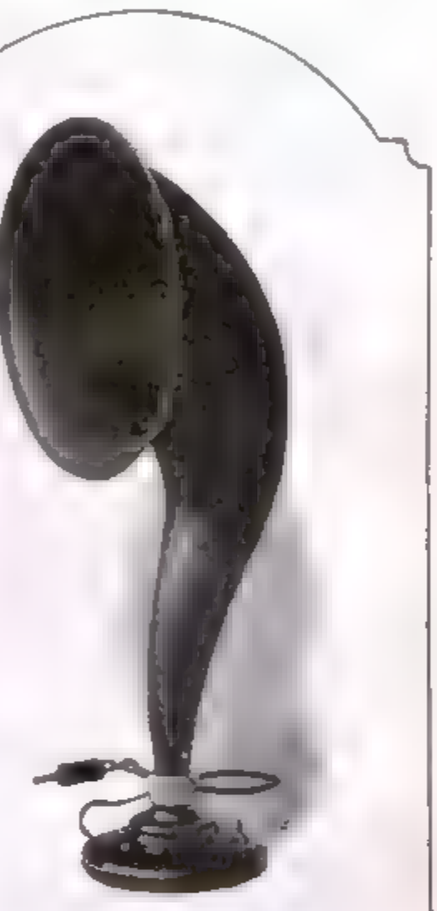

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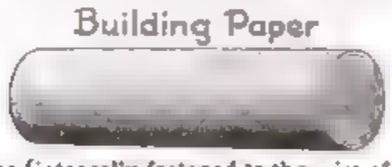

We use (integrally fastened to the wire of P-214 Steel Fabric) a heavy, extremely tough, waterproof paper backing, or "form," which is neither oiled nor tarred and therefore will never disintegrate.

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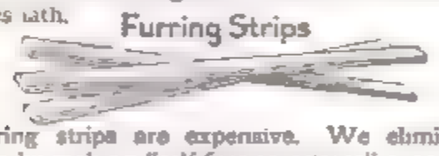
Of themselves, plaster and stucco will never crack or loosen. Lath is probably the principal cause of cracks and falling. P-214 Steel Fabric eliminates lath.

Furring Strips



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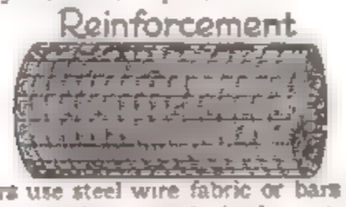

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LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 33)

the British military establishment. Those who have read his writing, as I say, have long recognized him as a man of military training

The present great war has brought back into uniform many sons of Britain who once wore it, and Repington among them. He has been visiting General Pétain and now comes for a day or two with the Americans. We sent him today to one of the divisional training areas and are giving him every opportunity. He is very keen, very much interested in everything, and very quick to grasp anything told him. He seems quite familiar with our Civil War history—always flattering to an army officer—and was a Sandhurst classmate of Colonel Henderson, whose Life of Stonewall Jackson is one of the great contributions to the history of that conflict.

Repington and Bacon were talking tonight of the terrifying days of 1914 in Paris when the Germans were approaching. The French Government left the capital, believing its capture certain—a move which, in the light of the later success on the Marne, has left the members of that government politically explaining all the remainder of their lives. Our American Ambassador Herrick seems to have risen in those troubled days to a full appreciation of his opportunity to be of use, and his memory is very popular among the French of all classes—as indeed is that of our own Major Robert Bacon.

Herrick was in a sense given charge of Paris by Poincaré at the time the government left the city, and was the representative of the only power whose ambassador could probably command the attention and respect of the Germans if they entered the city—as everybody thought they were sure to do. This has given rise to a story, alluded to by Repington tonight, that Poincaré and Delcassé asked the American ambassador and the Swedish minister of the day to go out and negotiate the surrender of Paris with the Germans. Paris and her art treasures in the hands of the Germans is a fearful thing to contemplate in the light of three years' history of German war methods. They had, it is said, announced an intention to burn Paris one fourth at a time to compel the surrender of the French armies in the field. General Gallieni, a gallant old soldier in command of the antiquated defenses of Paris, fully appreciated the situation, and was prepared to do all that could humanly be done with the insufficient force at his command. No small number of the guns of the defenses of Paris lay unmounted in their emplacements—which sounds like the history of the defense of Washington instead of old Paris. Gallieni and his command were ready to turn the defense guns toward the city if the Germans forced their way past them. All this was happily averted by the Battle of the Marne, and Paris was saved. Bacon and Repington doubt if the story is true.

CHAUMONT, October 14, 1917.

TODAY at high noon we gathered in the old *hôtel de ville* to witness the presentation of an American flag made by the ladies of Chaumont, to General Pershing. The city building and the adjacent streets were full of people, though I am told that admission to the *hôtel de ville* was by card. The flag was a beauty. A French soldier stood a little apart and above us holding the flag by its lance staff and letting its silken folds fall forward just enough to show the splendid heaviness of its embroidery, the massive gold of its border and the solid silver of its stars. In the lower corner nearest the staff are embroidered the arms of Chaumont—the triple arms of Champagne, Lorraine and Burgundy, I fancy, surmounted with a crown. The gold fleur-de-lis, the crenelations that border the sinister bar of Lorraine—the arms of Chaumont are no mushroom creation, for it has borne them for nearly or quite a thousand years, so long that their exact origin is lost in antiquity.

The *hôtel de ville* was crowded with people. All we French were much *emotionnés* and *excités*, and twisted our necks awry to see the good-looking American general. The mayor of Chaumont, M. Lévy-Alphandéry, a captain of French reserves assigned as an officer to the duty to which he was elected as a civilian before the war, is fiercely bearded. Masculine French can really only be properly spoken when strained through hair. He is an orator, and proprietor of the glove factory, the principal industry of our city. He made quite a speech in behalf of the ladies, and presented the general with a silken scroll with an address on it from the ladies, but went farther and made a speech of his own.

Our chief was thus faced with the necessity of making a speech, and he made an extremely good one. I could hardly believe it impromptu, but he assures me it was. It really rose to heights, showed great feeling, but well restrained as it should be, and was really quite a notable effort. I asked him how he could make such a speech. He says three things go to make it possible: Do not be afraid; talk as though you were speaking to just one person instead of many; have something to say. The speech was then butchered in the translation by an English-speaking member of the French mission, who was scared and gave an utterly inadequate idea of what the general had said. The flag was then turned over to our orderlies and preceded us down street to the mayor's house, where we were to déjeuner.

It was my first admission to the ordinary French home, except for a brief luncheon at the house of General Wirbel here in town for the grand functions in Paris gave one no idea of ordinary French home life. And we get no better idea of it by living in this combination bazaar and museum of natural history known as the Château Quillar. But this was a French home of the well-to-do class, with a nice little garden, a servant at the door, a hostess who came forward when you were shown in and was extremely pleasant. She was unmistakably a Jewess, though as French as Poincaré himself at the same time, a little gray-eyed, black-haired lady, with quite an easy manner, and much vivacity and readiness of speech. I judged her in the neighborhood of thirty-five, but she told us that of her two sons in the war one is a prisoner of war in Germany, and the other at the French front. She may be a bit older than thirty-five. Her French was quite plain and easily understood, and, as I say, she talked very readily. Her father was brought in and presented, a very nice-looking little old man, with white hair and bright dark eyes.

The luncheon was delicious. The dining room was quite dark, with good furniture, including a very handsome old clock which

(Continued on Page 119)

The Anteroom at the Headquarters of the Commander in Chief, Chaumont, 1917-1919

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The INEVITABLE TYPEWRITER

Continued from Page 116.

reached the rather low ceiling from the floor. As the end of the meal drew near, the mayor rose, grasped his champagne glass, raised it, craned his neck over the swinging lamp so he could look at General Pershing, and ground out some guttural French through his beard, indicating the combined honor and pleasure he felt at having the general for a guest, his desire for friendly and harmonious relations between the two peoples, his reverence for the Star-Spangled Banner only equaled by his sentiment for the Tricolor, and so on.

The lingering over the coffee and liqueurs which terminates these French functions—the coffee generally served in another room than the dining room—was cut short at M. Lévy-Alphandéry's by the expected arrival of Field Marshal Joffre. In one of those moments of emotion and exuberance of feeling, General Pershing once expressed his hope that when he was duly installed in his *quartier-général* out of Paris, the marshal could come and visit him. Personally I think that the kindly old soul would prefer to be left at home to think of the triumphs of his American visit; but the staff can see him sliding out of the public mind, completely ignored officially, without influence and power, and only for a moment regaining the limelight in the occasional exchange of visits with General Pershing. They keep him stirred up; possibly really believe in him; and profess to think that he will yet have to be recalled in some important political or military capacity.

So it came to pass a fortnight ago we were reminded that the marshal was about ready to pay us the visit, and he was at once asked to come down.

To come in that manner, however, was not exactly what was wanted. It developed that the marshal thought he could not come on less than eight days' notice. It was on a Saturday, so he was at once asked for the following Sunday, an exact eight days away, and he accepted, and he was due just after the Lévy-Alphandéry luncheon this afternoon.

An hour at that luncheon at the coffee and liqueur stage was devoted to one of the arguments of which the French are so fond, as to whether or not the civil or the military ought to handle the marshal's arrival; the part the prefect should play; what the mayor ought to do; the rôle to be assigned to the little assistant mayor with the funny chin whiskers; General Wirbel's strident voice rising high in the discussion; the keen dark alert little General Ragueneau holding himself aloof with a quiet smile; the Americans just adding an occasional query to keep the discussion going. It was finally decided with all the elaborateness of detail which probably characterized the Treaty of 1814, that the marshal on arrival should go at once to the French mission headquarters; thence to the residence of General Pershing, where he would in effect be on American soil and have nothing officially to do with prefects, mayors, and so on, though they would be permitted to come and see him if they wished.

Our gate has a sentry over it; we decided for the stay of the marshal to have a French sentry on the other side of the gate. We turned out a guard of an officer and a trumpeter and ten men to present arms at the gate on his motor car arriving. It was arranged that the French should bring a similar guard to face ours on the other side of the gate, the trumpeters to blow in turn.

Long before the marshal arrived the crowd began to gather and we had quite a respectable gathering at our gates, which added to the general éclat of the proceedings. The marshal and his two aides and orderly arrived about 5:30. They went to the French mission as planned, where the marshal entered and acted exactly as though he thought he was still helping the machinery move. He drifted over to the principal desk in the office, settled down over a chair, and asked if there were any papers. There were none to be acted upon by him. He then asked as to the organization of the American Army, and was handed a sheet showing perhaps our headquarters staff. He rolled an eye over it for a second, handed it back with the inevitable "*Bon*," and his duties at the French mission were concluded.

He then came down to our crowd at the gate and the double guard, and was received with all the ceremony which we were able to muster. After tea he was shown to his room a few moments and then dinner was served. There was considerable fluttering among our servants over the presence of the marshal, but matters went through without a hitch. He really is a kindly old man, no doubt of great common sense, and singularly unspoiled by the adoration which is undoubtedly given him by a majority of the common people and soldiers of France, to whom he is "Papa Joffre." After dinner, and we had said the usual banal things which people who are trying to learn each other's language say to each other, Boyd was told to tell the old marshal that he was no doubt fatigued and wished to retire. And he was and he did.

CHAUMONT, October 15, 1917.

THIS morning the marshal and suite were shown through our headquarters offices and met the different staff officers. They seemed to be pleased, and the staff officers of Marshal Joffre told us he had much enjoyed his visit. We showed him the first soldiers he has seen for eight months, he said.

The situation of Marshal Joffre is peculiarly French. He is quite adored by the soldiers and the people. History will bear him on its pages as the victor of the Marne, and that he was in command those days when the German high tide was stopped and rolled back at the Marne is beyond dispute. Whatever the impression the marshal may make on us now, he cannot be robbed of the historic fact that on the days of the Marne he commanded the French armies, and they were successful. But whatever his place in history, and whatever the emotions he stirred in America last spring, the cold fact is that he is now on a shelf, with nothing to do, no responsibility, no power. The politicians have no idea of letting him come back if they can help it, though some ministry may have to avail itself of his popularity and include him; or it is even possible that if he lives and says nothing foolish he may become president. The Painlevé Ministry is doomed to a short life. It does not include the all-powerful socialists. Painlevé himself has not shown up well under questions in the Chambre. His ministry cannot, it is said, survive much longer. There is talk of Briand, Viviani, and a possible combination which might include Joffre as Minister of War. Beyond doubt the visit of the marshal here will help him. It keeps him in the limelight a little.

PARIS, October 22, 1917.

I HAD a day at the office and between four and five we started on a journey to see the French offensive, which had been postponed twenty-four hours on account of the foggy rainy weather. Battles cannot be well fought under western-front conditions without sufficient clearness to enable the aviators to fly and to locate and guide infantry and artillery.

General Pershing, Colonel de Chambrun, Colonel Boyd, A.D.C., Major Logan and myself were the party. We were to run out to Vic-sur-Aisne, have dinner with General Franchet d'Esperey—who commands a group of French armies—talk over the plan for the offensive, and return to Compiègne for the night at the quarters of Col. Frank Parker, our liaison officer at French G.H.Q.

We had no sooner started and were leaving Paris when a heavy fog descended and we were obliged to go so slowly that it was after eight when we arrived at the headquarters of General Franchet d'Esperey, where we had dinner. After dinner—which was the usual thing—we adjourned to his office and studied the map for the battle in the morning. General Franchet d'Esperey explained his plans very much in detail. Late this afternoon a German wireless was intercepted saying the French would attack at 5:30 tomorrow morning.

PARIS, October 23, 1917.

AFTER the little general's explanation of his plans last night we motored to Compiègne. Franchet d'Esperey is a short active little man who looks like a fighter. He is a French *général de division*, which in reality corresponds most closely to our lieutenant generalcy, though a division is what our major generals are supposed to command. He told me his life had been passed in Asia and Africa, in the colonies of France. He was in command in Peking a while in General Chaffee's time, that summer of 1900, being then a colonel on some duty analogous to our provost duty. He was commanding an army corps when the war broke out. The French had nine armies then, each with several corps. Of all who commanded armies, groups of armies and corps, only Franchet d'Esperey and Castelnau are still commanding. It is very suggestive of what will happen with our general officers, I fear.

We had breakfasted and were on the road by seven this morning. At Vic-sur-Aisne at eight we picked up our little general, and were told that the early attack had succeeded all along the line; that the German losses had been heavy, and that columns of prisoners were marching in from the front. We then motored through Soissons to the old fort of Condé, where we had a view of the later battle that began about nine. The fort is on top of a hill; was partly destroyed by the Germans last spring when they fell back from it, but affords the best location for a general view of the attack that was made.

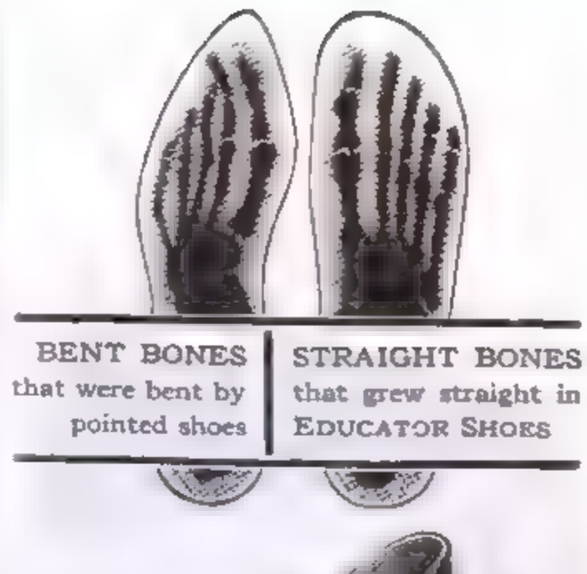
The roar of the guns was continuous. There was an intermittent but almost constant line of flashes of the guns across our entire field of view, with corresponding bursts of smoke on the ridges ahead. An occasional German shell came over. Through glasses, the infantry could be seen advancing. The airplanes were working, though it was cloudy and getting worse each minute. Soon it began to rain. Little Franchet d'Esperey had us in a little covered lookout with a tripod telescope, and a telephone. An aide sat at the phone, which was ringing very frequently, and reports were being made over it. The number of different telephone wires stretched along the ground or buried, in an attack like this, runs into hundreds for artillery control alone. A little group of Americans—not of our party—was gathered in a little bastion near us, comprising Major Generals O'Ryan and Clements and their chiefs of staff, Bandholtz and King. I shook hands with them all in the rain as we passed, but did not see them again. The morning dragged along, it getting harder and harder to see at any distance. The reports by telephone were all favorable, and at 11:45 General Franchet d'Esperey proposed luncheon, which we had in an old arched room of the half-ruined fort.

After luncheon we drove to headquarters of the Twenty-first Army Corps, passing on the way several hundred Germans being marched in. The headquarters were in a dugout, and the officers were at luncheon. All stood up when we came in. There was one, a nice-looking blond, in a uniform which was strange to me and to the others. I whispered to Boyd, and he to Logan, and he to De Chambrun, and the whisper came back: "That's a German staff officer, brought in to be questioned." I noticed he had a clean collar on, his hair nicely brushed; that he had evidently not been much mussed up in the capture; and that he seemed rather at ease. He stepped aside for General Pershing, and when General Franchet d'Esperey went up to a wall map to make some explanation he rolled up the curtain, all of which seemed to me to be queer conduct for a prisoner. Then he caught Boyd's eye, and bowed and smiled. It developed that he was the Italian attaché instead of a Boche prisoner. Boyd had met him and had forgotten it.

ST. NAZAIRE, October 27, 1917.

WE LEFT Paris amid great excitement on the evening of the twenty-fourth at 7:10. We spent the afternoon at work at the offices, expecting to leave the office about six, run up to Rue de Varenne, secure our baggage and go to the train without hurry for the seven-o'clock train. About six I inquired as to the state of our plans and detected signs of perturbation in the General of the Army. I asked if he was about ready to close his office. It developed that a little Russian girl artist who has been painting his picture with sittings at intervals all summer is hurrying it for the Salon, where it is to be exhibited. She had not had an opportunity to get the details of his campaign hat and belt, which were not worn by us in the summer, and the general had sent her his hat and belt to copy while at work at the office. At five he had sent his chauffeur and car to get them, and at six they had not returned.

Our offices are a good twenty minutes from 73 Rue de Varenne; the A.D.C.'s house, where his baggage was, ten minutes farther; and it is ten to fifteen minutes from the house to the Gare du Quai d'Orsay, from which we were to start. Time went on, but no chauffeur appeared. Colonel de Chambrun was to meet us at the station; the orderlies were at 73 Rue de Varenne. At 6:30 the general was still hatless and beltless. It was then decided that I should take another car and run for his baggage and meet him at the *gare*; the general to come direct to the station in the car which would bring back his hat and belt if it came. Otherwise, if the general did not appear at



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the station, the special car must be cut out of the train and our departure would be postponed.

I started for the house with a French chauffeur and the stenographer. The chauffeur had not been informed of the emergency and I had continually to admonish him to "*Allez plus vite*," which developed a state of agitation in him, and rounding a corner he choked down his engine and consumed three or four good minutes starting it again. The streets he selected were the busiest in Paris, and it was his first trip to Rue de Varenne. Finally though, like Christmas, I did arrive. The orderlies stepped lively and we filled the car with four of us and a multiplicity of bags, and scurried for the station. De Chambrun and two chauffeurs whose cars had been loaded in the afternoon were waiting at the curb, the Count in much agitation, very much *excité*. It was exactly the hour for the train to start—and Pershing twenty blocks away. No general, no A.D.C.

I hurried De Chambrun to see the conductor to implore him to hold the train if possible. Our car was not the last in the train, and to cut it off with our baggage meant that it could only be done when the train reached the Gare d'Austerlitz, in another part of the city, and with the customs of our Allies so different from though not necessarily inferior to our own, to let the car go with the baggage meant possibly several disagreeable eventualities—it might go to St.-Nazaire; it might go some place else; at the best it would be across Paris several miles away.

We strung ourselves along the curb at the different points where automobiles discharge passengers, and prayed for delay. At eight minutes after the train was supposed to leave, the general and A.D.C. arrived together, with one hat and one belt between them. It transpired that after I left, the A.D.C. stood by to assist his chief instead of going for his own baggage. After waiting a few minutes longer the concierge located the chauffeur who was supposed to have gone for the hat and belt, waiting at the corner. He had not gone for them at all—getting the idea in some way that the directions given him minutely by the general that afternoon were only intended to be acted upon when office was closed and that he was to drive the chief around that way to get his property after he left the office. The general took the A.D.C.'s hat and belt, and we got away, leaving the latter to get his baggage and follow by the train next day.

From an American standpoint, this is as much a land of mañana as ever were Spain, Mexico or the Islands of the East. Things are very much specialized in construction matters, very much worked out in detail on paper, beautiful maps and plans, which when completed and submitted seem very often to be regarded as the latter and of a building project rather than its first. Several independent agencies work in the same place with apparently no central control. No one of them knows anything of the progress of any of the others or in any way controls it, even though his own problem may be so interwoven with the others as to be interdependent. Add to this that the officers now engaged on these projects far to the rear are generally those Limoged from the front for various reasons. Limoges at the beginning of the war was the station to which many generals were sent on waiting-orders status without command, and it has now furnished a respectable verb, "Limoger." For example, at one camp a member of our party said he had seen a lieutenant colonel of artillery each year or oftener since the war, each time a little farther south. He is now between Bordeaux and the Pyrenees, looking run down, a little seedy and unkempt, working on a camp for the amusing and exacting Americans. Nevertheless our Allies are most kind and are spending their resources freely to help us, and these remarks lightly made as to their peculiarities are made with full consciousness of our own racial and national shortcomings, and knowledge that everything that differs from our own practice is not necessarily inferior.

BORDEAUX, Oct. 28, 1917.

TODAY we ran out about forty miles from Bordeaux to a camp where we are thinking of putting one of our divisions if they get to coming fast. It is now occupied by a small French garrison and a brigade of Russians. When the Russian Empire fell Russia had a division of soldiers on the western front—good soldiers, too, it is said—but they raised the red flag, murdered some of their officers, and started the same idea of military command and administration by committees that has ruined their army at home, and had to be withdrawn from the lines. Withdrawn, they began to murder, burn and plunder the surrounding country, and General Pétain told General Pershing that he had sent them away from the zone of the armies. We later heard of them as having been divided in two classes, the good and the bad. The former were sent to where we saw them today. The French officer in command has black Senegalese troops. We asked something about the Russians not working, the camp being in rather a low place with the drains stopped up and overflowing. He said they would not work, and could not be made to work. Starving them was suggested, which he said would not bring them to terms. It was then suggested that lining them up and shooting every hundredth man would probably bring the remainder to their senses. We visited the stables, for the Russian brigade has nine hundred horses with it, and found the horses poor and uncared for, standing in mud to their fetlocks.

I never saw a dirtier place than that camp. Finally in our conversation it developed quite incidentally in speaking of them that they still have their rifles and ammunition, and that the French have never disarmed them. That put a different phase on why they will not work. No wonder, when they outnumber their guards and are armed with rifles, that they do as they please. It had never occurred to us, General Pershing or myself, that they had not been disarmed when they were sent away from the zone of the armies. It is something we cannot now understand. They are not only armed and refuse to work, but the French are paying them wages—their usual pay. We certainly do not see things from the French standpoint.

As we left the camp two Russian colonels approached and introduced themselves, one being the chief of staff and the other a regimental commander. Both wore decorations given them by the empire, and the regimental colonel a Croix de Guerre bestowed by the French. The general, the staff officer said, had gone to Paris to see when they were going to be allowed to go to the front. Our general asked if he thought they had discipline enough to be allowed to take over a sector of the front, to which he replied yes. J. J. P. then delivered him a few remarks on a state of discipline which permitted a camp as filthy as that, and the reply was that it was just like that when they took it over from the French. They have committees to run the administration of the companies, dictate how much work, if any, shall be done, how much drill there shall be—the function of the officer being to command at drill, purely a tactical rôle. Drunk, absolutely drunk with liberty.

We returned to Arcachon, a very attractive little summer-resort city on an arm of the sea, and had luncheon. Several Russian officers, well-dressed and prosperous-looking, and wearing empire decorations, were in the dining room. We had a fine luncheon and were about to go when the proprietor, with much groveling and apologizing, asked the general to write in his Golden Book. Then a very nice-looking girl who spoke English and said her mother was English asked if he would not write in hers, and he did: "To my fair ally!!!!"

PARIS, October 29, 1917.

YESTERDAY morning General Pershing said General Bliss, on whom I called the first evening, had expressed a desire to see me, and that I was to go over with him to the Crillon Hotel, where the House party is being given or entertained or held—or whatever it is that is done to a House party. The House party consists, exclusive of stenographers, secretaries, supes, soldiers, Roman citizens, etc., of Colonel and Mrs. House, Mr. Auchincloss, son-in-law and special secretary to the special ambassador; Admiral Benson; General Bliss; Messrs. Oscar T. Crosby, a graduate of the U. S. M. A., explorer of the Garden of Eden, Bagdad and Mesopotamia, and now assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Paul D. Cravath, legal adviser; Vance McCormick, an editor and late chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Bainbridge Colby, Professor Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, who lectured to us at the War College last winter, on conditions in Germany; Thomas Nelson Perkins, of Boston, cousin of Cameron Forbes, representing the Munitions Board, besides statisticians, "experts" and a disbursing agent. A very numerous and Democratic aggregation. We reached the Crillon at the hour, and after a few moments in General Bliss' room went to the salon, where there was to be an informal meeting of the House party. I met the great little man, the man who can be silent in several languages, the close friend of Woodrow Wilson. He is one of the few men without much chin whom I have ever met who were considered forceful. The upper part of his face and brow are good. His eyes are quite good, and his expression very pleasant and affable.

He called the committee together and said in substance: "We are going to meet this morning. Nothing will be done more than to go through the form of an organization. No speeches. It will be our business to be pleasant and sympathetic with the small nations. Listen to what they say. Do not promise them anything. Do not tell them anything about tonnage. Be pleasant. It is our day to smile. Just circulate around among the little fellows and listen to their stories. Be kind and agreeable."

Then we drove over to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the famous Quai d'Orsay. A very large room with long tables with place cards, each delegation to itself. Seventeen Allied nations—the United States, Great Britain, Brazil, Liberia, Cuba, Japan, France, Serbia, Montenegro, Italy, Russia, Rumania, Argentina, Belgium, and so on, from chrome yellow through brown and black back to clear white in color; a perfect polyglot of tongues, the Tower of Babel without the tower. A gathering so little hopeful of unity, so probable of dissension and disagreement that as an investment I suspect the hard-headed Germans would have willingly paid the expenses of it. A very historic gathering with many great names.

The meeting was called to order by M. Clemenceau, the venerable Premier of France, once a New England schoolteacher; by his side sat Stephen Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. Down the table a little farther was the British delegation—the scholarly and aristocratic Arthur Balfour, an ex-Prime Minister of England, an aristocrat of the best English type, on his mother's side a Cecil; by his side General Sir William Robertson, chief of the Imperial General Staff; Lord Northcliffe, the great editor, square-jawed and cleanshaven; Lloyd George, the little Welshman so radical that Englishmen shudder at what he may do to existing

(Continued on Page 125)

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 120)

institutions if he brings the war to a victorious close, and now in the initiation of this conference supposed to be making a wild grab for civilian control of the armies to the exclusion of Haig and Robertson; then our own delegation with little Colonel House sitting on the edge of his chair, nervously gazing about; the rather good-looking Crosby and Vance McCormick, the sonorous Colby; Generals Bliss and Pershing, each with his four-starred shoulders; Benson and Sims, of the Navy.

Behind ours at the next row of tables sat our wise little Oriental Allies, the Japanese, presided over by Viscount Chinda, whose Viscountess sat across the table from me as I came home on the Chiyo Maru in 1914. Behind them, immersed in swarthy whiskers, were the Portuguese, the various other Levantine and Mediterranean Allies. General Cadorna, of Italy, who has just lost his command through the German advance toward the Piave, was in plain sight, as were various assorted Allies from Siam, Serbia and the Southern Seas. As Colonel House said, nothing was done. They agreed to some committees, and various chairmen arose and gave the names of their members appointed to them; and the names were as diverse as the men themselves. I watched it for an hour and then left with my chief.

Colonel Dawes, with whom I have many tastes in common, and I had decided to have luncheon together at the Tour d' Argent, eating Duck No. 48921, I believe, and then go to Brentano's and pore over the old books. Dawes is fond of Napoleonana, as I am also. He is a man of wealth—and he bought what he saw that he liked. He tossed into a pile book values that would have been the earnest subject of prayerful deliberation with me for half a year, left a hundred dollars with Brentano for the afternoon's work, and gave me about half the books he bought—old rare editions, History of the Bastille, Martyrs of the Bastille, and so on. We went to his room at the Ritz and gloated a few gloats, and then attended Mrs. Ambassador Sharp's tea for the Army. For dinner we went to the nice little cozy apartment of Colonel and Mrs. Boyd, and after dinner we went to a circus and saw a very interesting performance—two good acts with trained Arab horses, especially.

G. H. Q., Dec. 18, 1917.

THE past few days have been interesting as well as filled with potentialities for the American Expeditionary Forces. The visit of the first seventeen major generals called for perhaps more comment from our British and French Allies than any other event that has happened.

There is no general officer on duty with the British Expeditionary Force who is sixty years of age. There are few so old in the French service, and of the French it is said that no less than one hundred and thirty-eight general officers were sent to Limoges the first year of the war. It became the custom to order such officers to Limoges for duty, where there were no troops and nothing to do, and the exiles formed an excited and disheartened little community, no doubt gesticulating industriously and shrugging shoulders until their uniform tunics were worn out between the shoulder blades.

We have decided to adopt Cannes as the place to which we shall send our disabled ones. The adjutant general is already there recuperating, and John Palmer spent two months there.

It sounds much more American, though doubtless less elegant, to say that a man has been "canned" than to say that he has been "limoged."

Our first detachment of generals returned to our own country, but the aftermath of their visit in the glimpse of physical inefficiency which would be fatal to our arms, lingered in its effects. The commander in chief frankly stated his views to the War Department. General Biddle, who had witnessed their inability to get around and to endure hardships, went back to Washington full of it.

The round of visitors is fast becoming a regular thing with us now. We have them regularly met; divide them into classes according to importance or the accident of acquaintance, and each class has a set program.

For example, this week we have had seven gentlemen sent over by Hoover to get material for lectures throughout the country. They were brought to the house for luncheon, and that afternoon sent to training areas, where they have been mixing with the boys for four days. Yesterday they returned here. I sent them to each general-staff section and had its purpose explained to them, and at the end gave them ten minutes' talk on the general organization, and then sent them to their train.

The down train from Paris arrives at luncheon time, and the up train leaves here at 5:30 P.M., which is rather convenient.

Today the Commander in Chief returned, bringing with him M. André Tardieu, High Commissioner from France to the United States, chief of the mission to Washington—the inevitable mission, we can't get away from it. Tardieu is a clever, keen, attractive Frenchman, who has been short-cutting in the War Department all summer, doing business for his government, to our confusion and embarrassment here. We had three hours this afternoon to try to bring him into camp so that when he returns to the United States next week he may bother us less.

There is considerable sensitiveness among the French about our not adopting *in toto* their methods of training, to the exclusion of and even complete abandonment of our own. Yet, the war can never be won by acting on the defensive, and they now teach nothing but defensive warfare. They wished to make us French in teaching, took charge of our programs, and had to be resisted with considerable moral force to prevent it. So, too, with the staff organization, they sent us instructions as to how to organize our staff, ignoring our former organization, our history, our peculiarities, our laws, and are a bit sad that in training and organization we have insisted in remaining American. We asked for four officers as advisers in our new staff college, but they detailed the senior as director, and we talked for a month to get them to realize that he was not asked for as a director but an adviser. The result of all this is that when the House party was here General Pétain, asked about the Americans when General Bliss was lunching with him, gave one of those nice little shrugs of the shoulder and nods of the head which indicated that in his opinion there was much to be desired—in the matter of training.

One gets these things settled, apparently, and a week later the same old *idée fixée* bobs up, indicating that the intervening talks and conferences have had no effect and our polite Allies have never changed their minds a moment. Yet we admire them and they collectively do wonderful things. No one who knows history can question the esprit, the valor or the organization of the race that stopped the German onrush at Verdun, at the Marne; whose trumpet calls a hundred years ago had sounded in twenty European capitals; whose Napoleon fills more pages of the world's history than any other man or monarch.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of five articles by General Harbord. The next will appear in an early issue.

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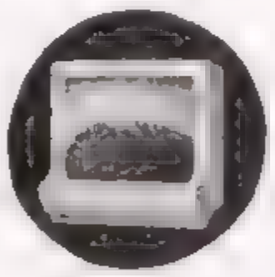

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BAD HUCKABY

(Continued from Page 25)

should be a resident of Williamsville. What would Mrs. Horatio Huckaby—that is, Mrs. Good Huckaby—say? This Mrs. Huckaby, after many years of subordinate social activity, had risen to leadership immediately after her husband bought a motor car which had the front seat separated from the rear seats by a glass partition. Williamsville, which had great powers of resistance, could not withstand that attack.

And now—to have Mrs. Good Huckaby confused, even by strangers, with that shrill unseen harpy on the mountain! Good Huckaby shuddered, and he was a man who shuddered exclusively for himself

Good Huckaby foresaw, with that clarity of vision which distinguishes country bankers, that he would never have another hour's peace of mind as long as this new Huckaby remained in the town. The danger of getting their postal matter mixed was not important. Very likely Bad Huckaby's mail was limited, and the postmaster would surely be good enough to deliver all mail to the bank for preliminary examination. But Bad Huckaby could trade on such a good name as the one he bore. It was a name that would get groceries and provisions anywhere in the county. A man who would buy a shotgun on credit and then sell it to a deluded barber would not be likely to stop with shotguns. He might cultivate a taste for automobiles, real estate or objects of virtu. He might even —— There was nothing the vagabond could not do with such a name!

At home that night, Good Huckaby found that Mrs. Huckaby agreed with him as to the extent and menace of this disaster. The bruit of catastrophe travels fast, and Mrs. Good Huckaby had already heard of the coming of another member of the Huckaby clan. Both were equally distressed, both were equally fearful, both saw that something had to be done about it. They disagreed on only one point. Mrs. Good Huckaby said that the Huckabys were a family logically capable of producing a sample like Bad Huckaby and she had always suspected it. This assertion was vigorously denied.

"When it comes to that," said Good Huckaby, "everybody is related to everybody else. I dare say we're all descended from Adam, aren't we?"

"Without a doubt," admitted the lady. "But why go so far back? Your mother's brother was a no-account. I've heard you say so yourself."

"When it comes to that," replied Good Huckaby testily, "the last I heard of your Uncle George was that he got into Manitoba just as the officers arrived on the North Dakota state line."

Bad Huckaby, without having made a single overt motion, had already got his namesake into trouble.

"Anyway, Annie," remarked Good Huckaby more modestly, after he had been put where he belonged, "we've got to move in this matter, and mighty gingerly too. If this man and his wife and brats ever get the notion that we're trying to force them out of town, they'll stick like beggar lice on a long-haired dog. It's true we could have 'em ejected from that shanty, but they might move down in the center of the town. Whereas, a little soft soap and kind treatment may do the business. Leave it to me."

Had there been any other way, Mrs. Good Huckaby would certainly not have left it to her husband. But there was no other way.

Next day, just before noon, Bad Huckaby came into the bank. He did not enter the bank like a man used to entering banks. Watching him from behind the half-closed shutters, Good Huckaby saw his namesake pause on the marble steps and inspect the entrance with primitive caution, noting the great iron gates swung back against the walls and running his fingers contemplatively along the brass plates which bore the name of the institution. Then Bad Huckaby retreated to the edge of the sidewalk, and Good Huckaby had a sinking feeling that his visitor was retiring. But Bad Huckaby had only gone to spit. No human being is without his pride. Having shown that he had the instincts of a gentleman by not spitting on the marble steps, Bad Huckaby came in.

"Let him right in here, George," said Good Huckaby quickly. "And get a cuspidor—a large one."

Having sat down and put his brown hat on the floor, Bad Huckaby approved of the furnishings with an easy sweep of his eyes and smiled receptively.

"I sent up for you, my friend, to have a little talk," began Good Huckaby. "It was very good of you to come."

"I was coming down anyway," replied the other man cheerily. "I understand there's a feller down here that wants skunk skins. Or maybe you buy skins and such?"

Good Huckaby, without knowing exactly why, resented the ugly word "skins." And he consciously resented this horrible familiarity. But he kept his temper admirably, and went on:

"After I left your little home yesterday, friend Huckaby, I began to think that I ought to do something for you. I know you're a man of independent spirit—all the Huckabys are that—and I don't mean to insinuate that you can't do for yourself But my way of looking at things is that we should help each other. Now it's going to be frightfully cold up there this winter, and I dread the idea of the health of your wife and children suffering ——"

"Tough as nuts," interposed Bad Huckaby with a shake of the head. "Don't worry about them."

"I do worry about them. I can't help it. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'if I weren't all tied up with business affairs, where would I like to spend this coming winter?' And then I said, 'Why, I'd like nothing better than to go to California.' In fact, if I were a younger man, I'd stay in California. I tell you, friend Huckaby, it's a land of orange trees, of sparkling blue waters, rugged beautiful mountain peaks, great flower gardens—really almost a paradise on earth. I was wondering now if you and your family were to—were to have tickets furnished to you ——"

"I been there," was the sudden response. "It ain't so much."

Good Huckaby's countenance lowered perceptibly. He had been a long time screwing up his courage to the facing of this expense—three whole tickets to California, with pin money besides. It was appalling to think that the places farthest away cost the most to get to, though of course it is only natural, on analysis. But to have this badly dressed man with soiled yellow mustaches decline to enjoy the hand-painted picture and the free excursion, and to decline with such quiet sufficiency, was maddening.

However, Good Huckaby was in his best persuasive form. He flitted lightly from the Pacific Coast to the Gulf of Mexico—and in a sense he was glad to shift, because the railway fare was so much less.

"Some people don't care for California," renewed the banker tactfully. "I suppose it's a matter of taste. Now a lot of people are going to Florida this winter. I've been in Florida, and I can say frankly that if I had a fine little family like yours, and anybody were to offer me the chance to go down there free of expense, and maybe find the means ——"

"I don't like Florida," interjected the guest. "We been there."

Good Huckaby grew red and leaned forward a bit dizzily. He had not counted on having to speak of Florida at all. He had regarded California as the settled abode of Bad Huckaby and family henceforth. California being thrust disdainfully out of the way and Florida being scrapped like a pair of old boots, Good Huckaby felt a sense of waning powers. The next place that readily occurred to him was Bermuda; but a man who brushed California off the landscape as you would swat a fly would certainly not stop at sinking Bermuda with a well-directed shot of what he was chewing. Besides, this vagabond had no doubt been in Bermuda, and didn't care for it.

"But—but may I ask, friend Huckaby, why—why you don't care for California and Florida, the way most people do?"

"The climate is against a man of energy and gumption," responded Bad Huckaby simply.

The clock ticked awkwardly before either man spoke again. Then Bad Huckaby took up the word:

"I tell you, Mr. Huckaby, when I laid eyes on that little shack up on the mountain, I knew we'd struck what we'd been looking for at last. Say, did you notice the view from there yesterday? Grand!"

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

Good Huckaby had been so preoccupied that he had not observed this asset of the place. He groaned inwardly at the incongruity of paupers thinking about views.

Bad Huckaby had become enthusiastic. His eyes sparkled with the fervor of youth, though he was nearly Good Huckaby's age - about fifty. He proceeded:

"I says to Hannah, 'Hannah, you can't beat this much'—said it just like that, 'Hannah, you can't beat this much.'"

"And what did Hannah say?" asked Good Huckaby, not that he cared, but to gain time.

"She didn't say anything." Then, after a pause, the visitor added, "But she liked it all right. . . . Be you married?"

"Yes."

"Women are hell," commented the guest, winking fraternally. "I suppose our wives are 'bout the same most ways, likely."

Good Huckaby was too stout, too unexercised a man, to invite much more of this. He had an uneasy feeling about his blood pressure.

"Now about that matter of me going to Californy or Floridy or somewhere," concluded Bad Huckaby, easing one of his long legs over the edge of the chair, "I was onto that dodge right away, friend Huckaby. You think because my name is the same as yourn I'll make trouble for ye here, and that all. Now don't let that worry you a particle, cousin. I ain't the critter to bother nobody. No more is Hannah. Live and let live is our motter. We don't pay no society calls, nor have no pink teas at our house. Anybody is welcome to our grub when we got any, but they can come or stay away, says I. I'm a man that has always got along, not bothering nobody. I wouldn't dream of passing myself off for you. It's funny we both got the same name, but that ain't our fault, be it? If I get any letters or packages meant for you, I'll send them right along, and we won't let the children paw 'em over neither. Any time you want any good fishing or hunting, you come along with me, and bring any friends you want."

This was a long talk for the thin Huckaby, evidently, for his voice broke and trembled toward the end. Before Good Huckaby could collect his spilled senses, the visitor had picked up his hat, glided through the door and was gone.

"Oh, Lord!" said Good Huckaby, pressing his fat hands against his forehead. "I can't stand this in addition to my other worries. What'll Annie say now?"

As it proved, Good Huckaby's fears were speedily justified. Bad Huckaby, in spite of his mild, inoffensive exterior, had his weaknesses. For one thing, he had the vaguest conception of the system of private ownership. He had never generalized about this. He was not an intellectual communist. Usually he was only reminded of it by seeing a flock of poultry which had strayed out of view of the owner, or a ham left unguarded outside a butcher shop, or a likely looking dog. He had great magnetic power over dogs.

Another weakness had to do with alcoholic stimulant. There were not supposed to be any such stimulants in Williamsville. But resourceful nephews of the devil had methods of converting shellac, hair tonic, drug-store remedies and stewed shavings into beverages which brought the pavement nearer to the eye of the potator.

About a week after his arrival in Williamsville, Bad Huckaby strolled down to the village, got acquainted with the knot of valiants who hung around the Gem Eating Saloon and Pool Parlor, drank something from a dark brown bottle, and started for home with a billiard cue, an apple pie and two hats. At the corner of Maple Street and Main, he gave the apple pie to an utter stranger, who happened to be the Methodist minister, and lost both hats by trying to lift them politely. At the corner of Linden and Main, the constable found Bad Huckaby practicing with the billiard cue, as a spear, against the street lamp. That was the end of a large day for Bad Huckaby.

Bad Huckaby lay in the lock-up that night, breathing as peacefully as any other innocent child. He woke up hungry and expectant, and wondering what sort of man the local magistrate might be. Bad Huckaby was intimate with three kinds of local judges—those who said ten days; those who said ten dollars or ten days, and those who said ten dollars and ten days.

But by the time Bad Huckaby had finished his breakfast, Good Huckaby had already been apprised of the sad mischance of his namesake. The distressed banker deserted a stack of wheat cakes and a steaming cup of coffee, and moved to his own rescue, or, more truly, toward the salvage of his honored name. He swore feebly as he went.

"Now look here, Mr. Huckaby," suggested the constable sagely, when the banker had burst in upon him and unburdened his mind, "if I was you I'd let the law take its course. I know just how you feel about this feller, on account of him bearing your name; but nobody around town would ever think of your getting pickled and wearing two hats. A few jail sentences will push this feller out of town sort of automatically."

It was good counsel; but Good Huckaby was not in the mood to receive it. He was a worried man. A reputation, in the country, sits always on the edge of a volcanic crater. Gossips and facetious buffoons, thought Good Huckaby, never tire of clacking over such incidents. Good tidings have only pinfeathers, but evil news has a spread of wings like the albatross. The local newspaper would print:

"Horatio Huckaby—not the well-known and respected banker, but a shiftless person of the same name—was arrested last Thursday, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct."

That would be all very good. But people have a way of not digesting what they read. They get a splatter of words and put them together as it suits their whimsey. In Bennet Mills, ten miles away, the report would probably be that Horatio Huckaby, the well-known banker of Williamsville, was found throwing a billiard cue at street lamps and was taken into custody. At the county seat, a distance of thirty miles, the news would be to the effect that Horatio Huckaby, the well-known banker, after murderously assaulting several innocent bystanders, set fire to the town hall and jumped into Papoosic Lake. Good Huckaby had observed how news reports fatten in transit. He wanted no publicity whatever for his name.

"This thing has got to be fixed up," he said confidentially. "This vagabond is nothing to me, but my good name is. 'Tisn't as though he had committed any high crime anyway. Turn him loose with a good lecture. He hasn't got a penny and his family would only suffer."

It was done. And thereby began a habit -a habit on the part of Good Huckaby of protecting Bad Huckaby from the results of his disorders, and a habit on the part of Bad Huckaby to expect to be so protected.

Good Huckaby grew plainly thinner, and his hair began to gray at a rapid rate. He talked strangely and jerkily in his sleep—a curious medley in which appeared frequently the name of "that feller," meaning the thin Huckaby, and also of oil wells, green sand and domes—the latter references not being clear to Mrs. Huckaby, who heard the nocturnal monologues.

Sometimes Bad Huckaby was merely intoxicated and horizontal. Sometimes he was intoxicated and abusive to the police. Sometimes he varied his activities by catching trout out of season or potting a deer in the forbidden months.

The constable got into the habit of telephoning to Good Huckaby before the distant relative was arrested. For example:

"Hello, is that you, Mr. Huckaby? Well, this is Constable Barrows ——"

"What's he done now?"

"Stole a pig. I thought I'd better let you know."

"How do you know he stole it?" Good Huckaby would ask wearily.

"Well, the pig is missing."

"I suppose that's good enough evidence," the banker would answer. "Well, Jules, find out about it, but don't bring the case into court. You know. Find out about it and let me know. I'll see what I can do. I can't have any publicity."

All this began to have a distinctly evil effect upon Bad Huckaby. He had been a humble man, a self-reliant man, a man who always did his own running away from the sheriffs. Now he began to be proud and haughty. He began to fall in love with himself, so to speak. He adopted a manner of contumacy toward the constable and toward the victims of his depredations. Whereas he had always had a decent concealment of his violations of the game laws, as respectable poachers should, now he was likely to fish a brook in September in plain view of the road. The mounting pride was contagious. Mrs. Bad Huckaby took in a few washings—and kept the lingerie and handkerchiefs. The Bad Huckaby children ranged through the country, despoiling it as the Assyrians plundered helpless dominions.

You could perceive the unpleasant change in the very face of Bad Huckaby. Formerly his yellow mustaches had drooped, as becomes a man of no property and little furniture. He now began twisting them on the ends to make them point sidewise—worse, it was even as though he intended to make them curl upward. His eyes, which had been as free from malice as those of a stray dog, took on a touch of guile. He put on conversational airs. He began to utter such blasphemies as, "Go and complain to the police if you want to. I got influential friends, I have."

But the worst sign of degeneration, taking Bad Huckaby for what he was, lay in his assumption of a brisk and businesslike manner. In former times he could travel all day without giving any annoying impression of doing anything or going anywhere. He was a man gifted by Nature in the art of idling so artistically and spontaneously that he seemed a part of the landscape. Nowadays, under the protection of Good Huckaby, he was as offensively active as a house fly in late summer. He was even seen walking fast.

The truth was, Bad Huckaby was nowadays making moonshine, and selling it. He bought a new hat. This made Williamsville suspicious. The smell of hot mash floated down the mountainside on lazy breezes. At a certain spot not far from the Huckaby homestead smoke was seen to rise day after day. Then it became generally known that Bad Huckaby was bootlegging.

The more moonshine Bad Huckaby made, the less he drank. The less he drank, the more he made. Mrs. Bad Huckaby appeared on the streets of Williamsville with a purple parasol and suède shoes. The Bad Huckaby children attended the drug-store soda fountain and had elaborate confections with chopped nuts and sliced bananas on them. They intimated that pop was doing well.

Pop was doing very well, but he had lost his soul. His shotgun rusted on the wall. His rifle became clogged with dust. His fishing tackle no longer knew the loving grip and the swish and the thrill that came with hooking a scrappy two-pounder. The picturesque shirts and underwear which had stuffed the window holes of the shack gave way to conventional panes. In a fit of mad pride, Bad Huckaby was even heard to say that he intended to buy the shack—or at least to pay somebody rent for it. He had lost his soul. He was no better than any other lawbreaker. And it was because he was being protected, covered, upheld and otherwise demoralized by Good Huckaby.

Of course, the moonshining operations brought Bad Huckaby into conflict with the prohibition authorities. Hitherto he had merely flouted the town, the county and the state. But this was a Federal matter. That did not bother Bad Huckaby. But it bothered Good Huckaby greatly. For the banker was not sure of his power in such an instance.

"Can't you stop him, Horatio?" asked Mrs. Good Huckaby, with a touch of nervous shrillness which reminded the banker of the female voice he had heard within the shack that first day he saw his namesake. "You must stop him, Horatio. Just think, if the city newspapers should print about 'Horatio Huckaby' being arrested for bootlegging."

"It's awful, Annie," moaned Good Huckaby dismally. "I've tried to stop him. He's hopeless. He's got no sense of decency, and don't know how to tell the truth. He keeps saying he's quit and broken his still, and then we find that he's simply moved it to some other place on the mountain. Good Lord, haven't I thought of it, Annie? 'Huckaby the bootlegger!' Don't I see those headlines every time I try to go to sleep at night? I tell you I can't stand this, along with my other worries."

But Good Huckaby was capable of standing much more than he himself suspected. He soon had the opportunity of finding this out.

A pair of unimposing men ranged across West Mountain one day, climbed to a good eminence and squinted around. One of the men had a pair of field glasses, with which he swept the mountainside. A bouquet of flesh-colored smoke curled upward into the vision of the glasses.

"I guess he's over there," said the prospector to his companion. "Take a look!"

(Continued on Page 133)

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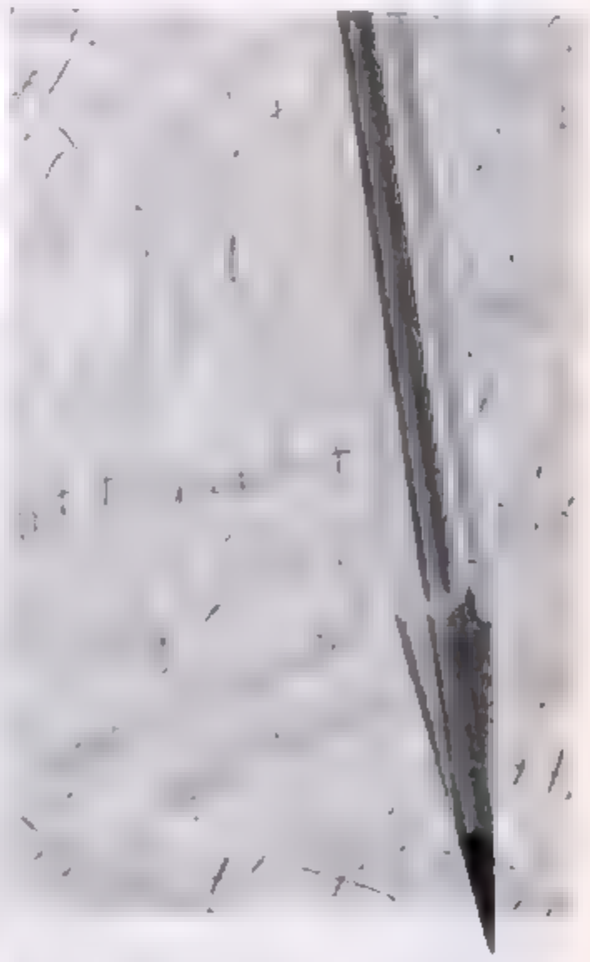

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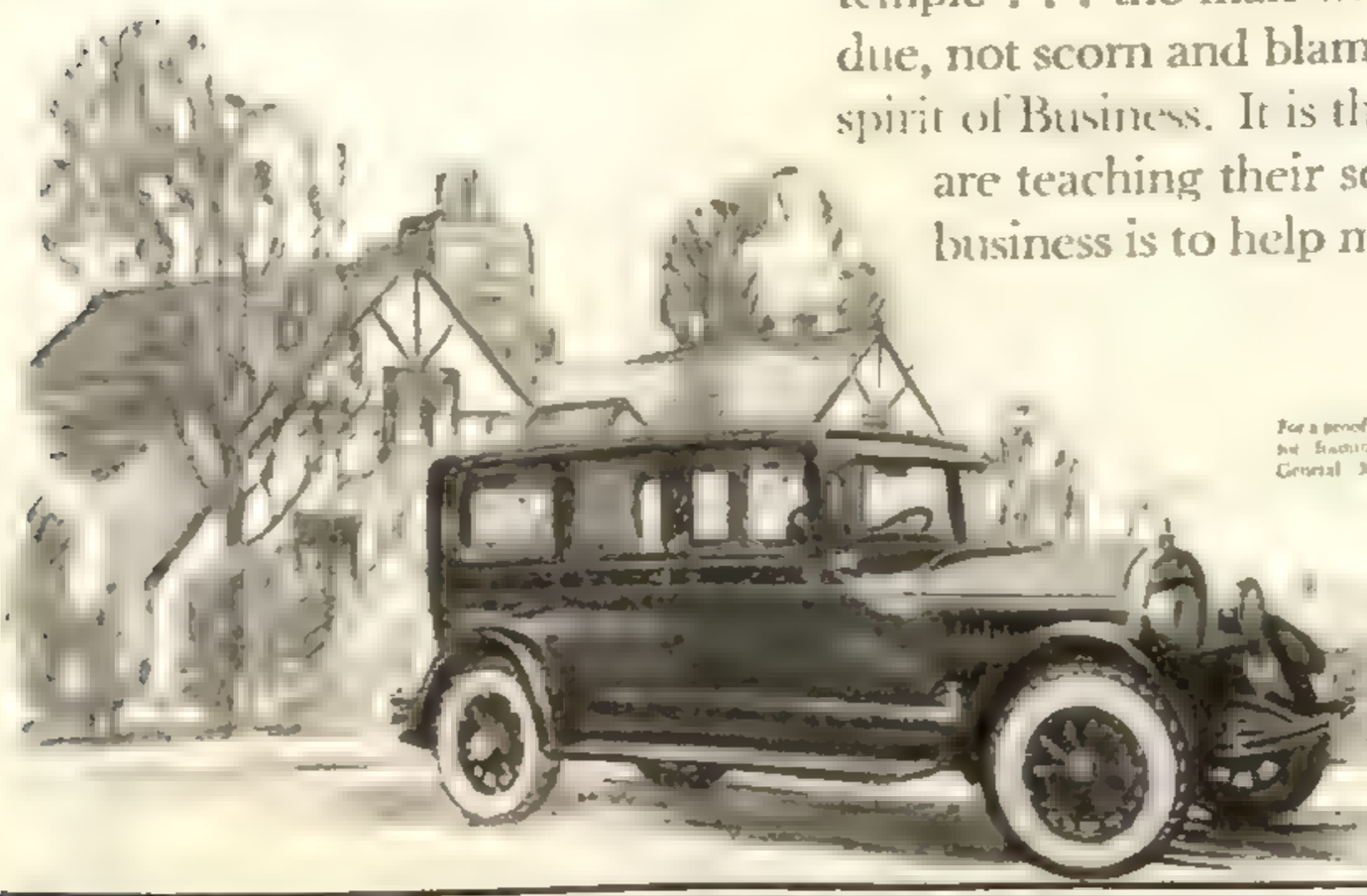

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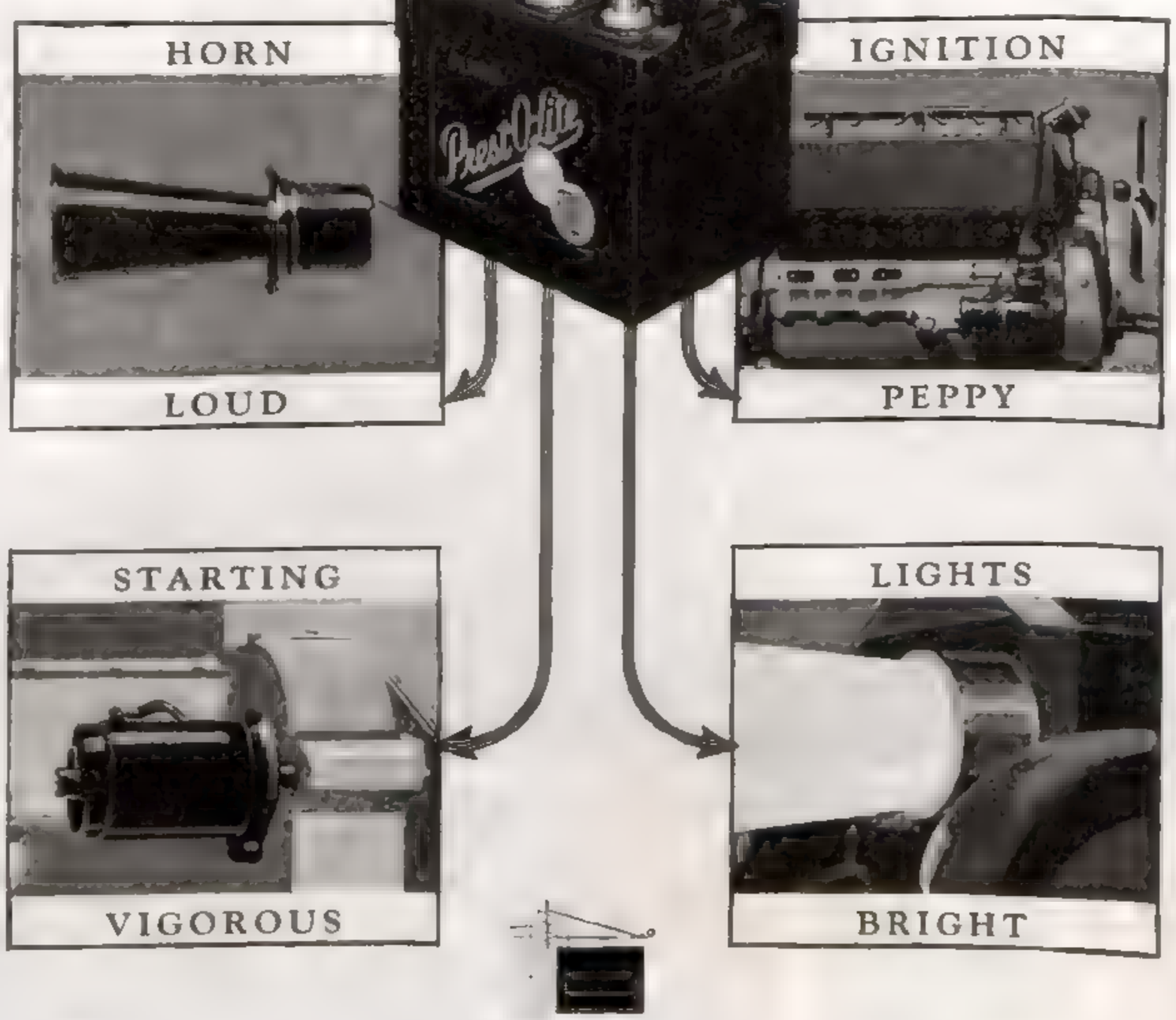

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Continued from Page 129

"Yes, that's it, I expect. Is he the kind of a bird who will put up a fight?"

"They say not. If he does get gay, we'll jump him."

Bad Huckaby hadn't the least intention of getting gay. He had achieved too great a sense of his important immunity to engage in a brawl with prohibition officers. Besides, why should he? He was a protected man. He had influential friends, as he had learned to proclaim. When the two strangers injected themselves suddenly into the nourishing atmosphere of distiller's grains, and cautiously made ready for a violent emergency, Bad Huckaby merely looked up from his work and saluted, "Hello! How be ye?"

"We be all right," responded one of the officers facetiously. "Hoping you are the same, we remain yours truly. Nice little outfit you got here. What's your capacity, Mr. Huckaby?"

"What's my what?" asked Bad Huckaby.

"What's your capacity? I mean, how much can you make in a day?"

"Oh, 'bout five gallons."

"Nice little still. Made it yourself, I suppose. Color it?"

"Yeh, with bark."

"We're interested in such work. Ever see one of these things?" The officer exposed a silver shield attached to one of his braces. "My friend here has one of them too. We're prohibition officers. Take this to heart, friend—we don't get rough unless we have to."

Bad Huckaby scrutinized the metal emblems of authority.

"Purty," he commented admiringly. "Want a drink?"

"No, we just want your company," was the reply. "Can you come now, or had we better wait till you get the still ready to go along of itself?"

Bad Huckaby grinned. "'Course I'll go along with ye," he acknowledged. "But I got influential friends, I have."

"Everybody has," admitted the other man placidly. "And sometimes they make good, and sometimes they don't. You've got a good chance to find out. If you're packing a gun, lay it on the ground, will you?"

"Lord, I ain't that kind," said Bad Huckaby. "I got a shotgun in the corner there. I allus bring it along for a chance on a pa'tridge or so. . . . We'll stop getting in at the house and see ma. I just want to tell her I'm arrested. She likes to know. Wimmen worry a lot."

"Sure, we'll stop at the house with you. Got a couple of kids, haven't you? That's bad. Sorry for that, Huckaby."

"Oh, you needn't be," responded Bad Huckaby. "It'll be all right."

And to the great surprise of the two prohibition officers, it so developed. They placed Bad Huckaby in the local lockup, and then returned to the mountainside and made havoc of the appointments and furnishings of the small distillery there. Having disjointed, dismembered and otherwise injured the efficiency of Bad Huckaby's property, and having collected several jugs and demijohns of Bad Huckaby's aging stock, they spent the rest of the afternoon getting this evidence down the mountain to a place where it could be loaded into a truck. Then they went to the village hotel with the idea of spending a restful night playing auction pitch with the commercial travelers, and of moving their prisoner to the county seat early next morning.

But about nine o'clock that night a telephone call came in from the division headquarters of the prohibition-enforcement authorities. It amounted to this, boiled down from a long conversation:

"Hello, George, is that you? Well, this is Wardwell. . . . Yes. . . . I understand you took that Huckaby feller today. Didn't have any trouble with him, I suppose. No, I thought you wouldn't. Where is he? Uh-huh, I see. Well now, George, a little information has come in that makes it seem—ah inadvisable to push this case. I'll tell you frankly how it stands. It seems that this Huckaby feller has got the same identical name as the leading banker in the town there—Horatio Huckaby. It's a name just queer enough so that the banker is afraid that it will do him a lot of damage. He says this bootlegger is no relation of his, except that away back somewhere in the family they had the same great-grandfather or something like that. He's been a regular pest to this other Horatio Huckaby, I take it, and the banker is almost out of his head. I've been with him all the afternoon, and the poor man is almost in a nervous collapse. He's a most respectable man, and I'm inclined to see his angle on the affair. You know how the newspapers get names and people balled up sometimes. I can see it might do the other Huckaby a lot of damage.

"We don't want to get respectable, decent people into trouble. The banker assures me that he can take means to keep this bootlegger out of further mischief. At least, he wants us to lay off until somehow he can get the bootlegger out of his town and into some other place far enough so that it won't hurt him—and then he says he hopes we'll put him away for life. Do you get this? All right.

"Now I'll tell you what you and Henry better do. You crate up that evidence and send it in to the office with a full report, and we'll keep it hanging over that Huckaby feller's head. If he shows any signs of slipping, we'll send him away for a stretch that will make Rip Van Winkle's sleep look like a cat nap. Get that? Well, I'll take the responsibility. You boys done good. Bye-bye."

Bad Huckaby's only comment, when they opened the door of the lockup and pushed him out, was, "I tried to save you men all that trouble. I told ye how it would be, didn't I?"

"You go home to your wife and kids and keep away from this moonshine or you'll land in Atlanta or somewhere," suggested one of the officers, not unkindly. "The only safe place for a poor man in the bootlegging business is on the drinking end. If it kills them, they get a lot of sympathy. If they only go blind, they can sell lead pencils or pick up a living with an accordion."

The warning fell upon a pair of proud, unhearing ears. Bad Huckaby strutted. He had flouted the local authorities and the state authorities, and now he had whipped the United States Government. There was only the League of Nations left—and Bad Huckaby had not heard of it. He, who had been so modest, so timid, so inoffensive in his primitive uselessness, was so blown with vanity that he began to talk back to his wife. When Good Huckaby approached him with a generous plan to settle Bad Huckaby somewhere in the Middle West, the latter replied with rudeness and insolence. He bought himself a suit with a Norfolk jacket, with leather buttons on the pockets, and began to be shaved at the barber shop. He saw a buck deer grazing near the house one day and did not even rise from his seat.

Again the two prohibition officers ranged across West Mountain, and spied a curl of smoke rising from the trees.

"Yes, he's at it again, Henry," said the one with the field glass. "Our tip was right. When was it we pinched Huckaby before?"

Henry consulted a memorandum book. "Last October—the twentieth—about six months ago."

"Watch his right hand when we go in, Henry. These birds get funny ideas about things the longer they stay in the business."

"Hello," said Bad Huckaby shortly, when the men entered the wooden shack. "You here again bothering around?"

His voice no longer had the old friendly timbre. He was like a hardware dealer interrupted by an unwelcome salesman.

"Come on now, and no vaudeville," replied one of the officers.

Prohibition officers, too, grow callous and unimaginative in the course of their work.

"It won't do ye no good," persisted Bad Huckaby.

"Leave that to us. Step lively now."

They went to the village lockup.

"I demand the right to telephone a friend of mine," blathered Bad Huckaby belligerently.

"All right, you can. Who do you want to telephone to?"

"My friend Horatio Huckaby, president of the Williamsville National Bank," said Bad Huckaby with a leer.

"If you can get him on the telephone, you've got a chance to earn a fat reward offered by a detective agency," replied the officer Henry with a grin. "Your friend Horatio, the banker, oozed out of town yesterday morning, after making the assets of the bank look like Russian rubles. He was interested in oil wells in Texas. Everybody that had money in the bank was interested in oil wells too—only they didn't know it. Funny nobody ever thought of the real reason why your friend banker didn't want any publicity by having your name get mixed with his. He didn't want any attention called to himself at all! The bank examiner was due to call today, so Horatio left yesterday. Want to telephone anybody else?"

"He—stole money from the bank?" faltered Bad Huckaby dizzily. "You say—he's run away?"

"That's it."

"Gosh, what a crook!" went on Bad Huckaby after a while. "I never did have much use for that feller—thought there was something shady about him. And now he's run away with the bank's money! Lord, you can't trust anybody these days!"

Two newspaper men, who had come to Williamsville to report the defalcation and flight of the recently respected banker, Horatio Huckaby, heard that another man of the same name was in the town lockup, charged with violating the prohibition amendment.

"That's funny," said one of them. "Same name—same day. Let's go over and talk with him. It'll make a good story."

Being interviewed, Bad Huckaby said—a good deal. It was the first time he had ever been interviewed and he liked the sensation. In conclusion he impressed earnestly upon the newspaper men this wish:

"Boys, don't for goodness' sake get me mixed up with the other Horatio Huckaby, the one that stole money from the bank. We got the same name, but we're no relation. I got a wife and two children, and I wouldn't for the world have 'em dragged into such a mess as that."

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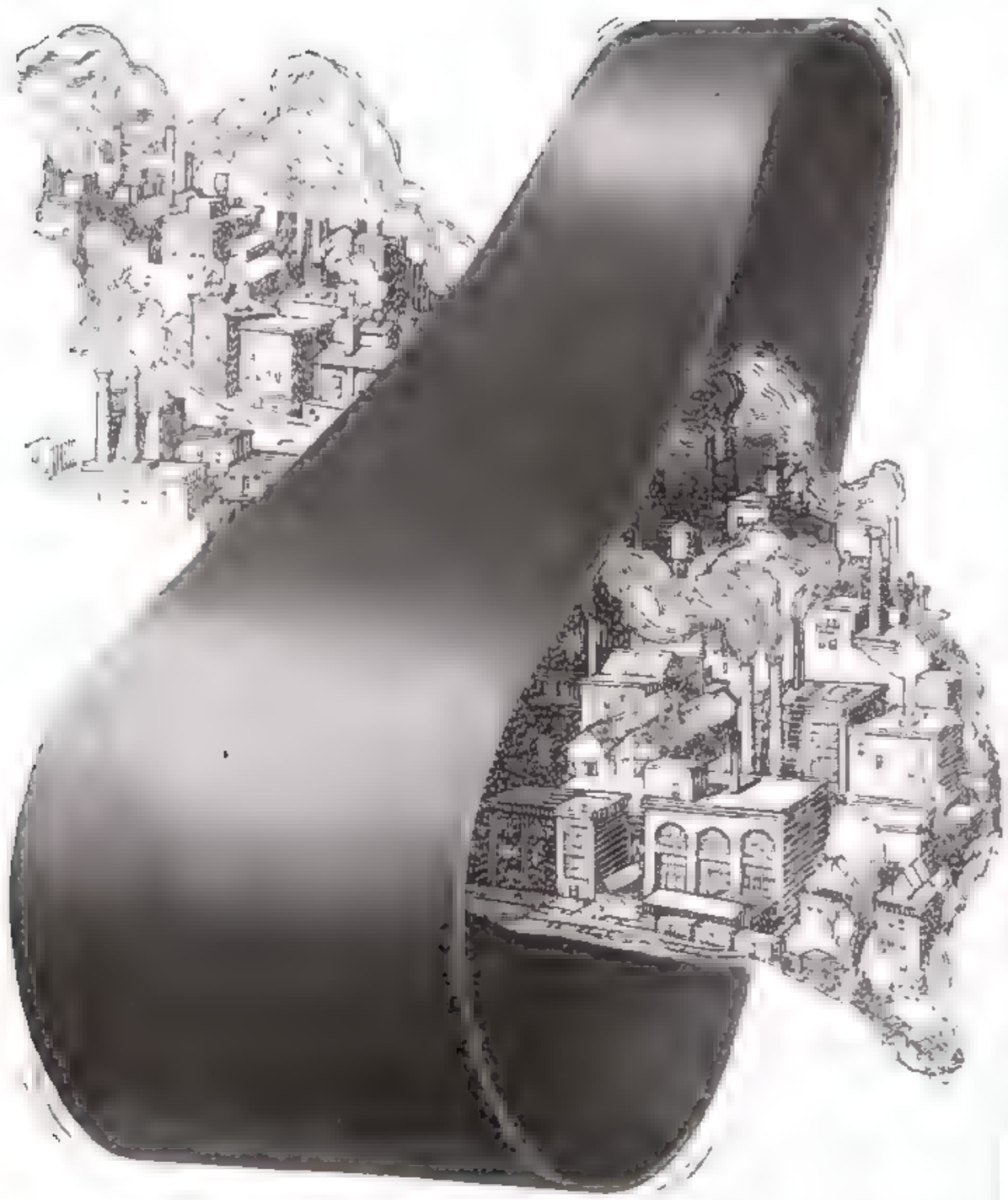

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FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 31)

he walked, I was certain, not on the floors of today so much as on the wide oak boards he was putting into the Dower House. Spoken to he would come slowly out of the abstractions I understood so well. He'd arrive from the station in a hired automobile, in a black overcoat and uncompromising derby hat; and, his face smooth and concerned, go over every detail of our operations. When he conferred with Mr. Farra the two grave low voices would sound in a careful harmony of agreement never, anyhow on the surface, broken.

Wooden horses supported a door laid to form a table and the layers of plans they studied and discussed. They would go away together for a supplementary measurement and return with Mr. Okie embellished by his thoughtful frown and Mr. Farra plunged in a mental arithmetic. The fireplace in the hallroom, it had been decided, was to be swung out at an angle to the wall. It was still set in its original paneling; some of that, an inch or two, must be sacrificed for the changed entrance to the dining room; and the question of what would be lost, what might be retained, was as momentous to them, to Dorothy and me, as the probabilities of the fortunes of the war. We, of course, were opposed to any loss of the first simple woodwork; but, bringing out their steel tapes to the proposed line, they showed us that here it was inescapable.

Probably, when they had gone, we continued to sit on the kegs before the replenished fire, the activity of our interest and questions, our half-voiced protests, sunk in reflection. I remember that Dorothy asked me why the fireplace had to be moved at all, and my own doubt of the necessity; but without the assistance of memory I'm certain that I explained it to both her and myself very fully. I was in the position of a man who had invited a company on an excursion which promised to have been ill-considered and who was forced to uphold it by manufactured assurances. Whenever I most happily felt that what we were doing was entirely justified such a question as the shifting of the fireplace occurred to attack my peace of mind.

Dorothy, who had to an extraordinary degree the power of attachment to a place, never lost her regret at seeing go, one after the other, the familiar aspects of her house. She actually suffered, as though it were an operation upon herself, when the chair rail in the dining room was ripped away; and now, with the Dower House a lovely unity, when a piece of that railing went into a fire she spoke of it with a personal affection. For her it was too much like infidelity, or even murder, to be enjoyed: she would love a wall and keep a window of sunlight in her thoughts for life. She regarded the things she owned, her clothes and the chairs and baskets and jars of preserves and vases, as having individuality; if they had belonged to her they were welded into the indivisible whole of her existence; and she insisted, when it was possible, in saving them from the common fate that destined inanimate objects to be, sooner or later, débris.

I was never very adroit on high ladders or on single planks laid over space; and through this period, when the house was almost wholly an affair of ladders and exposed depths, I was mainly confined to the solider places. If Mr. Okie demanded my attention in the airy region of the second story, and it couldn't be avoided, I'd awkwardly ascend, give a hurried glance at what concerned us, and then scramble down, undignified and annoyed, to the earth. Dorothy was better at this; and, while I stayed by the fire, she would explore above and call down to me, in clear excited tones, her momentous discoveries. Then leaving, perhaps with the new moon sharp like a curved gold wire in the cold green ether over the darkened golf course, we'd lock the one door that was practicable and hide the key under a triangular board out of public knowledge and reach.

Every afternoon I went out and watched a labor going forward, it seemed to me, without a sign of progress or accomplishment. There was literally nothing that I could realize being done; and at times the workmen wouldn't appear at all—they were waiting for material, Mr. Farra would explain; or I'd see carpenters who had grown familiar to me engaged first on the Episcopalian and then the other churches in West Chester. At this, totally unexperienced in the problems of labor and contracts, convinced that the importance of the Dower House easily outweighed all other considerations, I'd lose my temper; and, calling Mr. Farra from a high scaffolding on a green stone wall, ask why his men had been taken away from me.

His answers, in a voice slightly melancholy, were always reasonable; but that didn't affect my arbitrary impatience. I'd call his attention to the need for hurry, the fact that our lease of the house we were then occupying would soon expire; we'd have to hunt for another; a search specially difficult in West Chester, where dwellings convenient for us, at the north end of the town, were greatly desired. "When," I would demand, "do you think we can get back our place? Will it be early next summer?" But Mr. Farra couldn't answer that—it must depend, he'd repeat, on the millwork, on the weather, on the masons, on the plastering. He was very particular in his replies and in his patience, and there was nothing in the world to be gained by anger. The anger would evaporate, and grown pleasant and hopeful, I'd ask him if he would be at work on the Dower House again the following Monday. That was his plan, he'd admit; yes, Monday would just about see them back—if the lumber had come.

When, in the morning, the workmen arrived they deposited a row of tin lunch boxes beside their coats hung from nails and got judiciously into overalls. The carpenters, I soon learned, had their own boxes of tools, which they carefully locked every afternoon on leaving; and, beginning work, they'd slip the implements required next into the pockets and loops of overalls.

This was my first experience with members of a trade: I had been familiar with the fact, the existence, of carpenters; I had seen them vaguely, in the distance; but never before had I known one by his first name; never had I watched them carpentering. It seemed to me, for men of an appropriate exact temperament, an ideal calling: they dealt in a tangible, a predictable, material—wood, relatively easy to fashion and work, and to a purpose always stated in the clearest terms on paper. They could never be in doubt, they knew where everything went, what it was for, to the fraction of an inch. Very different from imaginative prose. And, their course was plotted so securely, they were relieved of an ultimate responsibility.

I watched a carpenter take off the lower molding of the paneling around the fireplace that was to be moved, and, applying a leverage that was too sharp, too sudden, for such old white pine, he split and utterly ruined it. In a painful annoyance I saw that, with the molding in his hands, he was regarding it with a profound and mild detachment, a gentle questioning wonder. When, recovering some of my equanimity, I spoke, impatient of his carelessness, it was plain he thought me to be slightly irrational

He showed me, illustrated in pantomime, how the accident had happened, and then returned to his occupation, philosophical and silent, his jaw working rhythmically on a section of tobacco twisted from a plug that, projecting from his back pocket, showed the consistency of molasses.

Fully aware of what profanely I thought of him I began to be interested in his probable attitude toward me, his opinion of me I couldn't imagine that it was favorable He regarded me, most likely, as a curiosity living in a great and undeserved luck. My writing he'd put on the plane of a patent medicine by the sale of which another man would have become fabulously rich; it was something I had hit on and could persuade the credulous, and women, into buying But if his wife, like Dorothy, had essayed to climb up and down ladders with a skirt so short, if she lighted a cigarette publicly, I'm certain he would, in his own phrase have knocked her for a loop.

For a great many years I had heard labor unions and the actions, under them, of workmen bitterly assailed; but there was nothing in my experience to justify such condemnation. We had, during thirteen

(Continued on Page 137)

WINDOW BRUSH
NO. 93
Made of high grade black horse hair securely set in hard wood block. Holds water when applied to window.

OSBORN

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WINDOW BRUSH
NO. 37
Round or car washer pattern

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Whatever and wherever the need for a brush may be, there is an Osborn Brush scientifically designed and made to meet that need.

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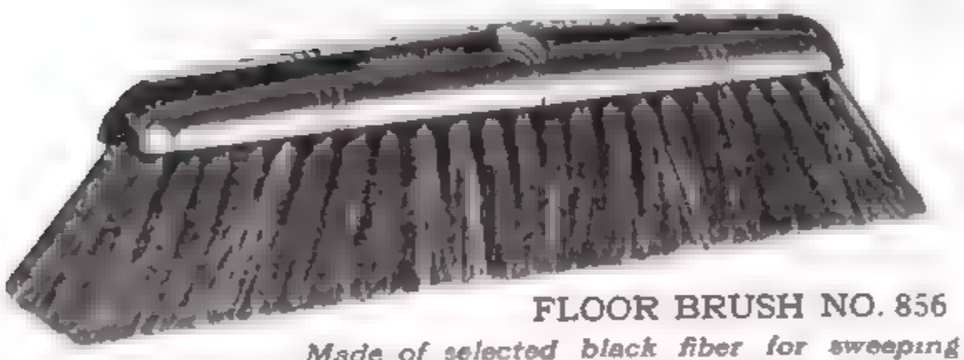

FLOOR BRUSH NO. 856
Made of selected black fiber for sweeping plain wood floors, sidewalks, basements, etc. Red polished block and handle.

BOTTLE BRUSH
NO. 72
Pure black bristles—for machine bottle washing, cleaning separator bowls, and for home use.

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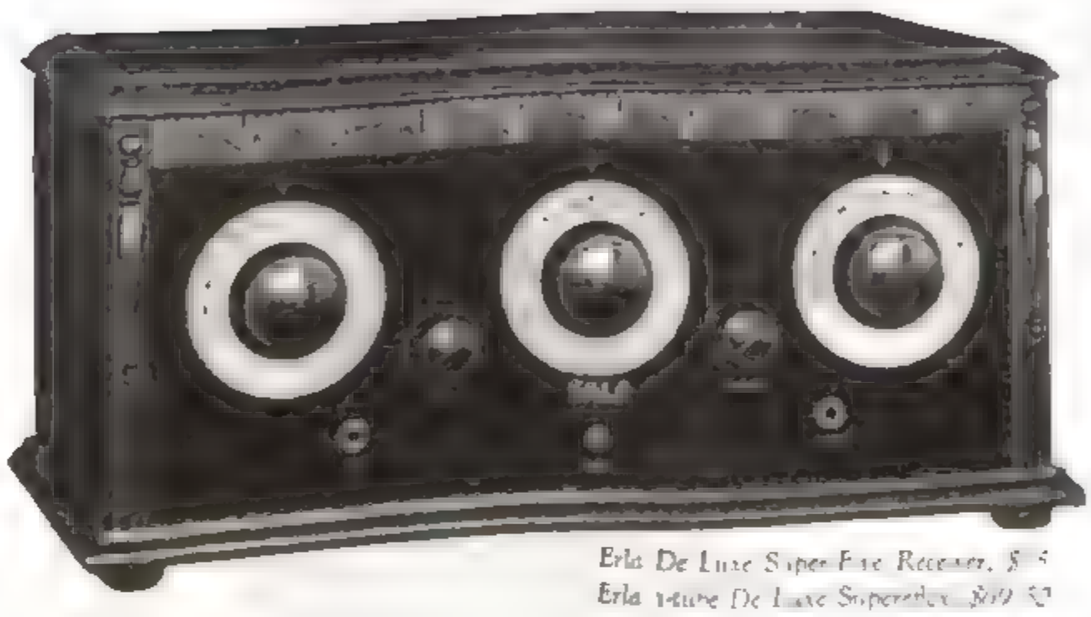
Special high grade oil tempered steel wire—used by painters, automobile manufacturers, iron workers and for home use.

Osborn Brushes

MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BRUSHES SINCE 1892

Shiny waters [illegible] glittering coins through tinted glass are one of the delights of the West Indies



Erla De Luxe Super-Five Receiver, $[illegible]
Erla [illegible] De Luxe Superheter... $69.50

[illegible] Erla Console [illegible] Superheterodyne $[illegible]

Erla Model [illegible] Standard Model $[illegible] Erla tube-shielded Superheterodyne $[illegible]

More than *Wonders*

Just the wonder of hearing by air is no substitute for good taste and pleasing entertainment. A broadcasting station distributes the wonders of radio all around. But pleasure and pride in radio can come to you only from the right receiving set.

You want the clear, pure, true musical tone inherent in Erla principles. Erla clearness makes distance reception more than a stunt. At any distance, only real MUSIC or understandable natural speech is pleasing. And Erla, always rated more powerful, tube for tube, will give you any distance—*clearly*.

You want volume, certainly. But not mere loudness. Erla volume, super-abundant, intensifies clearness by enabling you to tune down for sharpest reception always

And you like to be "boss," hand-picking your stations, instead of listening to something you cannot get rid of. Extreme selectivity not only is basic in Erla design, but simple control assures anyone of finest results.

These are the Erla betterments which now extend the whole field of radio. With distance AND clearness, volume AND clearness, selectivity AND clearness, Erla is captivating even those who have held aloof. Such advanced radio, sponsored by Erla, is so eagerly and widely received that it can be sold for less than the types it shades

ELECTRICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES, Chicago

ERLA

Continued from Page 134

months of labor, only the slightest suggestion of a strike—the carpenters demanded a small increase in their hourly rate based on the assertion they could get more than that near by. It seemed reasonable, I told Mr. Farra, and the raised scale of payment was arranged. But the interpretation of union hours, of an eight-hour day, I could never understand; the preparations for stopping work, for example, which were never hurried, formed a part of the time allotted for labor; and fifteen minutes' work would be left on Friday afternoon to make a half day Saturday.

I had always worked for myself, a day—and once nights—without hours, ceaselessly busy; and I couldn't accustom myself to the instantaneous release of an appointed, an enforced, time. However, the men I was considering were not, in the same sense, working for themselves. Their part in the Dower House was the time they put into it; and the ultimate value, to them, of what they did lay in a measurable application of themselves. Their unique abilities and industry were more implied than essential. What personal, signed, pride they had in their trade I couldn't determine; to me what they did was usually more skillful, more beautifully cut and joined, than not. It was fascinating to watch the swift unvarying accuracy with which nails were driven—a preliminary fixing tap and then the full drive of the hammer swung loosely from the wrist.

I noticed this about them, though, that they were given to a sustained pessimism—they viewed what they were engaged on, what would meet them tomorrow, and the country at large, without approval. They had been taken advantage of, they hinted to me in a thousand ways, by contractors and grocery stores and the weather. I was surprised to learn that carpentry was a very unhealthy occupation, because of the exposure to variations of heat and cold. Sawdust gave men consumption. They told me this on very cold days when I was deep in fur and, with a casual sweater under the cotton overalls, they were obviously the warmer.

Although I often tried I was never successful in getting from them any admiration of the aged dignity and simplicity of my house: the most they managed was an expression of tempered surprise at the sum of its years. Two hundred, that's old! I explained further that I wanted what we built to last as well for another two centuries, to continue the same integrity of workmanship and materials, but they heard me without responding interest. Their imagination, it was clear, gave them no assistance.

At lunch they were mainly silent, eating sandwiches of bread and meat, squares of yellow cake, and drinking prepared coffee from vacuum bottles; after that, in attitudes of perfected repose, they smoked pipes and meditated; pipes and never, save in rare instances, cigarettes. If a cigar made its appearance it was lighted, smoked for a few minutes and then laid aside, on a workbench or convenient ledge, where it stayed cold and neglected for an hour or two. It was started again and put aside, very often until the next day. Or else, practically unconsumed, it accompanied its owner home in his automobile.

More than one of the carpenters had automobiles, and they went up the hill into West Chester laden with the less fortunate. An eccentric-looking open car, I discovered, had come from Canada; it was the home, the address, of the man who possessed it. He went from city to city, staying nowhere longer than a single piece of work or his errant mood dictated.

It was later that I came to know the masons, the stonecutters, and to learn that they were all, now, Italians. They were far simpler than the carpenters, totally different in disposition; by comparison they were childlike. One, Tony—he was a power, I found, in the West Chester Italian colony—was large, as large as the traditional Englishman, and excessively handsome, with a notable moustache. He carried his dusty working garb with an infallible dignity and gave impressive attention to whatever I said. He kept from the country of his birth its respect for the landowners; and, in consequence, his manner was scrupulously polite and assured; he knew what to give, in a social sense, and what to expect. He had his place in life, his profession of stonecutting; they were fixed, just as my superior position was fixed; and, in that way freed from petty envy or vain rebellion, he took it for granted that my qualities were as admirable, my understanding as just, as his. There was, in him, none of the restless discontent of the more American workmen, the restlessness which was held to be so nationally invaluable and to lead possibly to the Presidency. At least, there was none I could see. He had left Italy before the present reforms, the ascendancy of the people; his heritage was purely feudal; and for a tranquil space of years he had lived undisturbed, with his own nationality, in a pastoral town.

He was prodigiously serious at his work, and got an endless pleasure from his situation of authority: he measured and selected stones dramatically and set them with an air of tremendous importance, with large gestures and half-audible computations, as though an audience, critical but appreciative, were about him. When I appeared in the afternoon he raised his hat; it was in his hand when I talked to him; and his face, illuminated by both earnestness and a smile, gave me a stronger reassurance than the familiar faces of friendship or even of love. It was so apparent that his nature was utterly candid.

Frank, equally capable and a master mason, was more distant with me. When I consulted him he listened with an air that anything which took him from his labor was an error to be endured in silence. He was small and very brown, and never, even at lunch, talkative. He stayed longer at the Dower House than Tony, he was one of the last workmen there; and, fitting the flagstones wheeled to him from where they were shaped by his assistant—a Herculean figure in a mold wholly classic—he looked as though he had been left, forgotten, from an operation long ago at an end. Yes, he was like a ghost lingering out of the confusion, which had once seemed so hopeless, of my house.

There were other Italians, under the supervision of one or the other of the two Mr. McCormicks, but they have gone from memory. The McCormicks, resembling Mr. Farra, had a way of vanishing temporarily for other work; but when Tony didn't appear I'd hurry into West Chester and protest, demand his return. I thought perhaps without a shadow of reason, that Tony, too, wanted to stay with me; that, as long as possible, he regarded me as the, as his, boss. A piece of vanity fanned in me by Tony's attitude which I accepted and expanded into the rôle, in steel and velvet, of a feudal patron.

However, the house, against my illogical but disturbing fears, did progress; an order began to appear out of the piles of earth and stone and lumber; the building was visibly advanced. The floors had a solid if unfinished covering, there were informal but practicable stairways, and the roof of cypress shingles was on; it was on and already white with a fall of snow—it had settled into the first of the seasons which would darken, weather, the wood. Cypress lasted a great many years, it was spoken of as eternal; and, gazing upward, at where the snow lay in a clear frozen rim on the roof's edge, I was glad that I hadn't compromised with more economical and common shingles.

The little square building back of the dwelling itself, where the garden tools and firewood were to be kept, went up layer by layer, identical in color and pattern with the main wall; and an exterior doorway at the other end of the house was filled in, the edges broken irregularly into the surrounding stonework. It was a door with wide steps, facing the west; and we had sat there often, watching the day retreat down the road between the maple trees and willows. But the week after it was gone, when the steps had been moved, I could scarcely believe it had existed. I examined the wall for traces of its presence, but none remained: the light, the air, from it were being restored by a widening of the windows.

That had happened in every room—the windows made a light wider; and at once the interior was different. The Dower House had been dark in winter—except when the snow threw up against the ceilings its intensified reflected whiteness—and on rainy days, and the first change we planned was in the correction of that. But I had been unprepared for the flood of winter sunlight that gave the rooms a greater luminosity and apparent size. Some of the past, the years settled like dust, had been driven away. The house wasn't as thoughtful, as peacefully brooding, as formerly. The memories, the influence, of the other, the farness of the past, retreated with the shadows. It was all more active now, brighter and less calm.

In the beginning, for a century almost, what heat the house had was as scant as it was valuable—a warmth around the open fires, but none elsewhere. Going to bed then, and getting up, was a frigid business. Glass was scarce, the panes small; and altogether little windows were a practical necessity. There was a limited need for light through the day—the rooms were cooler shut against the summer than opened—and small knowledge of the sheer value of air. At night, with tallow dips, the tallow in minute hanging betty lamps, and the unsteady flicker of burning logs, the Dower House must have held a fine gloom. But not, in those evenings, for long—sleep soon followed the setting of the sun. There were no diversions, no books, no casual conversations, after dark. The dark itself, the dimness of the wavering flames, attended to that. And outside there were, with one or two exceptions, no roads.

When the pins were thrust home above the latches, the doors, the house, was fastened upon a forest hardly broken by the settlement on the Delaware River; it was closed against Indians, the Lenni-Lenape, not, in spite of Penn, always benevolent; slipping into the night it was absorbed in a silence that, emphasized by the wind in the trees, the nocturnal animals, reached across the continent from ocean to ocean, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. It's impossible now to conceive of such a silence, such a deep resonant hush. How soon it vanished!

Some of it, as late as the immediate present, I was driving back into lost times by making the windows of my house larger. And we were, I'm afraid, very

(Continued on Page 141)

The Beaufatt

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LEWIS leadership was not built in a day. It is founded upon nearly a third of a century of craftsmanship ideals and steadfast thinking in quality terms; building those ideals and quality *into* (not on) Lewis Homes; building that lasting satisfaction behind the siding, shingles and plaster where it isn't seen but where it expresses itself in the unabated comfort and sturdiness you get during the *second* 20 years—free from the usual creaks and says.

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"Let's see what there is to this test"

In many a home the man of the family is learning, for the first time, why his rugs wear out years too soon. And his wife has discovered, to her chagrin, that despite the time and hard work she has devoted to sweeping, her rugs are far from clean.

She has seen dirt—an embarrassing amount of it—tapped out of one of her "clean" rugs with the handle of an ordinary table-knife in the hands of her husband.

How did it happen? He had been reading a Hoover advertisement. Suddenly, he jumped up with the remark, "Let's see what there is to this test." *And they both saw!*

In her heart she welcomed the outcome. For had she not done her utmost with the cleaning utensils provided her?

But they were woefully inadequate—as they both now realized for the first time. Without a doubt, *rugs must be beaten regularly* to be kept clean.

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

You, too, can make this test. It is very simple. Read the small paragraph at the bottom of the opposite page. Lay down this magazine now, and see if your rugs are as clean as you thought they were. *Even though you now use a vacuum cleaner, try this test on your rugs.* You may be surprised! And for the first time you'll understand how great is the need for a Hoover in your home.

$6.25 down

Complete with air-cleaning tools

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* • *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

"Yes, rugs must be beaten regularly"

To feel the gritty, destructive character of the dirt *embedded* in most rugs is to understand what makes rugs wear out years too soon.

Under tread of feet the soft nap can't long withstand the *cutting* of these sharp knife-like particles.

This dirt must be removed! How? With a Hoover! For *only beating* will dislodge it—as you can prove* . . . And The Hoover BEATS!

In its quick and easy way The Hoover keeps all your rugs immaculate—*beaten, swept and cleaned,* electrically.

And more! You can do your dusting, dustlessly, with Hoover powerful suction and the new air-cleaning tools. Connections *lock tightly* together, in a jiffy; *swivel joints,* where tool attaches, free the wrist from twisting strains.

Here's your complete home-cleaning servant. And any Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver it, complete with attachments, upon payment of *only* $6.25 *down.*

The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

★ **TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING:** Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. *This is the dirt only beating will dislodge.* Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *tapping* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

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¶ hardness
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with transparent Bakelite barrel
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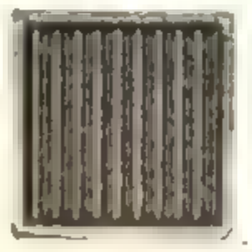

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BAKELITE
THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

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willing to pay that price for more air and light. At one period Mr. Okie had expressed his regret at the electricity and plumbing, the bathrooms and gas stove, going into our changes. But, agreeing with him in principle, we had been cheerfully reconciled to a comfortable incongruity; my regret for the glass lamps was a mere sentimentality. We thought with pleasure of low white bathtubs with wide rims—Hazleton Mirkil insisted that they must be porcelain—and a system which, with a single pressure of the finger, would illuminate the entire house. The tubs of solid porcelain, so characteristic of Hazleton, were dispensed with; but Mr. Okie had the problem of making a shower bath conform to his rigid requirements for the early tone of the whole. He provided it with a fine door in the earliest paneling, with H-L hinges and an old latch; but still I watched him steal toward it a bothered and resigned glance.

Before that the sleeping porch Dorothy had insisted on gave him an undesired obstacle: certainly nothing than a sleeping porch could have been more inappropriate. Yet there was our demand and his unfortunate need to meet it; and the result was a remarkable tribute to his fundamental knowledge and ingenuity—he had the satisfaction of seeing that the sleeping porch was hardly noticeable. It lay at the back, along the course of the second story, at once adequate and disguised by the simplicity of its proportions and the manner in which it was wedded to the roof and field-stone walls.

But, because of it, the gable it broke into had to be made of a wide boarding painted white. Until then the entire house had been stone; and, standing on the higher ground back of the vegetable garden, gazing down over the end of the solid habitable pile, I had an intense reluctance to the exterior introduction of wood. Yet it would only be across the top, from the line of the sleeping porch to the peak of the roof, and stone there was obviously clumsy. Again I was overborne by a necessity that I agreed to without approving. However, like the obliteration of the door, when it was finished I became instantly accustomed to it.

There was an obvious danger in that, the habit of forgetfulness and readjustment; becoming so quickly hardened to the alterations of details I might, realizing it too late, lose a part of the spirit of my house. No one could decide where such a spirit lay, on what its potency depended. That one reasonable act of enlarging the windows had an amazing effect; all that I was so jealously guarding and counted on might have been extinguished by those rays of sunlight newly falling in places softened and defended by the centuries of shadow. But this hadn't yet happened; and in the end, both because of our own extraordinary pains and Mr. Okie's patient knowledge, his indefatigable character, we preserved what was not alone invaluable but essential to me.

We began to be increasingly impatient of rented houses—the remarkable fact was borne upon me that our plans for the Dower House would probably be realized, the great changes actually accomplished and that we'd resume in it our familiar life. Then, at that precise moment, a wagonload of millwork had to be returned—doors I think, that had been put together with screws—and another long delay began.

I was very much mystified by the whole conduct of the mills that supplied our woodwork. Mr. Okie's specifications were carried to the last possible point, there was literally no inch of panels or framing that wasn't described in drawings and figures; a great blue print would be devoted to the handrailing of a stairs or to the separate characters of slightly different doors; pegs were indicated, or the hand-wrought nails; yet, when the load was delivered, there were the improper, the unthinkable, screws. Then the mill must be communicated with and a tardy collection made of the wrongly performed work. Mr. Farra went in person to see about his doors; and, after a wait which almost seemed the result of deliberate neglect, I drove up into the country and talked to the mill owner himself.

He was delightful—a Mennonite, I think—anyhow, a member of one of the old Pennsylvania German religions that cultivated a soft beard framing the smooth composed faces of its men. He was as appropriate to the building of the Dower House as Mr. Okie or Mr. Farra; and I left, with the redolent tang of sawdust in my nose, my head filled with the humming of circular saws, entirely satisfied with what, I had been assured, would be done. Yet the time dragged insuperably—the sensational things, the paneling and shell closet, the beaufatt, in the dining room, above all, the plastering, that would bring the house to its final appearance, came last.

When the time did arrive for the plastering no plasterers were to be secured. If I had been ignorant of carpenters what I didn't know of plasterers would have defied measurement. They got, what was it, ten or twelve dollars a day?—and, in addition to lathers—youths who, with incredible rapidity and their mouths full of thin wicked-looking nails, put on the laths—each had his assistant. The local plasterer, it seemed, who had made a qualified agreement to work for us, couldn't, when we needed him, exactly manage it. I found him late in the afternoon in the frame of a house beyond Gallows Hill; and to all my importunities he replied, simply, that it didn't suit him.

With a large and idiotic hastiness characteristic of me I offered an absurd premium for his immediate service, but it didn't suit him, he repeated. Mr. Farra, it emerged, had several times changed the date for the plastering; and so now, he began to turn away, it didn't ——

The end, the repetition, of that sentence I sacrificed; I was in a really bad temper. No plasterers, it was declared, were available; and I wondered why, at ten or twelve dollars a day, with an assistant, America, every town, wasn't full of them. Perhaps it was one of the secrets of labor unions. Yet the plasterers who existed couldn't, it was plain, get around to the work waiting for them; and certainly a few more, at sixty dollars or better a week, would not have been fatal to the hopes, the survival, of organized labor.

I could think of a number of young men whose troubles would have been notably lightened by the resources of plastering. How much did a clerk in a grocery store get? There were a great many writers who could, by plastering, enormously increase their usefulness and returns.

However, there weren't any, I was assured, who could be counted on until late in the next summer; and then, natural to the hazards of building, plasterers appeared. They were not as communicative as the carpenters or masons; in overalls preserved spotlessly white by their trade they maintained an aloofness in keeping with the elevation, the monopoly, of their calling. I never got to know one; though an assistant, gathering on a trowel the smooth cold substance he was mixing, stopped to inform me that his occupation was very unhealthy—the dampness of the plaster often brought on consumption.

During this operation the bills at the end of the weeks became memorable; and the money I had put aside for the Dower House I again—for the third time—enlarged. But, forgetting the stairs, never dreaming of the furniture and garden, I told myself, and Dorothy; that the worst was over. How much, she demanded, had we spent. I told her.

It couldn't be helped, she said after a little, and then, regaining her courage, added, "It's so perfect." That raised me at once above the dejection gathering around me; I told her a plan of mine, over which Mr. Okie was hesitating, to put canvas—like the treatment of the decks of yachts—on the bathroom floors. "It will save a lot of money," I went on, "and tiles would never have been right in the Dower House."

That wasn't a bad idea, she admitted; leaving with me the feeling that all the uncalculated, the excessive, cost had been absorbed. Following that, the stairs, together with a statement, arrived; and Mr. Okie showed me his drawings for the walnut rails—a beautiful design like a narcotic for pain.

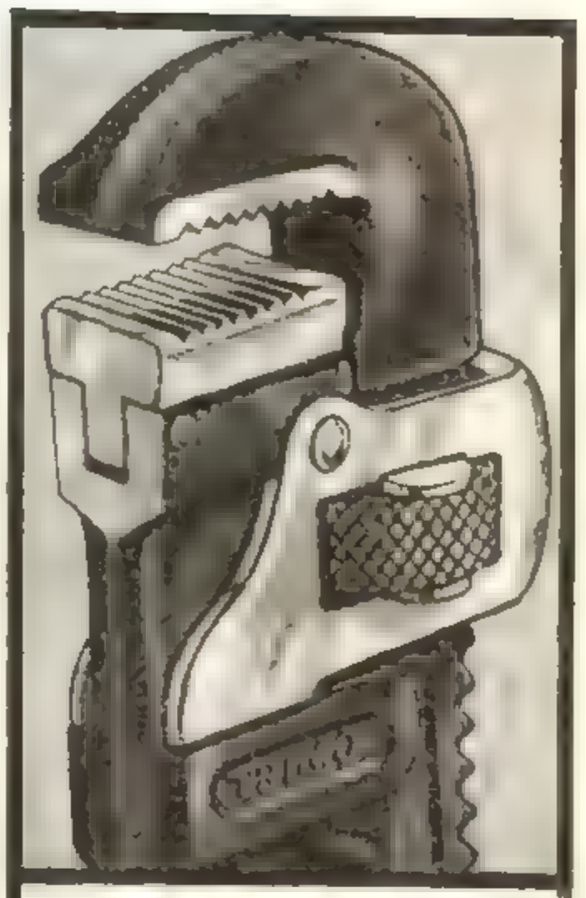
Then he indicated to Dorothy several more closets he had been able to work into spaces and corners; closets—over doors and under nearly everything—were his specialty; and Dorothy, faithful to a domestic tradition, welcomed them all with an inexhaustible pleasure. Their usefulness was her opiate.

Every day, nearly, there were practical or æsthetic questions brought up by the exigencies of building and space and materials; often apparently very small indeed, they were, however, all important to the effect, the success, of the whole restoration; in the Dower House the æsthetic, too, was almost invariably the practical. Mr. Okie, for example, liked to cover certain stone walls thinly with plaster and then rub it away to show an occasional stone. He tried it in a fireplace, but I had the plaster removed; it disturbed me. Here a principle was involved—I wanted my house to be built in the manner original to it, but I did not want to imitate the processes of time; and, though a few exposed stones did pleasantly vary the surface, the result as well had the appearance of old plaster gone in places from the wall. I didn't want a beamed ceiling painted to represent the smoking of countless fires and years; but I was obliged, against my inclination, to have the oak floors stained; I couldn't wait for the century or more that would give them the inimitable texture and color of use. The new oak was almost white.

This was the same objection I had to the writing, in imaginative books laid back in point of time, of antique forms of expressions and spelling. It seemed to me to be mere imitation in place of a creative act. No, it was necessary to use contemporary materials, a living manner, even in the re-creation of old houses and days. Anyhow, as I had said, the passage of the years couldn't be copied in wood stains and wax and treatments of plaster; the felicity of that accomplishment wasn't to be gained by facile mechanics

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Brink of Lucifer Falls, Enfield Falls State Park, Near Ithaca, New York



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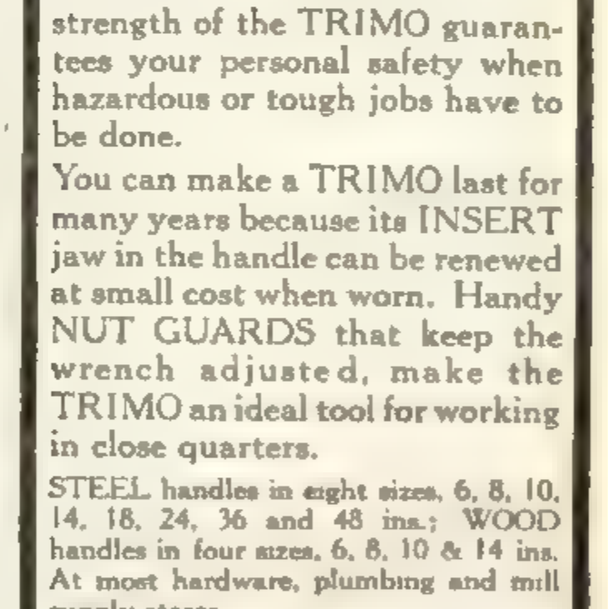

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TILLICUM

Continued from Page 5

His complacency in this simple and obvious explanation would have been dissipated, however, could he have assisted unseen at the conversation which followed his departure.

"Now tell me," Betsy broke out at once; "what are you doing here—and how do you happen to be here? I thought you were *ex communicado* in Northern India."

"I am here to meet you, of course. I came to meet you because I am needed."

She took up the first point.

"But how in the world did you know we would be here? Lower California and big-game fishing was intended. We made up our minds for the north positively at the last minute."

"Perhaps," said X. Anaxagoras.

She stared at him.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, anything you please. You see, I've been consorting with mahatmas, as you call it, and perhaps I have my little methods." He smiled at her mischievously. "Or then again," he added after a moment, "it is barely possible that a weary voyager from the Orient, landing prosaically in San Francisco, learned on his arrival of the clearance of the yacht Spindrift for Canadian waters and at once took a swift train in pursuit. Who knows?"

She still stared at him with knit brows.

"Why didn't you come to us at once?" she demanded after a moment. "Why all the old silly play-acting?"

"That was part of it," he replied enigmatically.

"Part of what? Your usual impishness?"

"That I am needed."

"Do you know, Sid," she said abruptly, after another pause, "there are moments—just moments—when you almost frighten me. At times you are so obviously the small boy playing with his toys, and dressing up in mysteries to delight yourself and annoy or impress silly people. And yet ——"

"And yet you do not quite know, do you, little sister? In other words, I've got you going too!"

He laughed delightedly. She did not respond to his amusement, but remained staring at him with puzzled eyes.

"What did you mean by that?" she asked suddenly.

"By what?"

"That you were needed. Of course we always need you, Sid darling. But I gather from your tone that you meant something more definite."

"Oh, quite. I and I am badly needed. I have already had a professional consultation with your husband and have satisfactorily diagnosed his case."

"My husband—Jerry?" she cried amazedly. "What is wrong with him?"

"This"—X. Anaxagoras waved his hand about him—"what this stands for."

"The yacht? I don't believe I understand you."

X. Anaxagoras looked at her keenly.

"Are you, too, affected? Do you, too, need my professional care? But no; you are merely a little dulled. Don't you see that this yacht is the epitome, the symbol, of the proper thing?"

"Why, of course! Yachts should be"

"Not Jerry's yacht. To have your yacht entirely the proper thing is a very desirable game to play and may be played very seriously by the good player. But in this case it is a dangerous symbol of an inner state."

"Elucidate, wise one," she begged dryly. "Do you mean we are going to get stupid and important-minded?"

"Jerry," the healer of souls obliged, stretching his legs out leisurely, "is a remarkably fine chap. He has all the natural aptitudes of heart and disposition to endear him to his fellows. He has good looks. He has energy. He has wealth in abundance. He has few or none of the deterrences. He has even good intentions. Altogether he is a valuable and lovable character. I love him."

"So do I," said Betsy, a trifle dangerously.

Anaxagoras turned upon her and leveled an accusatory forefinger.

"You are in love with him," said he, "but if I know my sister, you cannot be blindly in love. You are capable of being clear-eyed when once your eyes are opened for you. Be honest. Are you satisfied? Here is a young man with all the best ingredients of life ready to his hand. Yet he is doing nothing with them. Are you going to cruise about on the Spindrift forever?"

"What do you want him to do? What should he do?" inquired Betsy defensively.

"Something of his own."

"What?"

"I don't know; something of his own, I tell you; and he can't do anything of his own while he is completely occupied and busily engaged in the details of doing the proper thing by that station of life to which he has been called—whether it is aboard this yacht or in social life, or even in some form of active life. Are you being honest, sis? Do you see it?"

She hesitated, looked to right and left, then burst out, "You are right, Sid, as usual in these matters. I suppose I've simply refused to face it; but deep down I must have been wondering about it. He is such a dear. It seems almost disloyal to admit it, but ——"

"You don't want a tailor's dummy for a husband!" cried X. Anaxagoras triumphantly.

"He'd never be that!" cried Betsy, at once in arms.

"Figuratively, my dear. Deny it if you can. Not naturally, I agree; but by force of training, by pressure of all the habits of early life, which now are in danger of returning upon him, and filming over his consciousness and hardening and forming an impermeable crust over his soul."

"Yes," agreed Betsy thoughtfully, "he ought to do something. We have talked that over. But what?"

"Lord, I don't know! We haven't to decide that. That'll come along naturally enough once the crust is broken up to admit of its entrance. That isn't our job; that's his. What we've got to do is to break the surface."

"How?"

"Expose him to life."

"Do, for once, be practical and definite. What, precisely, do you intend to do? What do you want me to do?"

"That's the spirit!" cried the healer of souls heartily. "We'll pull him out, never fear!"

"You talk as though he had the smallpox."

"Worse; much worse. But as long as we are agreed and work together, everything will come out all right."

She surveyed him thoughtfully.

"I never can quite make you out, Sid. You always talk such moonshine; and yet somehow you always make me believe in it. Yet when I stop to think of it clearly, I can't put my finger on it."

"Don't think of it clearly. Just go ahead. It's always worked out pretty well, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it has always worked out. And why it has, I couldn't tell you."

"Then it is agreed—good!"

"I don't even know what is agreed!" she cried, throwing out her hands in mock despair. "What are we going to do? Do you want me to talk to him?"

"Heaven forbid! We'll just go cruising and look for adventure. Life is adventure, you know."

She laughed skeptically.

"Adventure! Where? We've been cruising all over the world now for more than a year, and not the littlest thing has happened except a good time—oh, a very good time. I'm afraid if you depend on that we shall wait a long while."

"It's all in the expectation. Be ready for adventure and it comes."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"Remember, I've been consorting with the mahatmas," he reminded her with a mocking inflection.

"Tell me honestly," she begged with a sudden seriousness; "you said you knew you were needed ——"

X. Anaxagoras surveyed his sister with dancing eyes.

"Across the world the call might have come to me," said he. "For each deep need of the soul somewhere in cosmos a complement exists, could we but touch it, could we but summon it. Or," he added briskly, "it might be that I knew both you and Jerry even better than you know yourselves; and that I reflected to myself, 'Lo! two years have passed. Certain actions and reactions must by now have taken place, and such and such a condition must by now have ripened. I think it's about time I went to see about it.'"

"I never have been sure," She gave up the point in despair. "Sometimes things happen that fully persuade me you have powers I cannot understand; and sometimes ——"

"Sometimes I'm a pretty good opportunist. Never mind me; think of results."

"The results have always been good," she acknowledged.

"Well, there we are! Now," pursued X. Anaxagoras, settling back even more comfortably, "though our exact means are necessarily obscure, the immediate objects are sufficiently plain. There are, as I see it, four prerequisite things to accomplish. First, destroy the symbol."

"The yacht!" she cried aghast.

"You are quick-witted," he approved.

"Destroy the yacht!"

"Oh, no; destroy the symbolism of the yacht. Make her not at all the proper thing in yachts. Muss her all up, take the wooden backbones out of the crew—and that sort of thing. That's the first."

"How do you intend to do that?"

"I don't intend to do it. Circumstances must do it. We will simply and trustfully go forth to meet the circumstances. Somewhere they exist. I know it. They must exist, because we need them. The second thing to accomplish is to make Jerry like it."

"I don't believe ——"

"You've got to believe," said X. Anaxagoras authoritatively. "The third thing is that Jerry must commit a crime, and the fourth thing is that he must like it."

"A crime!" cried Betsy, aghast.

"Oh, not a criminal crime, of course; just a nice tidy crime. I think that part of it can be arranged. In fact I have a good one all picked out."

"If you would not object to confiding in me ——" murmured Betsy.

"Oh, not at all. I thought of kidnaping a Los Angeles real-estate man."

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"Oh, it seems a good sort of crime. Ought to make a lot of people happy, and all that sort of thing. Kidnaping is, I believe, discouraged by the law; also marooning."

"He is to be marooned then?"

"Of course. We should not want to keep a Los Angeles real-estate man on board for long."

"But why? There's no sense ——"

"There is plenty of sense," interrupted X. Anaxagoras blandly; "that will appear in the narrative."

"We should get into all sorts of trouble."

"No trouble," X. Anaxagoras pointed out dreamily, "is too great to take for our dear Jerry."

"You can't be serious! It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of in my life."

"I am entirely serious. And may I point out that the preposterous is the very soul of the unconventional. But that is in the future. Our first two objects are still to be attained. Let us fare forth hopeful in what the event may offer us."

IV

"NOW that we know what we have to do, we must find out what we have to do it with," said X. Anaxagoras. "What are our materials? There's the Spindrift, of course. She's adequate, seagoing, well provisioned and all that. All she needs is the Jolly Roger at her gaff. How about the crew? Any good helpful criminals in the lot?"

Betsy considered, her eyes dancing. She had entered wholly into the spirit of the game.

"There are," she announced at last, "as far as I personally have been able to discover, three human beings and eight that go by clockwork. At least they go by clockwork when I am around. I suspect there is a magic in the forecastle that turns them into human beings as soon as they enter its precincts. I have heard human sounds issuing therefrom. But I do not possess the magic myself."

"If you do not possess it, nobody does—yet. We will omit the automatic eight—at least for the moment. Now as to the three."

"I'll show you one."

She leaned sidewise to touch an electric button. After an instant a door opened to admit an individual dressed in the white starched clothes of a cabin steward. He

(Continued on Page 144

New—the Richardson *opal* roof

In coloring especially effective on a house of creamy stucco

OPAL—a roof with the coloring of brown October leaves silhouetted against a deep blue sky.

Here is a note that's new in roofing beauty. To almost any home it would add attractiveness.

And if that house of yours is a trim-lined stucco of creamy tan, it is *the* roof.

It's a roof that sits comfortably on such a house. Light enough in tone so as not to make it look top-heavy; yet so distinct in coloring that it isn't lost against a background of sky and trees. It is cool and restful in color; yet neither cold nor monotonous. Interesting in its endless variety of softly blending patterns, it is never obtrusive.

This unusual Richardson Multicrome Roof is formed of shingles on each of which are blended slate flakes of jade green and Richardson's rare weathered brown. The opal effect is secured by applying them just as they come from the bundle. No sorting or special work in laying is necessary.

Other rich blends of color

This, however, is but one example of the beauty secured in Richardson Multicrome Roofs. There are other new colorings, likewise suited to different types of homes.

The *tapestry tan* roof for example; predominately weathered brown in tone, and patterned like a rare tapestry in soft tile red and jade green mixtures. It is unusually rich looking on a brick house of almost any color.

And for a white Colonial home nothing could be more attractive than the *onyx* roof, where opal and *bronze mosaic* shingles (similarly formed with weathered brown and tile red slate flakes) add interesting touches of color to a jade green background.

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To help you choose

With these new colors you can make the roof one of the most effective units of your decorative scheme. It is all-important, of course, that the coloring of the roof be in harmony with the rest of the house. Only then can it contribute its full share of beauty to your home.

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 142)

was slender, moderately young, with the most impassive countenance in the world, holding himself with ramrod correctness, but with alert eyes.

"Madam rang," he stated.

"What time is it?" asked Betsy.

"It is just gone five bells of the middle watch, madam."

"Thank you, Plutarch. Will you send Ramsey to me, please?"

"Very good, madam." He disappeared.

"That's one of them," said Betsy.

"H'm," commented X. Anaxagoras. He ruminated. "Why didn't he say half past two and be done with it?"

"You are on shipboard," Betsy reminded him. "It isn't proper to mention a clock on shipboard."

"And did I understand you to call him Plutarch?"

"Precisely."

"Why?"

"He says that is his name. It is the only name he will give. I couldn't make it out myself for some time; not until I'd found he was human. Then he told me a former shipowner had called him that, and he liked it, so he adopted it. I think myself it's because he has had so many lives—most of them in his imagination. He's told me about a great many of them. Plutarch is very talkative to me off duty. I haven't discovered anything yet he hasn't been or done, so I am sure he must have included a life of crime among the others. Here's Ramsey."

The door admitted a huge negro, dressed also in white, with a white apron and a cook's white cap. His face was round as the full moon.

"Yes, *ma'am*," he announced himself in a rich comfortable voice.

"This is my brother, Ram. The Ram is our cook. He is a living testimonial of his own skill. He is an artist too. His poems are the things he sends to table. You'll see. He is known as the Ram. Why, I do not know."

"Yes, *sir!*" The Ram acknowledged this introduction.

"Now listen, Ram, for dinner tonight I want you to serve some fried salt pork with molasses poured over it, and some plain boiled potatoes. For dessert we will have sweet pickles."

An expression of pain crossed the Ram's broad countenance.

"Chick'n So'thern style," he murmured, "an' co'n fritters, an' some nice fresh aspa'gus ——"

"What is that?" inquired Betsy.

"I was jest a-mentionin'."

"But you understand?"

"Are you-all suah you wants them things?" urged the Ram anxiously.

"Certainly."

"Jus's you say, ma'am."

The light behind his moon face seemed to have been withdrawn, leaving it in its natural darkness. He stood dejected, awaiting further orders.

"You see," Betsy pointed out to X. Anaxagoras, "I told you he'd commit a crime."

"But not cheerfully," objected X. Anaxagoras doubtfully.

"That is too much to expect. I told you he is an artist." She surveyed the subdued Ram with open amusement. "On second thought," she said at length, "I believe we'll have the chicken. Somebody told me pork was good that way, but I don't think I'll try it after all."

The full moon sailed from behind the clouds in all its glory.

"Thank you, ma'am!" cried the Ram fervently. "And don't you go fo' to believe no such pussons. They don't know nothin'."

"That's all then, Ram. See if you can find Rogg."

"Rogg's done gone ashore, ma'am, with Cap'n Marshall!"

"That's two of them," said Betsy after he had withdrawn. "The third is Rogg. Rogg is a dear."

"Why Rogg? That's a queer name."

"It isn't his name. It's what the men call him."

"Why?"

"I'll show you."

She uttered a shrill whistle. Almost instantly from some niche in the cabin a cat appeared, a tiger cat with jade-green eyes, a Pompeian-red grosgrain nose and a remarkably short tail.

"Why, it's Noah!" cried X. Anaxagoras, greeting an old friend.

"P-r-r-t!" remarked Noah, and leaped into his lap.

But now was heard a light scrambling on deck. At the top of the companionway materialized a small monkey. It did not descend into the cabin, but sat humped up on the top step, gazing down on them with its puckered wise old eyes. Its countenance was broad and lined, incredibly ancient and superlatively ugly.

"He is called Roggsy," supplied Betsy, "because he's the spit 'n' image of Rogg."

X. Anaxagoras examined Roggsy attentively.

"He is certainly ill endowed with pulchritude; but if his prototype is like him, he does not look like a criminal," he offered. "H..wever, if you say so ——"

"He's the kindest person in the world," cried Betsy warmly. "He's almost pathetically kind. He's my favorite. He'll do anything I tell him."

"Accepted," said X. Anaxagoras to this last. "That is sufficient. Enrolled. And the rest, you say, are hopeless for high emprise?"

"I did not say that. I only said they are not human so far as I have been able yet to discover—except perhaps in the magic of the forecastle."

"Let me tell you something out of my occult Eastern lore," proffered X. Anaxagoras. "That magic is a very subtle and peculiar magic. You will find that it can be released and spread all over the place. That's part of our job."

"I've tried to release it," confessed Betsy.

"It is terribly afraid of the proper thing," stated X. Anaxagoras.

V

THE following morning the Spindrift weighed anchor and departed. The skies were agleam with great piled masses of dazzling light made manifest against a deep blue. From the open gulf a clean clear breeze sang through the great cedars of Stanley Park, fluttered gayly the pennons at the mastheads of the innumerable yachts and frosted the smooth waters of the harbor with cat's-paws. Across the way, in the distance of Vancouver's pile of buildings, the flag atop the high structure of the Vancouver Hotel stood out in brave display.

On deck, the sail covers had been removed and neatly stowed, the stops thrown off. The mainsail, peak-slackened, had been hoisted, and shivered in the wind. Below, the hum of the engines vibrated. With a rattle of chains the anchor came apeak. The yacht's head swung. Under her counter the screw churned the water. She gathered way and headed down the narrow channel past the old Coal Hulk, and so out into the swift tideway of the First Narrows. At the instant of getting under way the staff and ensign mysteriously vanished from the stern; another ensign fluttered to the main peak.

Once outside the Narrows, and beyond the influence of the heavy current, the Spindrift spread her white wings. Below, the hum of the engine died. A subtle vibration, unnoticed before, now made itself evident by its cessation. Gracefully the Spindrift heeled over on the starboard tack and began to slip through the water with that hissing, effortless, buoyant yet restrained live smoothness to be experienced only under sail.

"Like to feel her?" Marshall asked X. Anaxagoras.

During all these maneuvers the young yachtsman had stood alertly at the wheel, a pipe gripped in his teeth, a keen eye on all details, occasionally barking out an order. The other took the wheel, glancing aloft at the telltale. He turned the spokes now this way, now that, trying her response, then brought her to a course that held the luff of the foresail only just without the shaking point.

"She's a sweet thing," said he.

"She foots it within four points of the wind," replied Marshall with pride.

"She's a sweet thing," repeated the healer of souls, "and she's sweetly kept. A fine craft and a fine crew, Jerry, and you've a right to be proud of her. She'd take you anywhere."

Marshall made no reply, but his face showed his gratification. Forward, a sailorman, in whom X. Anaxagoras had no difficulty in recognizing Rogg, was slowly ascending the windward ratlines of the mainmast. Roggsy perched on his shoulder, experiencing apparently no difficulty either in maintaining his own position or in avoiding interference with his master. The two were, indeed, almost ludicrously alike except in the matter of vivacity. Roggsy was of a nervous, quick-moving, suddenly leaping habit. Rogg moved deliberately and with gravity, as beseemed his thick round body, his broad shoulders, his long arms and his huge hands. X. Anaxagoras commented on this amusedly.

"Yes," Betsy agreed anxiously, "and it has always seemed to me that Roggsy has a great responsibility. I hope he appreciates it and will keep up his spirits. If he should happen to get solemn, then I'm convinced Rogg would have to get flighty; to keep the balance, you know, like the old man and the old woman in the tin barometer. It would be dreadful if Rogg suddenly took to leaping about the rigging or sitting on the rail and chattering. I don't think I could stand it."

At this moment Plutarch, having apparently accumulated enough ectoplasm at this particular spot, suddenly and mysteriously materialized his personality into it.

"Goodness, Plutarch!" cried Betsy. "How do you do it? You always give me jumps appearing suddenly like that."

"Sorry, madam; luncheon is served."

From the depths of the vessel somewhere came two soft silvery notes. Instantly from the foremast foot came the clang of a bell struck twice.

"Two bells, and a-a-l-l's well!" intoned an unseen sailor.

The mate came aft and took the wheel. The three descended to the cabin. The table now had been provided with racks in little compartments.

"Do you like to reach up for your food or down for your food?" asked Betsy gayly. "I told you we lived on a slant."

"Ho, for a sailor's life, a free sheet and a flowing sea!" cried the healer of souls. "And the great adventure that always awaits the seeker!"

"It's the life!" chimed in Marshall. "But this adventure stuff—lay off it. Adventure on a boat, in my experience, generally means trouble. We haven't had any yet, and we don't want any."

"Adventure waits around the corner," insisted Anaxagoras; "I can hear the rustle of her wings!"

VI

BUT if adventure awaited around the corner, the corner appeared to be a long way off. They cruised happily, to be sure, but quite uneventfully, for many days; passing in turn one by one old landmarks and memories, greeting old friends and acquaintances made on their former voyage together to this northern country. The landmarks were the same as before, but some subtle difference of reserve on the part of the inhabitants puzzled Marshall. They were not quite as he remembered them. He was whole-heartedly glad to see them once more, and they in turn displayed a proper cordiality; but it was a cordiality overlaid with something.

"Difference between the Kittiwake and the Spindrift," X. Anaxagoras commented. "No, let him find it out for himself."

Nor did the healer of souls again, even remotely, refer to the professional interview with which this narrative opened. Indeed, he appeared to have forgotten that aspect of himself entirely, and consumed his days in an alternation of reading, sitting on deck with a pipe and wandering about the yacht, interestedly making her acquaintance in all details, and talking to the men. Marshall made one or two approaches toward the subject, was met by the fantastic bafflement his brother-in-law knew so well how to command, and with relief himself set aside that aspect of their relations.

VII

LIKE a falcon that has been questing almost aimlessly, now in one direction, now in another, but at last catches sight of its quarry, the Spindrift suddenly ceased her short idle wanderings and shot straight for the north. X. Anaxagoras it was who directed this. X. Anaxagoras set her course; X. Anaxagoras took charge of the necessary direction as to watches and the necessary arrangements for day-and-night sailing. He did this, in the manner of speaking, with deference to Marshall's permission; but he more or less assumed that permission. Nor would he define his objective.

"The appropriate interim has elapsed," he stated; "it is now time to seek further adventure."

Where? they asked him. He professed himself unable to say. Adventure was to be had, that was all he knew; but it was only to be had by those who go forth to seek it with adventure in their hearts.

The three were seated in the cabin, the lights going, while the Spindrift stood easily into a long roll from the northwest. X. Anaxagoras knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it aside.

"You can't expect me to sit with a pipe in my mouth forever," said he. "I think on the whole I've done pretty well to keep it there so long. Adventure, happiness, live living—synonymous and interchangeable terms. People seem to think they just happen to a man. They don't. They are not gratuitous, beggable from life. They don't drift to you the way people expect them to. They must be met; and they must be met with something, some little germ at least, of the same quality in yourselves. Otherwise, how can you know them when you see them? It is only like that recognizes like."

"But that doesn't explain where you're heading for or what you expect to find there," Marshall pointed out.

"That is unimportant."

"Then why strike out all of a sudden this way?"

"It's the vigorous gesture. It symbolizes the desire—the living desire that must attract. It is the decisive effort that indicates a liveness and an eagerness and a willingness to search. It's the doing something aroused that must bring response. Adventure, happiness, live living! They are composable things, like music. They are free, they are everywhere. All you have to do is to help yourself."

"Why not stay home then?" asked Marshall sensibly.

"Why not, indeed, if one knew how? But people don't know how. They cannot make the necessary excursion of the spirit without a corresponding excursion of the body. So you go to the South Seas and the effort arouses the spark of adventure in you, and adventure itself answers to its call. Adventure, life, happiness have no fixed and definite habitation where they can be encountered as one encounters a shopkeeper in his shop. Their abode is in the searching. They lie in almost any ash can by kitchen doors and people throw them away because they do not understand the magic of transmuting them. We are all of us tiresome in that respect, but it is hard to keep patient with the average happiness perceptions of men. Puritanical, prudish, penurial ——"

"Look out, you'll run out of p's!" warned Betsy.

"Stodgy stoics immune to imagination's magic! Everything within them is dwarfed and contracted and dissociated when the intelligence and technic of happiness and life and adventure should be blooming! What molishness! Adventure! All they do is to take drab-colored steps through gray episodes. Think they're humdrum and unhappy and commonplace because they can't get away. Pooh! Pooh!"

"Sic 'em, Sid!" laughed Betsy.

X. Anaxagoras grinned and reached for his pipe.

"True, just the same," he insisted.

"By how many miles north do you estimate our own prudish, puritanical and penurious stodgy stoicism is to be measured?" inquired Betsy sweetly.

X. Anaxagoras laughed.

"Good hit!" he cried. "We are all poor weak creatures unable to meet a counsel of perfection. But whatever and whenever it is, it's waiting, and we'll meet it sure as shooting, and we'll know it if we have its reflection in our hearts."

With that masterly evasion he abruptly went on deck.

All of one night and the succeeding day and the following night the Spindrift held north under a breeze that just permitted her a started sheet on the port tack. The watches succeeded one another with accustomed regularity. X. Anaxagoras took his turn at command, so now each twelve hours was divided among three. It happened to fall that on the second night of the run the first morning watch came to him, so that the others received their first intimation of an arrival from the flopping of the sails as the yacht rounded into the wind and the hoarse rattle of chains as the anchor let go. It was still very early in the morning. Betsy raised herself to look out of her porthole. She reported to Marshall the glimpse of a curved shore and a snow mountain. The voice of the healer of souls was heard outside the stateroom door.

"All snug!" he called. "Pretty early. Better get another nap. I'm going to turn in for a while."

(Continued on Page 148)

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

SEGIS PIETERTJE PROSPECT
—world's greatest milk cow—
a Carnation "Contented Cow"

If you kept a cow–

SUPPOSE you kept a cow, and supplied the milk for your home yourself.

Would you house your cow in clean, well-aired, sweet-smelling quarters?

Would you observe approved dairying methods?

Would you feed your cow a proper ration to insure the quality of her milk?

Again, would you have the milk from your cow laboratory-inspected for cleanliness and butter-fat content?

Would you have it evaporated to double-richness, its food values concentrated and rendered more digestible?

Would you have it sterilized so that it would be utterly pure and safe?

No, the chances are you would not go to all this trouble.

But you would *have* to do all these things if you wanted the milk from your own cow to be as clean, and pure, and wholesome as Carnation Milk.

For that is precisely what Carnation Milk is—the finest cow's milk, handled under ideal conditions, made doubly rich, and sterilized.

It is always pure, always uniform, always safe.

Yet it costs no more.

Let us send you Mary Blake's Cook Book, containing more than one hundred practical recipes

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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

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PAINTS & VARNISHES

for every Household and Industrial Use

Du Pont Chemical Engineers fulfill the promise of *extra* value to you!

AT each of the four great plants which make du Pont Paints and Varnishes there are quiet rooms; filled, not with ponderous machinery but with delicate retorts, test-tubes, balances; manned, not by mechanics but by scientists—du Pont Chemical Engineers.

Here, one is analyzing a fossil gum for a du Pont Varnish; there, another is testing linseed oil for Prepared Paint; another returns from the mixing room with a sample of the day's run of stains, which he checks against the product of yesterday and a year ago.

These men go about their work with the calm of certainty. They have tested every du Pont Paint and Varnish Product in actual service, under every possible condition; they *know* the quality of those products and they concentrate their energies toward absolute *uniformity* of that quality. Such is du Pont Chemical Control.

At another great laboratory, still another group of du Pont Chemical Engineers are engaged in research—prying into Nature's secrets in a never-ending quest for new materials, new processes which will still further improve the quality, the durability, the covering power, the color-fastness, the protective value of du Pont Paints and Varnishes. Their findings are checked by laboratory test, further checked by actual service, then made a part of manufacturing practice, in order that every can of du Pont Paint or Varnish will give to you, who buy it for your home, that *extra value* which it is du Pont's purpose to give.

The du Pont Oval is more than a guarantee of highest quality in paints, varnishes, enamels, stains; it is a pledge of service, fulfilled by the entire du Pont organization. Ask the du Pont Paint and Varnish Service Agent to select the right du Pont product for your use.

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Are you the merchant?

A few territories are still open for the kind of merchants who can qualify for the du Pont Paint and Varnish Franchise.

Du Pont offers a special "Paint Prescription Service" to Industrial Plants, specifying the proper paint or varnish product to provide longest wear and greatest coverage for every upkeep purpose and for every manufactured article.

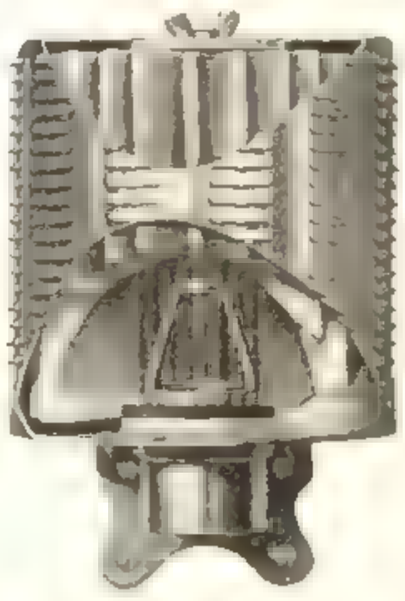
LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW

99 9/10 EFFICIENT **PROTECTOMOTOR** 99 9/10 EFFICIENT

Perfect Positive Protection

It Filters the Air

Clean white filtering medium before being placed in service on machine



It Filters the Air

After service, showing dust, sand, grit and dirt kept out of the motor

Health of Men and Motors Depends on Filtered Air

Nature *filters* the air that you draw into your lungs with every breath; by the *same method* Protectomotor *filters* the 9,000 gallons of air drawn into your motor with every gallon of gas.

Dust, sand and grit in unfiltered air wear cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, gears and all moving parts.

Protectomotor filters the air and reduces wear and tear on your motor from 75% to 85%, as shown by many tests including U. S. Govt. tests.

Dust, sand and grit in unfiltered air cause most of the carbon that makes most of the motor troubles.

Protectomotor filters the air and reduces carbon deposits from 60% to 75%, as shown by careful tests and actual operation on thousands of machines.

Protectomotor stops the hissing, whistling carburetor noises so annoying to motorists.

Protectomotor controls air temperatures, makes for greater efficiency in use of gas and eliminates frequent carburetor adjustments.

Specify Protectomotor When You Buy a Car

Equipped with a Protectomotor the motor in your car will give quiet efficient service three to five times as long before it is necessary to remove carbon and regrind valves, three to five times the service before overhauling the motor is necessary.

When you buy a new car, insure better returns on your investment, longer life for the motor, freedom from motor troubles by having it equipped with a Protectomotor.

Give the motor of your present car a longer lease on life and save yourself expense and trouble by having it equipped with a Protectomotor

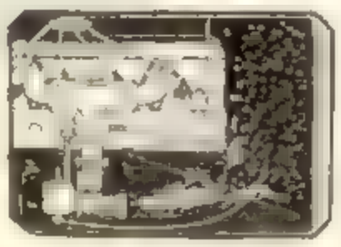
If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct, giving make and model of car and make and model of carburetor. Protectomotor is easy to install. Requires no attention. Has nothing to wear out or get out of order. Does not reduce horse power.

Standard Equipment on Many Machines

Quick to recognize the motor life saving qualities and moved by a desire to have their machines give best possible service, these manufacturers have already made Protectomotor standard equipment —

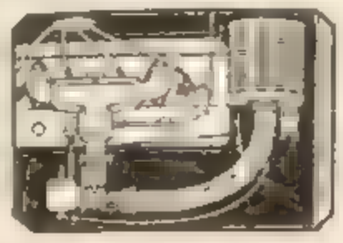
Andre Citroen (France),
Bean Spray Pump Co
Buffalo Springfield Roller Co.,
Buckeye Co.,
J. I. Case T. M. Co.,
Clark Tractractor Co
Elgin Street Sweeper Co.,
Fageol Motors Co
Fiat (Italy),
Field Force Pump Co.,
General Motors Truck Co.,
Holt Manufacturing Co.,
Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.,
International Harvester Co.,
LeRoi Engine Co
Mack Truck Co
Turner & Moore Engine Co.,
Willys Overland for Willys Knight cars,
Yellow Coach Mfg. Co., (Makers of Fifth Avenue Buses)
and many others.

Attractive Proposition for Distributors, Dealers and High-Grade Salesmen



To the left: Dirt that wears out cylinders, pistons and rings

To the right: Clean air delivered by Protectomotor. No dust or grit to cause wear



STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A Motor Without a Protectomotor is Like a Watch Without a Case!

Continued from Page 144

"Where are we?" asked Marshall

"Don't know its name; but it looks like a good place"

"Good place for what?" commented Marshall, sleepily sinking back on his pillow.

The peaceful lap-lapping of tiny waves against the yacht's side alone answered him.

Two hours later they came on deck. Around them curved the points of a narrow bay with wide, projecting, protecting arms. Dense forest came close to the water's edge, save along one considerable stretch, and rose behind in a series of wooded hills that culminated in a rugged black range of mountains capped with white. This forest was again broken by one of those long nearly perpendicular alleylike gashes peculiar to this country, extending nearly to the top of the mountain and marking the path of the avalanche. The débris from it, jumbled and jagged, but already partly overgrown, lay like a low wall dividing the cleared area from the woods beyond. Immediately in the foreground was what looked like an old clearing. The firs and cedars lacked, but their places had been taken by a dense growth of willows and aspens and vines and nettles.

"Looks like one of those miserable old abandoned attempts at farming an impossible country," observed Marshall. "Why do they do it?"

But from X. Anaxagoras, when he appeared for breakfast, they obtained little satisfaction. He was in one of his Puckish moods.

"Looks like a good place," he repeated. "After breakfast we'll go ashore and explore. It looks to me as though it might be the haunt of the great northern gollywog. That would be interesting, wouldn't it? There are none in captivity. The great northern gollywog," he explained expansively as he buttered himself some toast, "is distinguished from all others, first of all by its prehensile ears and its habit of invisibility."

They gave him up in disgust.

After breakfast the three, accoutered for tramping, went ashore. They picked their path gingerly through the nettles and other growth, and with considerable difficulty forced a way to the top of the wall-like rock slide from the mountain.

"It's easier going as soon as we cross that," panted X. Anaxagoras, stopping to get his wind and indicating a hundred yards or so of old clearing that yet intervened. "We'll follow up the stream."

Shortly they reached the point at which it emerged from the timber. The heat and dryness of the old clearing fell away. The water was clear and white on the granite; little green stringers of grass and flowers bordered the stream and a fringe of salmonberries masked the woods. Through these they passed, and found themselves in the forest.

It was a cool and mossy and shady forest, with a softness of feel and contour to be found only in this rain-drenched northland. Fallen trees did not long retain their stark and solid nakedness here. They softened quickly with decay and veiled their outlines with upspringing velvet growths. And the shadows were still and blurred and seemed to settle slowly down from above in a precipitation of mossy covering for every tiniest twig and stone earth bit of the forest floor. They did not twinkle and dance as do shadows in other forests but weaved slowly and gracefully like the shadows of kelp on the sea floor. And in the air was a chill coolness like the coolness of water. One might play mermaid in these forests, so deep are they in mysterious, cool, lucid greenness held in suspense and only revealed by passing shifting shafts of yellow from a world above. But this was no place one might linger in safety. A warm-blooded creature must pass on, pausing only briefly, or the enchantment might be laid upon him, the green chill might claim him for an aquarium life.

They pushed on silently and so came out again to the stream and a sunny stringer of coarse tufts of warmed grasses and a buzziness and a cheerful song sparrow. Here they paused to shake off the chill and to bask under the life-giving sun. There were blackberries here, and wild strawberries for the hunting. The stream itself was quiet and friendly; no big shoutings and turmoils of struggle; only quaint tiny water trials, bits of fall, and triumphs of clean open spaces, and a miniature struggle through brush or reed. Grasshoppers were here, and bumblebees rich and portly, and long-legged water bugs skating atop the stream—all of a nice little humdrum intimate life. It was a good place to rest a while and warm up; and they did so, then pushed on, following the creek bed.

The stream emerged from a ravine. Here were the measures of its need for pause and rest. Here were the big shoutings and the turmoils, the struggle and the conflict. The ravine was the scene of battle. There the big trees had hurled themselves recklessly, starkly, wildly, striving to hold back the force that eats at their roots, snaggily and futilely attempting to dam back this power that nevertheless overcame them and whitened their bones. The going was hard here. Rocks were slippery, log jams like jackstraws, pools and cataracts and rapids deep and treacherous and swift. It was a case of scramble where they could, with always an apparent impasse just ahead. Nevertheless X. Anaxagoras led on confidently, and at last they emerged.

Below them, down a gentle fir-clad slope lay a sun-cupped lake starred with warm-rocked islands, each lying peaceful above its perfect reflection, content in its little continentship, bearing sufficingly its bit of grass or shrub or stunted tree. Here was a still spirit of utter peace and calm and remoteness where, one felt, time must have folded its wings, where in all the years of all the centuries the only happenings would be the gossip of riffling breezes or the rare deliberate splash of a fish grown large in the importance of its isolation. They descended to its level and sat on a windfall. The reflected mountains, which had spread themselves widely, seemed to withdraw, to contract in order to make them room.

The surface of the water was absolutely still. Its mirror was clear and polished, but above it was the faint wavering milky blur of clouds of tiny flies; and singly or in honeymooning couples cruised the big blue dragon flies.

Near the opposite shore floated in the black polish of the half shadow the two resident loons. They drifted, making no discernible motion, but evidently they had caught sight of the intruders, for presently one of them lifted up its voice in a long demoniac peal of derisive laughter. The hills laughed back in an echo of agreement.

"There always seem to be just two on each lake," observed Betsy. "I wonder where the young ones of each year go to. It must be quite a responsibility to parent loons to have to find new unoccupied lakes to settle the children in. Or does the young gentleman loon have to find himself a proper lake before he can suggest matrimony?"

The loon laughed again. He was not telling.

VIII

AFTER a short rest in enjoyment they retraced their steps. When once more they had passed through the lower forest and had climbed the long ridge of talus that was the débris of the avalanche, X. Anaxagoras stopped, seated himself on a rock and lighted his pipe.

"Like it?" he asked.

"It's the most beautiful walk we've had yet," asserted Betsy fervently

"It is more than that," said the healer of souls. "It is at once the most beautiful and valuable monument to a great love."

"There's a story!" cried Betsy, settling herself ecstatically to listen.

"Yes, there's a story. You have probably looked on all this"—he waved his hand toward the shore—"as a busted farm, one of the numberless failures of its sort scattered all along the coast. It is not a busted farm; on the contrary, it is or might be a very rich mine, indeed; nobody could tell how rich; but it is possibly worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. It—and the country we have been through in large part—is owned by a woman who, if not exactly living in poverty, may at best be said to be living in very reduced circumstances. By saying the word she could become wealthy. She does not say the word."

"Why?" asked Betsy and Marshall together.

"Because this is her monument to the man she loved and it is sacred to her."

He puffed at his pipe a moment and then went on

"I knew them many years ago," said he. "No, you did not know them, Betsy; it was before you came West. They were young and beautiful and radiant. I used to think I had never seen two people in whom shone more glowingly the most beautiful outward-reaching spirit of youth and ardent eagerness and trust in life. Whenever

Continued on Page 151

A *New* Way to Serve a *Fine* Candy!

Had you ever thought of *slicing* Oh Henry! . . . to serve at home as you serve chocolates and bonbons?

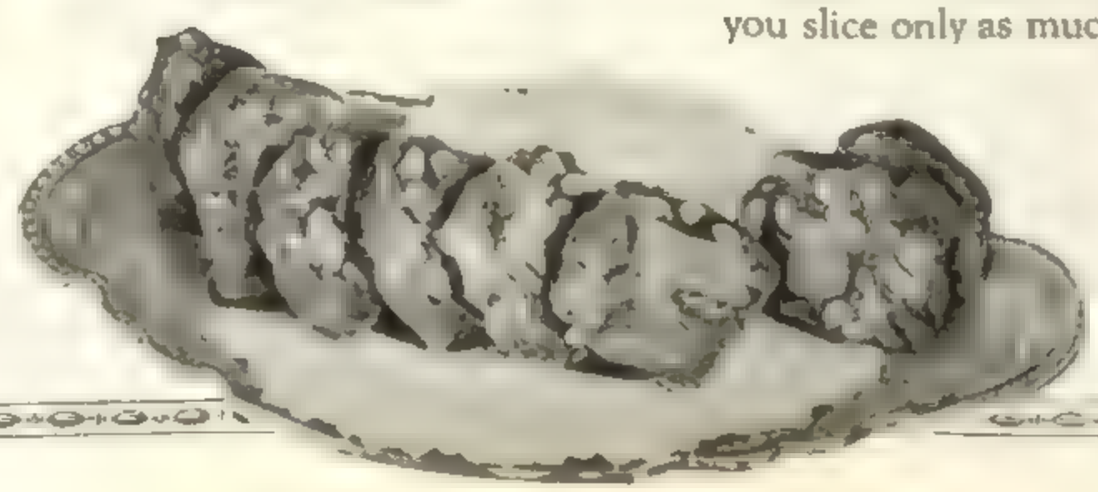
To most people, the thought of slicing a bar of candy is new. Certainly it was new to us when, little more than a year ago, we discovered that women in Chicago had begun to slice Oh Henry! for teas, Mah-Jongg and bridge games, for the family's use at home.

We knew Oh Henry! had a wonderful popularity. It was a new taste in candy, and a most delicious one. And people ate millions of bars of Oh Henry! But we were making Oh Henry! for the people who want just a taste of sweets during the day . . . with never a thought of its being served at home.

And this new way of serving Oh Henry! was the most astonishing tribute ever paid to the *quality* of any candy.

For it is *quality* that has taken Oh Henry! into so many homes, and kept it there, side by side with much more expensive chocolates. Women who have tasted Oh Henry! know that it is a *fine* candy . . . that no $1.25 chocolates are finer in quality than Oh Henry! or made with more infinite care. And they know Oh Henry! is one of the most *delicious* candies they ever ate.

Oh Henry!
SLICED



Imagine a rich butter cream, silky in texture, dipped in a luscious, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats, and then quickly coated with the mellowest of milk chocolate! That's Oh Henry! Do you wonder that people eat nearly a million bars a day?

If you haven't tasted this famous candy, telephone to your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars. It isn't expensive . . . a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal slices. And you'll like the convenience of having a few bars in the pantry to slice whenever candy is wanted. It takes only a minute, and you slice only as much as you need.

Write for a clever little booklet in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced

Williamson Candy Co.
Chicago

The Public School at Kohler

A TINY garden will fill the house with lovely flowers. Just so, a simple bathroom, an inexpensive one, a little one if need be, can bring the thrill of clean, fine living. For it may have the same choice fixtures of Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware that are used in costliest bathrooms. No other good ware is priced more moderately. Yet no fixtures can surpass in alluring grace or lustrous beauty those which bear the name "Kohler," faintly fused into snowy enamel. . . . Write for Booklet E. It shows fine fixtures for bathroom, kitchen, and laundry.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis. · Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware

(Continued from Page 148)

I got rather pessimistic about the human race—I did get pessimistic in those days," he interpolated with a faint and detached humorous intonation; "I used to think of those two, and so possessed myself of a prototype of what might be. He was a mining engineer, and they possessed nothing much but themselves, which was amply sufficient. To be sure, they had at times literally not enough to eat, but that didn't particularly matter. She did her own cooking and scrubbing and mending and laundering, but she did them graciously and not as one who stoops. I thought them very lucky people, children of fortune." He smiled whimsically. "In that opinion," he added dryly, "I belonged to a select minority of one. The man went into one thing after another, and each of his ventures not only failed but bequeathed him debts which he seemed to consider himself honor bound to discharge. He was ill for a long and expensive period. A child came. The thing seemed to be quite complete, as near as any outsider could judge. As a matter of fact, it was not only not complete but it hadn't even made a start. You see, they retained all their valuable possessions quite intact. Finally, as the young man's calling failed him, he became a prospector; just a common prospector, with flour and bacon and coffee and sugar and an ax and a pick and shovel and a ragged shirt or so. He worked his way up this coast. The woman and child came with him. They shared their hardships—real hardships. If it hadn't been that someone grubstaked them from time to time the game might have become quite impossible. I don't know, though; when one has rich possessions, no game ever becomes quite impossible."

"Sid! You did it!" interposed Betsy swiftly.

X. Anaxagoras paid no attention whatever to this remark.

"At last he hit it," he continued. "I don't know very much about mines, but I know enough to realize that this was a very peculiar sort of proposition. Perhaps nobody but this particular man could have had the vision or the steadfastness. I shall have to tell you a little about it so you can understand it.

"You see, this is not really a gold country. That is to say, the formation hereabouts and the character of the rock are not favorable to gold. This man found some float high up on the mountain and painstakingly followed it down, bit by bit. Float," he told Betsy, "is isolated pieces of appropriate rock lying on top of the ground. It is supposed to mark the route taken from the original ledge by the gold-bearing stratum. It has been broken off in times past and been carried slowly down the mountainside. The prospector finds it far down and follows it up until he comes to the ledge from which it originated. Then there's his mine. That's the usual way.

"But this man reversed the process. The ledge from which it had come was only a low-grade remnant. Some of the float, however, was pretty good. He figured therefore that the real value of the original ledge had been disintegrated and carried down the mountain in that creek we went up this morning, or rather its gigantic primitive ancestor. Little by little, by disintegration and because of the fact that gold is heavy, it should have been separated and sunk to the bottom to rest on the smooth bed rock. If the bed rock were all a smooth apron it would of course wash out into the sea—there's gold in sea water, as perhaps you know. But if there were holes or cups in the bed rock, then the gold would settle in them and accumulate. That's the way placer gold comes into existence. Understand?"

"My feeble intellect manages to follow you so far, Sid dear," Betsy reassured him sweetly. "Pray go on. Perhaps my well-known feminine intuition may be able to fill the gaps when your narrative becomes more difficult."

"The man found enough in the small pockets he encountered in the course of the stream to convince him that there had originally been a great deal of gold in that high-up ledge. But a little above where we now sit it became evident that the primeval stream that had carried it down had fallen over a ledge in a waterfall. This the disappearance of the bed rock indicated, although long since the country had filled up level, as you now see it, and the stream—or its successor—flowed without hindrance to the sea. The man argued to himself that if this were true, then below the old waterfall there might very well have hollowed out a basin of considerable size ——"

"In which would be accumulated all the gold!" cried Betsy, sitting up excitedly.

"Correct. By sinking a shaft straight down he could reach it. All this he did single-handed. In the meantime the little family lived down there"—he waved his hand toward the clearing—"mainly on hope, but with some slight assistance from a vegetable garden, a young orchard, a few chickens and such things. You see, the man had to clear land and make a farm as a side issue. It was hard work. He could not borrow on so uncertain a prospect as he possessed—at least not at first. Finally he managed to borrow a little and could give more time to sinking his shaft. That was slow business, too, for one man. It proved to be a very deep shaft. The man had to timber it and make long ladders and hoist out all the débris with a hand winch. It got to be very hard work, indeed, when he had dug and blasted below a certain depth, but that only encouraged him. You see, the higher the old waterfall had been, the more certainty of a basin at its foot, and the larger the basin would be. It took faith as well as works. The man supplied much of both, but the woman did her share; believe me, she did her share!"

X. Anaxagoras paused as his mind swept clear the willows and vines and nettles and reëstablished an old scene that had gone.

"The basin was even richer than he thought it was going to be," he continued at length. "Sometimes," he observed parenthetically, "these pockets are very rich indeed. Near Custer City, in the Black Hills, I saw a miner's bucket come up carrying more than five thousand dollars. The man began to take out almost pure metal. I believe in a few days he took out enough to pay off his borrowings and a little more. Then this thing we're sitting on slid down off the mountain." X. Anaxagoras stared contemplatively up the wide gash which marked the path of the avalanche. "There are, as you see, a considerable number of tons of it." He paused and knocked out his pipe. "The man," he said quietly, "was in its way. He lies under it now.

"I know of only one other monument as beautiful as the one I have shown you today," went on X. Anaxagoras after a moment. "I refer to the Taj Mahal." He puffed at his pipe thoughtfully. "It is only fair to say," he concluded, "that this preservation intact, this dedication not only of a wonderful and still and age-old beauty, of this treasure house of untold wealth, is more instinctive than considered. It is none the less real. The woman conceived a great horror of it all. She fled from it to save her reason, and has tried to shut it out from her life. She will not have it mentioned to her. Its value means nothing to her in comparison with a self-preserving recoil that would erase it all from the world of her consciousness. I suppose the modern psychologist would call it a complex. It is a very deep-seated one. There you are!"

"It is a very touching story," said Marshall. "But somehow it seems an awful waste. A fortune here—and idle ——"

"The fortune has always been here," said X. Anaxagoras dryly; "and I don't know that the world actually needs more gold."

He arose and led the way into the thick and screening undergrowth. Instead of following the path they had made coming up, he bore more to the right, breaking somewhat painfully a new path. After a time they came to the remains of a split picket fence inclosing a dooryard. The house within it was a small affair built of poles. It had, however, rather more commodious windows than is usual in such structures, and had been graced by a veranda whose rails were built in rustic patterns. Two short sections of logs had been set on end either side the steps and hollowed to form bowl-like receptacles for earth. In them evidently at one time had been planted ferns or flowers; but now they were choked with weeds and nettles, as indeed was the whole dooryard. Nevertheless, here and there, half hidden, half crowded aside, showed a bloom of sweet William, of foxglove, of poppy, survivors scattered and dispersed from their orginal tended beds, keeping barely alive an old tradition of care. The young firs and cedars were already springing up, crowding the forest in; three or four unkempt apple trees struggled to retain a place among them.

X. Anaxagoras slipped through a gap in the palings. The others followed him to the sagging decrepit veranda and looked through the windows to the interior.

"She fled from the catastrophe almost without a word, nor with a backward look," said he. "They had a small gas boat. She navigated it, with the child, all alone. Fortunately the man had sent out the gold he had already procured. His first thought, before going on with it, was to pay his debts. I don't believe she would have touched it. See, there are garments hanging, and a book open on the table. I have often wondered what it is and what the message of its open page. Time has dealt gently here. I remind myself that the door is locked and the windows tight, and that in the immense toil of his labor the man found time to build well. See, he rounded the ends of the shakes below the windows into a sort of pattern. Nothing much, but it took time for a very tired man. But in spite of that common-sense view of it, I still think time has here been compassionate and has touched lightly."

He gently turned the knob of the door, but exerted no pressure.

"Still locked and tight," said he, "and all along the coast, as you know, you will find other cabins like this, and all looted to the bone. Why not? It is a far harsh country, and when a man needs a door or a window or a gear wheel or a stove that is no longer useful to someone else, he takes it with a free conscience. The abandonment was definite, instantaneous, complete. It was like the flight of a routed army. The woman was mad to get away, to put the horror behind her."

He stretched out his hand and raised a tiny square of oilcloth that hung like a flap on the upper part of the door. A piece of paper was disclosed on which was writing done in ink. The ink was faded, the words almost illegible; but they could still be deciphered.

"Please do not break in," it read, "this is the property of a poor woman who has lost all she had."

"Some compassionate soul," said X. Anaxagoras; "someone who knew of their struggle, but not of their final success; someone who understood and who here left his understanding on this bit of paper so that its very simplicity has protected it as though by an armed guard. I do not doubt," said he, "that men have warmed themselves by driftwood to whom that stove there would have given much comfort."

"I suppose," observed Marshall, "that the whole country was staked out in claims after that. Did they find anything more?"

"No; as far as I know, no one knew of it, or ever heard of it, except myself."

"Where is the woman now?" asked Betsy.

"She is in San Francisco, I believe. She has a little income from what was saved, but she works in an office as a stenographer and is reasonably comfortable and fairly contented. She educates the child."

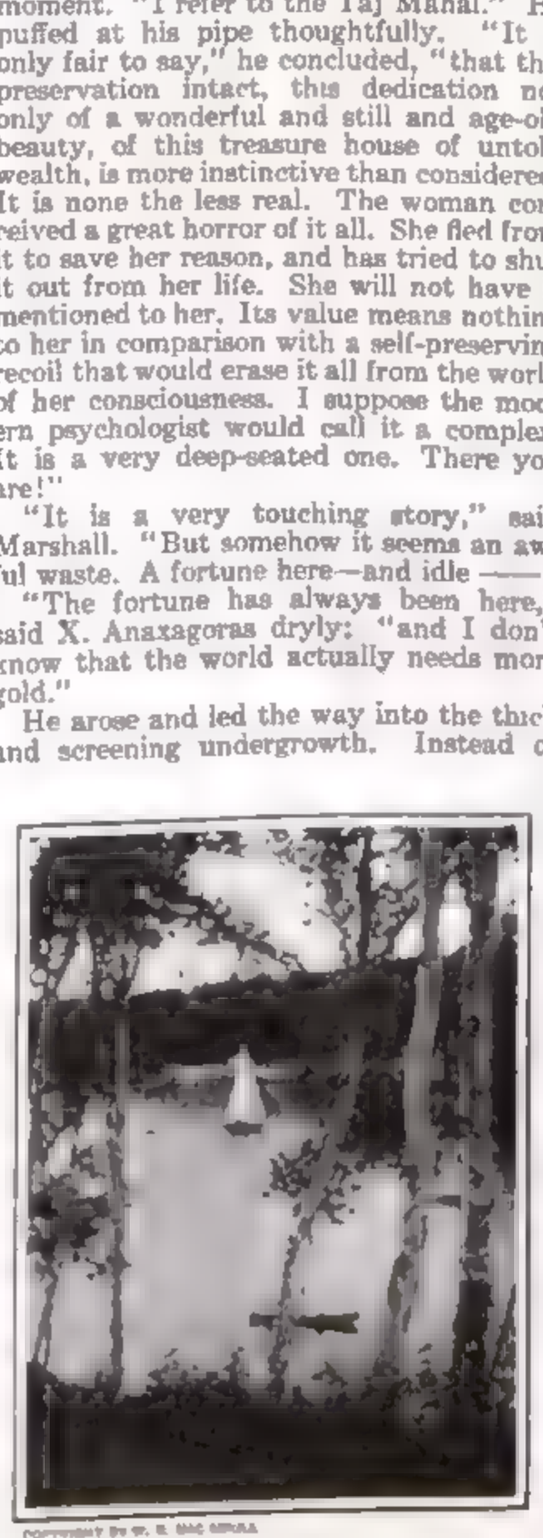
"I should think she'd see that for the sake of the child ——" began Marshall.

"She sees nothing. There her mind is closed."

"Some day ——"

"Yes, that's it—some day," said X. Anaxagoras cheerfully. "One can but await the turn of the wheel."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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North West Arm, Halifax, Nova Scotia

ARTHUR L. LEE
Managing Director
Hotel McAlpin
Hotel
Martinique

Whether You Like New York or Not depends on The Hotel You Select

A MESSAGE TO THE NEW YORK VISITOR FROM ARTHUR L. LEE

THE impressions, good or bad, that visitors get about a city often depend upon the treatment they receive from the hotel at which they stop.

I know this to be a fact. I have traveled the country over. I know the obligations a hotel assumes, or *should* assume, not only to the guest but to the municipality in which it is located. A visitor doesn't live in an intangible place called "a *city*"—he lives in a very tangible thing—a building—called a HOTEL. Many good towns get bad names merely because of poor hotel service.

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Arthur L. Lee

Managing Director

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THE HERO

(Continued from Page 29)

marry this Janet Wood, wouldn't you?" He nodded again.

"But, no, Bascom," he said sadly. "You can't get rid of Tom Mix. Why, Bascom"—and his voice was even sadder—"I haven't even got a horse!"

I wanted to get this straight though. "You'd be grateful enough to do me a favor, wouldn't you?" He swore he would.

"But I can't make love!" he cried. "I can't ——"

"Why not? I seen you in the movies make love great."

He muttered something that sounded like damn. "That's something else," he declared. "Can't you understand, there's a director there telling me what to do. Why, man, if I had to go through in real life such scenes as those I did in Shambles of Passion, I'd die!"

"Mortification, eh?"

"Just about."

"Could you fight if someone told you what to do?"

"Bascom, I never had a fight in my life. I admit it, I'm afraid. I'm a coward. I'm just exactly what Janet doesn't want—a physical coward. I never had to fight, I never learned how. If I was struck —— "

"But if you knew it was a frame-up and that the other fellow was just acting, could you go through with it, just like it was a movie, the same as you go through those love scenes?"

"You mean—you mean—we might fool Janet? Put over a trick fight?"

I nodded.

He thought it over for a few seconds. "It doesn't sound right," he said finally. "It's unfair, but—I could do it." Then he spoke quickly. "I will do it, Bascom. It isn't a time for quibbling over trifles. The lightning of love has struck me. Anything's fair in love."

"It's a great deal like the soda-jerking business," I said.

I never saw a fellow so perked up, all over Janet Wood, a small-town kid, and a brunette at that! Well, each man to his taste. Some like brunettes, and some don't.

We shook hands on it.

Not having Rudolph Valentino, Tom Mix, Douglas Fairbanks, and Tommie Meighan around to choose from, Janet was reduced to letting Bascom McNutt see her home. On the way up Second Avenue I did a little prospecting.

"Jack's my friend and all that," I said, "but I never saw such a swell-headed bird in my life. Honestly, he ——"

"Jack Merrill swell-headed!"

"Sure. He thinks right now he's the greatest actor on the silver sheet. Why, where does he think some of those real guys like, say, Tom Mix, get off? Tom Mix could say boo and make Jack Merrill run like a rabbit. Me, I like regular fellows in the movies, not no perfect lovers."

For a minute I thought maybe I'd guessed wrong. And then she spilled the beans. "No wonder you're a soda jerker," she said very slowly and very deliberately and very nasty. "No wonder they call you McNutt!" She fumed a little silently. "A fine friend you are of Mr. Merrill's!"

She didn't say anything else until we reached her gate, and then she shot out what must have been the sum and total of some deep thinking. She turned and let me have it square in the face.

"Tom Mix!"

For a minute I thought she was going to bite me. Then, without another word, she went in the house.

III

WELL, whatever your interpretation of that may be, mine was all I could ask. If I know anything at all about girls—and I don't think it ought to be necessary to say that I do—the signs were that the field had been narrowed down to Jack, Monte Blue, Lew Cody, and maybe John Barrymore.

And no big winners of the West!

It wouldn't have been, you know, the first time a girl had lied to the man she loved. Indeed, I could cite a dozen personal cases if I wanted to, but I don't want to.

I was satisfied, then, that barring somebody's breaking his neck everything ought to go off jake. And by the next morning I'd lined up the plot slick as a whistle. It involved Jack's telephoning to Janet for a date, to take her to the Associated Charities Bazaar on the First Baptist Church lawn the next night.

She said yes, of course, and if I'm any judge of voices over the telephone—and people say that I am—this particular girl nearly swallowed the transmitter in her eagerness to say yes before he could hang up. But you couldn't tell Jack that!

"What's the use!" he kept wailing. "It's going to be a bust, whatever this is you are doing. You know what she said to me last night?"

He didn't give me a chance to say yes. "She said," he went on, "that she loved the way Tom Mix was a poor boy, or a poor son, or a poor husband, or something. She said, 'Mr. Merrill, I admire that man. Always when he's poor, his wife or his sister or sweetheart or his mother or his grandmother, a good woman, is being sought by a rich man who tries to blind her, with gold and dress suits, to Mr. Mix's true worth. And every time, Mr. Merrill, Mr. Mix wins by something finer than gold. In one picture he threw the man over a cliff. In another he shot four men. In another he killed seven. Always in some fine, manly way he shows how truer he is than a rich profligate with a silk hat on.'

"It looks," Jack said, "as if she expected me to kill some people."

"Where," I asked, "are the valets?"

He looked up quickly. "That's a good idea, Bascom," he declared. "I'll go right now! I'll kill ——"

Then he caught himself. His head dropped, but he caught it in his hands. "I'm losing control of myself," he explained. "What did you want—the valets? I let them go see Rudolph Valentino's new picture. Ruddy," he added, "has always been very decent to me."

I went in the next room and got his hat and stick. "Come with me," I said. "We got to make some arrangements." We boarded Hep Methvin's taxicab, the only one in Riverside, and hauled up presently in front of the Grand Theater. Charlie and Henry were standing at the curb. Charlie had his watch in his hand.

"Look here, Mr. Merrill," he said, "we been here fifteen minutes waiting for you. You said you'd be here for us exactly on the hour. And here it is ——"

"I'm sorry, Charlie," Jack apologized. "But I've been a little upset. You and Henry get in." He turned to me. "Where now?"

I called to the driver, "Out to East Highlands, Hep, to Doc Huckabee's house."

"What!" Hep exclaimed. "To that bum's!"

A fifteen-minute drive brought us to the worst-looking house in the world, and Doc Huckabee, who can't possibly be very much dingier than his home, came out to meet us. I introduced him to Jack and the valets.

"Doc," I explained, "is as familiar as any man living with the underworld of Riverside."

"I'm in it," Doc said with modest pride. "I been in it for goin' on ten years. What can I do for you, gents?"

He led the way to the porch, where I got down to business. "Doc," I said, "Mr. Merrill is a movie actor. Tonight we want to arrange a little surprise for the Riverside folks. It's to be a moving picture of a holdup at the Associated Charities Bazaar on the First Baptist lawn. But we don't want the crowd there to realize it's just movies.

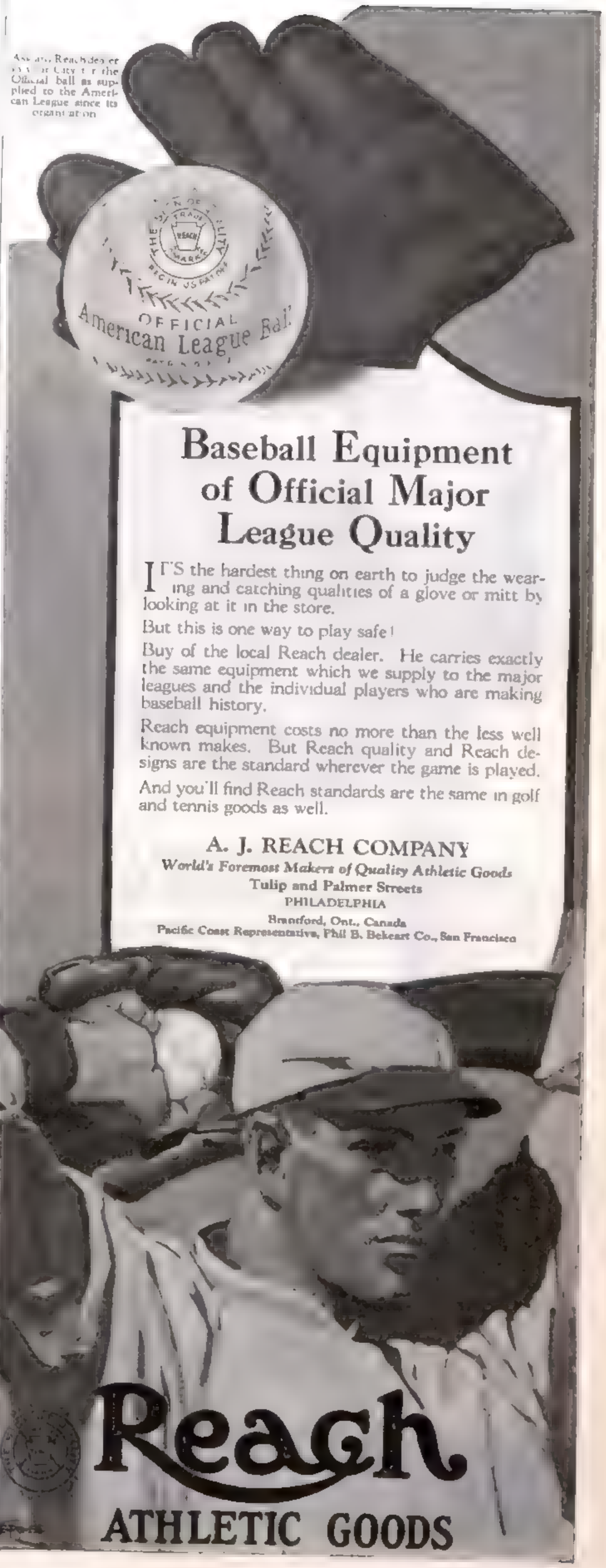
"If they think it's real," I explained, "we'll get more expression, more realism. There's going to be a lot of jack in the headquarters hut, a couple of hundred feet from the booths, near the Second Avenue sidewalk."

"I get you," Doc horned in. "It ought to be a pipe to put over. A couple of the boys around here"—he jerked his head toward the underworld of Riverside—"have been sticking up places during the last week. Charlie Phelps, for one. Oughtn't to be hard to fool 'em now."

"That's the ticket," I went on. "You see, we got the stage set. All you'll have to do is to get a pistol and mask ——"

"I got a gun," Doc interrupted, "but no bullets."

"You don't need any bullets," Jack said quickly. "If you got any bullets you don't get the job. Too many chances of accidents."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"No bullets," I told Doc. "But be there at exactly 10:30. Hold up the people in the hut. Mr. Merrill will be there with a black-haired girl. Maybe you better get a little fresh with the girl—in a refined way of course. Everybody else in the place will be scared stiff. Merrill's part then will be to foil the robbery by struggling with you, taking the gun, and then—then throw you out the window, so's you can make your get-away. Clear?"

"You ain't referred to money, gents," replied Doc. "What-a I get out-a this?"

Jack fished a moving-picture actor's salary out of his pocket. "How about five hundred now and five hundred as soon as it turns out all right?" he suggested.

"You could just as well give it all to me now," Doc said confidently; "it's going to come out so well."

"Another thing," Jack went on. "This is a very private matter. You're never to tell a soul about it—never. If at the end of two years it hasn't leaked out you can touch me for another five hundred. Understand?"

"If I was to get lockjaw tonight, secrets couldn't be any safer with me than they are now," Doc bragged.

We rose to go. "Ten-thirty," I said for a last word. "And just fake a fight. Take what Jack gives you."

As Hep's taxi left I looked back. Doc was counting the five hundred.

IV

I HAD a last talk with Jack just before he went to get Janet to take her to supper before the Charities Bazaar.

"Jack," I said, "you got to get your gizzard up. Just imagine the director's telling you what to do. First, when you get with her, show her money. Let her look at it in the bulk. Sneer at it a little Give her a idea of what she could spend if she was Mrs. Merrill."

He protested. "This isn't the kind of girl that would marry me for money, Bascom," he said.

I pooh-poohed the idea. "Pooh-pooh!" I said.

Jack flared up. "Don't you pooh-pooh Janet," he said sharply.

"I wasn't pooh-poohing Janet," I said, "I was pooh-poohing your idea about money. Jack, take it from me, I seen girls come and I seen girls go, and a little flash of the old jack never yet sent one home mad. Tonight," I said, "this very night, if when you take her into the dining room for dinner you should put your arm right on top of the prices on the bill of fare, so she could see you wasn't looking at 'em, why, man, you advance fifty per cent with her. I know girls, Jack."

He said he'd try; and to give him credit, he did. I was already at the bazaar when he and Janet come. Jack had hired a car, at my suggestion, and when they stepped out of it everybody looked at them, at the great movie star and this brunette he was with.

It was a nice night and the lawn looked swell. The little booths and wheels of fortune and other gambling devices authorized for church use was all lighted, and Japanese lanterns, red and yellow and blue, was strung on wires stretched between the trees and posts. The girls all in soft white summer stuff and the bloods of the town in blue coats and white flannel trousers—everything was jake.

A big crowd, the biggest crowd that ever come to a Riverside charity fair, pretty nearly swamped the place, and the news that Jack was going to be there probably had as much to do with that as any enthusiastic desire on their part to give money toward a new wing for the Bethesda Home for the Aged.

It was after nine when he and Janet got there, and during the hour or so before he was due to seek a little rest in the headquarters hut he took my advice and spent. Alone and single-handed he let loose enough bills to net thirty-five new beds for the Methodist Hospital, a wing and a new roof for the orphan asylum, a year's funds for the Helping Hand Society, two-thirds of an athletic stadium for the boys' high school, and a school annual for the Riverside Girls' Academy, all of which had booths in the bazaar.

And every time he let go one of these bills he apologized to Janet. "I just want to do something for the hospital," he'd explain. "Poor, sick people, you know." That man was ashamed to spend money! All I can say is I just wish I'd had the chance to spend a seventy-five-hundred dollar pay envelope. I'd 'a' tore up a couple hundred in front of them rubes! I'd 'a' shown them!

I tried to figure from Janet's face how she was taking all this, but not a hair did she turn! Took it like she was used to it. Once she put her hand on his arm and said, "Jack—Mr. Merrill, it's mighty sweet of you to help the charities so much."

Finally I went over to them. "Jack," I said, "aren't you and Janet fatigued? Don't you want to shake this crowd for a few minutes and knock off a little rest over in the headquarters hut?"

It was Janet that answered. "Let's!" she exclaimed. And to me: "Is it all right—I mean, to go in the headquarters hut?"

"All I got to do," I said, "is say the word."

We dodged out of the push and sauntered across the stretch of lawn running down to the sidewalk. I glanced at the church clock. Ten-twenty-five. Inside the hut we found old Mr. Gaffney, the secretary of the Associated Charities, and two ladies who'd been set aside to help him check up the receipts.

As I'd figured, they nearly frothed at the mouth out of delight when Jack Merrill himself visited them. It was just a frame building thrown up by workmen, with the safe, a kitchen table, and four or five chairs from the Sunday-school room. One electric light hung from the ceiling. Mr. Gaffney practically walked over his lady assistants in his haste to get chairs for Jack and Janet. Being a soda jerker, I could stand.

We certainly wasn't none too soon in getting there, for we hadn't hardly got to talking before, like a snap, the light went off, leaving us in only the gray dim light that came through the one window from the street-corner lamps. Mr. Gaffney hopped up and opened the door—and then he stepped back in suddenly.

The black barrel of a pistol was in the middle of his vest and a man pressing him backward into the hut was saying: "Up with 'em. Everybody up with 'em! One peep and you're out!"

He pulled the door shut behind him and leaned against it. One of the ladies, Mrs. Wilson, gasped, and the shadow against the door shot a fierce whisper at her, "Don't scream!" Mrs. Wilson fainted

We was all on our feet. Janet had grabbed Jack's arm, and Jack was breathing heavy.

All I could make out of the others in the dark was that Mrs. Wilson was out, Mr. Gaffney was leaning against a wall, practically out, and the other lady had her hands to her mouth. The light through the window flashed on Doc's pistol as it swept slowly back and forth around the room. Then Jack was speaking, nervously but loud enough.

"And so," he said, "you are a bandit." He lowered his hands casually. "I suppose I may smoke?"

There was no reply and Jack coolly pulled out cigarette and matches. He might have been playing in Débris of Passion, it was so smooth, so nonchalant. He swept the match through the air, lighting it by nicking it with his finger nail, and for a second the flare lighted the hut—and at what I saw I nearly dropped!

Jack didn't notice—of this I was certain. At the instance of the flare he'd been looking at Janet, and she at him. But I'd seen!

It wasn't Doc at all!

Doc had told somebody! He'd told one of his egg friends. It was the only explanation. And this egg was loping in on an easy thing! I couldn't move; I couldn't say anything—there was nothing I could do but let 'er rip and see what'd happen.

"Easy, dear, easy," Jack was saying to Janet. "This gentleman"—glancing at the robber—"would not harm a lady."

"Pretty boy," the man at the door said, "if you don't put them hands back up you gonna get daylight blowed through you."

"Why, my dear fellow ——" Jack began in a swell subtitle line, when I couldn't stand it any more. I dropped in a chair. My knees was too weak.

The robber looked at me and then said, "Well, is there any more that's going to faint? I don't care myself how many does."

"I ain't fainted," I replied weakly.

"Shut up!"

As innocent as a newborn babe, Jack went right on with his Leo Ditrichstein:

"I presume," he said, "it is the funds that you are after. The ladies then, I presume,

(Continued on Page 157)

The man who knows and the man who doesn't

IF YOU are an authority on motor trucks and have kept right up to the minute on the improvements in their construction, then the International Truck will appeal to you for a dozen very good reasons.

The removable cylinders, the life-guaranteed ball-bearing crankshaft, the steer-easy steering-gear, the auxiliary rear springs — these and many other International mechanical features will make it easy for you to understand why these trucks have earned their good reputation wherever trucks are known.

And if you know little or nothing about the mechanics of a motor truck it can be just as easy for you to understand the soundness of International construction when you realize that for twenty years International Trucks have been built out of an experience in manufacture and service that dates back almost a century. And you can make your truck purchase with just as much confidence as an expert.

International Heavy Duty Trucks are built in chassis ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds maximum capacities. The Special Delivery is for loads up to 1500 pounds and the Speed Truck for 2000 pounds. Motor Coaches are supplied for every requirement. A list of company branches appears at the side. There are in addition 1500 dealers.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. There are 105 direct company branches—the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world—located in the following cities:

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Grand Forks, N. D.
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Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
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Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
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Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
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Double action means *half the time* to do a thorough cleaning job.
No oiling means *no time* at all for attention to the cleaner. And the ball-bearing motor and brush mean a *lifetime* of service.
The PREMIER DUPLEX—with its motor-driven brush and powerful suction—gets threads from the top and grit from the bottom — gets *all* the dirt. Half time cleaning; no care; and lifetime service /

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ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

YOUNGSTERS LOVE TO PLAY AT HOUSECLEANING WITH A TOY
PREMIER DUPLEX GIVE YOURS THE FUN!

Name

Street Address

R. F. D. _____ State _____ Telephone No.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.

(Continued from Page 154)

will not be harmed. You have the drop on us, you black-hearted scoundrel, but if I had my gun with me ——"

At that minute I'd give ten weeks of Jack's salary to been able to tell him to soft-pedal that stuff. I glanced at that man's gun, glistening, sweeping around, like the finger of death. I'd 'a' give fifteen weeks of Jack's pay to've been somewheres else.

"Pipe down," the man said. "Where's the money?"

But Jack was insistent on provoking something personal to Janet, so's he could sail in as her own defender. "I presume you will not annoy the ladies," he repeated pointedly.

The man spat on the floor. Then his eye caught the safe. "So it's there, eh?" He swung his gun at us to move to the left, so's he could pass around to the safe behind us, keeping us covered all the time—and at that minute Jack glanced at the window, toward which the man was moving, and I didn't know what he saw there, but he smiled. I could see it as the light struck his face.

The man had got just in front of the window when Jack shouted, "Grab him, Bascom!"

I jumped out-a the chair I'd fell down in, and with a pretty dirty word the robber spun about at the window.

Things followed fast then. At the same second he shouted Jack sprang forward, gave the kitchen table a heave and shot it across the floor. The robber had flashed back, saw the shove, and tried to jump, but too late. The edge hit him in the stomach, mashed him against the wall, and saying "Oof!" as the wind was driven from his goozle, he buckled over.

Jack was on him, across the table, clawing for the pistol hand—and at that instant the gun went off. The glass in a framed photograph of Jefferson Davis dropped to the floor. Mr. Gaffney and the other lady followed Mrs. Wilson into swoons.

And then I heard Jack gasp, "It's loaded!" He was panting as he hung onto that right hand, and his words come between breaths. "Careful! Careful, you idiot!" Then the gun cracked again, and this time a framed photograph of Robert E. Lee bit the dust. At that Jack sobbed.

They was rolling on the table together, a whirlwind of moving, and Jack was crying: "If she gets hit, if you touch her, if you shoot her, I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!" He was shrieking, and Janet had begun to wail Jack must 'a' heard that, too, for he went mad. I'd 'a' joined in in a minute if it hadn't been that I thought I ought to stand by and tackle the fellow if he got away from Jack, but it didn't turn out to be necessary. Jack went mad.

He didn't need any director then! I don't know whether he cared if it was Doc or not. Crazy at them shots, he just heaved, and pulled the gun-shooting bandit clean over the table. He hardly touched it, he shot over so fast through the air, and then, much astonished, landed on the floor. Jack's foot went out and cracked his gun hand so neat that the pistol shot across the room.

And Jack was still sobbing, talking to himself! "If she's hurt! If you hurt her! I'll kill you! I say I'll kill you!" And then, it seemed to me, he tried to kill him anyway, just out of whim, for he lifted that bird bodily from the floor, raised him above his head, and hurled him back across the table.

That was enough for the king of the bandits. He was through for the evening. He sprung up like a cat, made one leap, and dived head foremost through the window onto the lawn. Jack started after him, and then stopped. The fellow was hot-footing it down the street like a dog-goned antelope.

By then the crowd had come, clamoring outside the shanty. Mr. Gaffney was back with us by then, and I shoved him to the door "Tell them what's happened," I said, "and keep them outside. We got to bring the ladies around." He ducked out nervously.

It must have been a minute that I stood there waiting, while old Gaffney talked outside. Jack, his collar tore off and his face scratched, was babbling something to Janet, asking her was she hurt, and Janet's eyes was eating him up. And then the door opened again, against Mr. Gaffney's protests, and three men walked in—Charlie and Henry and Doc. And Doc was mad!

"What's this?" he started. "What's the idea of this?"

I hopped at him. "Get out of here!" I shouted. "You can't come in here. Get out!"

He give me a push and I set down. "I can't, eh?" he declared, while Jack looked like he was going to faint with the rest of them, and Janet, bewildered, looked from Doc to Jack to me. "I can't, eh? So, you double-crossed me, did you? Hired someone else, eh? I wasn't good enough to be a holdup man, eh?"

Charlie was explaining to Jack. "We went around to a movie, boss," he was saying. "Swanson's new picture—it's great."

Doc didn't stop. "Ten minutes late," he went on, "and I get sloughed. Want to cheat me out of my five hundred, I suppose. Well, the town'll hear of this, all right, all right!"

I finally got up nerve enough to catch him by the arm. "Come outside," I hissed, "you'll get your money. But shut up!" He looked mollified. I opened the door and whispered to him. "Come over to Mr. Merrill's room at the Ralston in an hour," I said. "He isn't double-crossing you. Another fellow come. Who'd you tell?"

"Nobody! I wouldn't tell after I promised —— Yes, I did too. I told a guy over to McFadden's place. He was going out of town tonight."

"Well, he's gone," I said. "He's gone on foot—and he ought to be well past Birmingham by now. Now keep your mouth shut!"

He slipped away, and I shut the door behind him. Jack was in a chair, his head in his arms on the table. The two ladies were giggling nervously and looking at Jack. Janet stood straight and stiff, her face flaming. I went over and leaned against the window.

I lighted a cigarette and looked out into Second Avenue. I heard the door open and shut, the ladies had gone. And then I heard laughing outside the door. The ladies were telling.

Then, softly: "Jack." I pulled on my cigarette. . . . "Jack!" . . . He raised his head. "Well," he said, "go on and laugh—like the rest." It was bitter, weary, the way he spoke. Nothing left now—no courage, no bravery—just a joke.

"Jack—darling!"

It was none of my business, of course, so I kept on smoking.

"I don't reckon Tom Mix hires them to fake fights," he laughed sadly "Go on - laugh!"

"But, Jack," she said hurriedly, "don't you see? You *were* brave! You *did* fight! You you nearly killed him!"

Then there was surprise in his voice, as if he'd just looked at it that way. "The pistol *was* loaded," he said. A long pause, and then, "I *did* fight him" He seemed to be discovering things. "I didn't I did - I was "

"A hero," she interrupted. "Jack, you were wonderful!"

I wouldn't turn around to see what happened then, but it must have been a pretty good example of understanding each other. I took a last drag on my smoke.

"And, Jack," I heard Janet say, "we'll go to Hollywood to live, won't we?" He nodded. "And I'll meet—I'll meet Douglas Fairbanks?" He nodded again. "And Pola Negri, and Charlie Chaplin, and Gloria Swanson, and ——"

I threw the cigarette out of the window and turned around. "And, Jack," I horned in, "now that we're on the subject, you think I might ask you a little favor you know you said you'd do for me?"

They had their arms around each other and Janet was brushing his hair back.

"You bet, Bascom," he said.

"Well," I said, "I been thinking I might take a run out to Hollywood."

"You'll visit us," Jack declared.

"I thought maybe I might do that," I said. "I sort of thought I'd like to meet a girl out there, a girl I been admiring on the silver sheet. I might be able to—well, I was going to ask you, would you introduce me to Gloria Love?"

"Why, Bascom," he said heartily, "I've wanted to. I wanted to tell you last night. I wanted to tell you last night I wanted you to meet her. She's my mother. She had her face lifted and ——"

Oh, well, what the blazes! What did I want to go all the way out to Hollywood for a girl for? One of them tricky movie queens! What the blazes! I could stick around here. I'm liable to get that cigar-stand job any time now. And there's plenty of girls around Riverside that all I got to do is wave at. Why should I go out to Hollywood?

Feet that always feel young

ARNOLD Glove-Grip Shoes are smarter looking than many shoes that have nothing but modish appearance to recommend them. Yet in addition they bring a snugness and comfort that no other shoe can equal.

It is the Glove-Grip construction—a feature patented and exclusive in Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes—that enables them to give that firm, bracing support to the feet. When you lace a Glove-Grip Shoe, you *lift up the arch*, you don't force it down. The result is a surprisingly smooth, easy fit—a new snap and pleasure in walking.

Try on a pair of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. Made in all the latest styles and leathers for men and women. Prices $10 to $12. If you do not know your Arnold dealer, let us send you his address and book of shoe styles. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., North Abington, Massachusetts. Dealers write for catalog P-18.

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

This comfortable, long-wearing shoe has a certain air—trace of youth and smartness that appeals particularly to men. It is called the Dundee.

Look for this trade-mark. It is inside and on the sole of every Arnold Glove-Grip Shoe.

The McCray Refrigerator Display Case, enabling tempting display of food products while it keeps them pure, fresh and wholesome, is a favorite in grocery stores, delicatessen shops and markets—efficient, sanitary, economical in operation.

At the Grocer's

You'll find the McCray Keeping Pure Foods Pure

Grocers favor this McCray model for its convenience in serving customers, efficient operation, low operating cost and handsome appearance.

A CHILLING current of pure, fresh air—the result of patented construction—sweeps through the McCray refrigerator, cooler, display case, keeping perishable foods tempting and healthful in their original freshness.

With spoilage loss cut, operating costs lower, the McCray-equipped store gives *better food service*, and attracts *more trade*. Staunch, in-built quality in every hidden detail of the McCray assures that efficient service which protects the customer's health and the dealer's profits

All McCray models are easily adapted for use with any type of mechanical refrigeration. We build refrigerators for every purpose—for markets, grocery stores, hotels, restaurants, clubs, hospitals, institutions, florists and homes. Residence models from $35 up. Send for catalog, Free, and suggestions for equipment to meet your needs.

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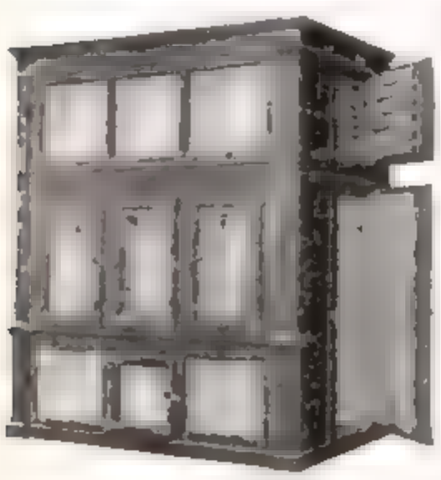
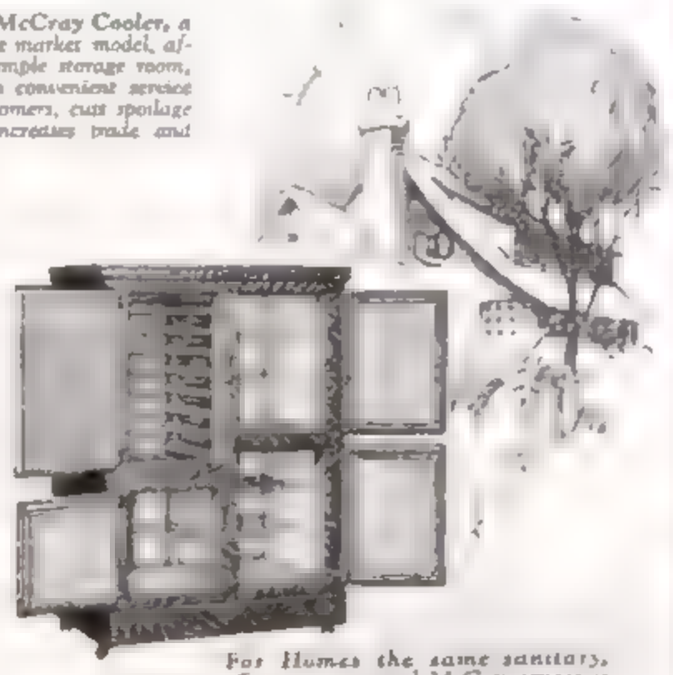


This McCray Cooler, a favorite market model, affords ample storage room, enables convenient service to customers, cuts spoilage loss, increases trade and profits



For Homes the same sanitary, efficient, economical McCray service is available in models of various sizes, at prices to suit all purses.

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On the refrigerator equipment in the better meat markets, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, florist shops and in homes, this nameplate gives positive assurance of foods kept pure, fresh and wholesome.

Salesrooms in All Principal Cities See Telephone Directory

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

for all Purposes

McELVANEY'S THIRD ONE

(Continued from Page 11)

that framed a glimpse of the valley and the high hills beyond. MacLeod was not aware that she had hurried from the dining room to the piano when she first heard his voice in the kitchen—had hurried to the piano and had assumed the pose she so carefully held, thus making herself an integral part of the picture. MacLeod was not aware of this; was not even aware of the haunting minor chords her smooth white fingers found as they moved slowly over the keys. But he was acutely aware that here, materialized in the flesh, was another living incarnation of his dreams—a calm, clear-eyed woman. Perhaps not so tranquil or clear-eyed as the one he had met in the kitchen a moment earlier, but doubtless more interesting.

Agnes took charge of the situation.

"Cut out the movie stuff," she said, speaking to her sister; "or—no, don't can it. Hold it, girl, hold it! And meet the hero of this fillum, Archie MacLeod, the barefooted buckaroo, bold and handsome, but wary about women. So be warned by me. And I'll bet a cigarette to a chocolate that right now he's getting ready to say you are the living image of his dream woman."

Archie smiled agreeably, looking straight into the Second One's eyes.

"It's a habit I have," he explained, "telling them they are the living image and all that sort of thing. But usually I don't recite my piece until along about the third dance."

He continued smiling as he told her this, but his steady gaze was narrowed, calculating. He was trying to analyze the emotions she awakened; was trying to decide if his impression of her was more pleasing than the impression he had received of her sister. This was a matter he would have to decide later, for now she was speaking.

"So you begin telling them along about the third dance," she said. "A girl loves to be told about that time." She rose and moved slowly away from the piano. In the dining-room doorway she paused and favored him with a studied, inviting smile. "There's to be a dance at our Community Hall this week-end. I wonder if you are planning to go."

"You bet I am," he said emphatically. The Second One smiled again, then closed the door behind her.

Agnes slipped down on the piano bench and crossed her knees. Her eyes were twinkling and the corners of her lips quirked up impishly

"Well, mister," she asked, "which one do you think you'll favor?"

Archie meditated a moment.

"I guess I'll be able to tell more definitely after the third dance."

"With which one?" Agnes persisted

"I'm a bit dusty after my day's hike," he said, ignoring her question. "I'll go and freshen up a bit before the dinner bell rings."

As new man on the job—guest of honor, as it were—MacLeod was seated at Mrs. McElvaney's right that evening. Beside him sat Belle. Across from him was Lucy. The Third One sat at the other end of the table beside her father. Conversation languished at first. The men were too occupied with the important business of the moment and the women were too busy seeing that they were well supplied to waste time in idle talk. Unexpectedly, Mr. McElvaney began to laugh.

"I place you now," he said, nodding to MacLeod. "You rode at the Pendleton round-up last year." Remembrance of the occasion caused him to laugh again. "How come that big bay filly to spill you? She didn't buck She just humped up a little and shook herself."

A friendly rider intervened in MacLeod's behalf.

"Don't let him kid you," he said "I've seen many a good man unloaded because he wasn't expecting the thing that happened."

MacLeod smiled

"So far as that bay filly is concerned, I haven't any alibi," he admitted "Just as Mr McElvaney says, all she did was r'ar up and shake herself. And there I was, spilled and eliminated in the preliminaries Not that I ever ride in the finals," he added hastily. "I just enter the event to keep in practice, and to ride in the parade and all that sort of thing."

Conversation became general then; and Belle, speaking in an undertone meant for MacLeod alone, began to entertain him. Did he enjoy the pictures, or did he consider them a bore? And did he believe those well-known Western actors did their own stuff, or did some real rider double for them? Herself, she preferred the legitimate stage, or even a good musical comedy occasionally. But really, the good ones so seldom traveled west of Chicago. And when one went East one was too rushed with shopping to have time for the worthwhile things

Yes, Archie knew just how it was. And while he listened to Belle he was studying Lucy. A quiet girl, Lucy—quiet and tranquil; but it was easy to see she took an understanding interest in what went on around her. But Belle was the one who intrigued him. She had a wise, inviting way about her. He had met her kind before and he had learned they were wise, and not always so inviting as they would have a fellow believe. He wished he had time to see this deal through. What a wife Lucy would make! And Belle—— But what business had he to be considering either of them from a matrimonial point of view? Several years would elapse before he would be able to afford a wife, and such girls as these wouldn't wait long for a fellow. Ah, well such was life! In the morning he would buy a horse from McElvaney and be on his way again.

MacLeod had decided he wouldn't ride with the Third One in search of the horse she had told him about. He was through riding after the wild ones, and he considered the job she was trying to give him something of a joke. Immediately after eating he went out to the bunk house with the rest of the men. He was tired after his day's walk.

Long before dawn the next morning he was awakened by the Third One's call at the door. He flopped over in his bunk and groaned. Why in heaven's name hadn't he thought to tell her he wasn't going to ride with her? Now there was nothing for him to do but to dress and go outside and tell her. He couldn't very well explain before a houseful of men who were already expressing their disapproval of such an early call.

When he went out into the chill gray of the twilight that comes before dawn the girl had disappeared, so he directed his steps toward the barn. He feared he was in for an unpleasant few minutes. Agnes had impressed him as a young person to whom it might be hard to explain matters. He had yet to learn she was a person who refused to accept explanations.

"The horse I told you about is running in the timber up near the lavas, about fifteen miles from here," she told him as he entered the barn. "Put your saddle on that sorrel mare in the end stall and then we'll go to the house for a bite of breakfast." She made an impatient, silencing gesture as he started to speak. "Yes, I know," she said. "You had rather buy one that has been handled some. And you think you are going to be traveling again as soon as you get a new horse. But you're not."

For one instant Archie's temper flared. Then he laughed.

"Little sister," he said, "if you knew just how good you are——"

Agnes stepped close in front of him and shook a threatening finger under his nose.

"Don't you 'little sister' me!" she stormed. "I've been 'little sistered' all my life, and if you——"

Archie caught the hand that was wagging so close to his nose.

"Now look here, girlie," he coaxed; but she jerked her hand away from him indignantly.

"Don't 'girlie' me, either!" she warned. "Keep that line of talk for Belle. And now get your saddle on the sorrel mare. Then we'll eat breakfast."

MacLeod made a last despairing effort to assert himself.

"How much are you asking for the horse you want me to buy?"

Again the girl gestured impatiently.

"Wait until you see him, then make a bid."

He shrugged his shoulders and sighed audibly. He believed it was going to be easier to ride with her than to argue Meekly he saddled the sorrel; meekly he followed her to the house for breakfast. It occurred to him that he had been following

(Continued on Page 161)

An interesting color scheme has been developed for this living room. The walls are finished in ivory, with the woodwork and mantel finished several shades darker and the floor covered with a heavy gray-green carpet to offset the height of the ceiling.

The chairs, a part of the Kroehler Suite, are upholstered in plain gray-green damask. The same tone may be chosen for the curtains of figured damask.

The Kroehler Davenport Bed is covered with a tête-de-nègre fabric, with cushions of orange and henna for contrast. The same notes of henna and orange used in small spots—lamp shades and tassels, for example—afford relief from the general note of green.

This interior is taken from the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a new booklet, prepared under the direction of an experienced interior decorator. A copy will be sent you on request.

ONE OF THE INTERIORS SHOWN IN THE "KROEHLER BOOK OF LIVING ROOM ARRANGEMENTS"

Why have an extra bedroom?

The newest homes are arranged a more convenient way

VERY cleverly they manage—the wise young home owners of today—to eliminate all the extra space that eats so voraciously into building and furnishing budgets, and that adds a daily burden in the way of caretaking. Where do they make their biggest savings? In the bedroom space.

It's wonderfully interesting the way they arrange for one less bedroom than you would expect. They don't really do without that bedroom. They merely smuggle it into the house, in the guise of a Kroehler Davenport Bed.

Everyone, it seems, has a Kroehler Davenport Bed these days, with the same low, easy lines, the same luxuriously soft cushions, the same wide, loungy seat as any other fine davenport.

How sensible it is—this universal vogue of the Kroehler Davenport Bed! Think how much space or rent it is saving every month for thousands of people in crowded homes or small apartments—how much extra work every week in the care of an additional room. Think how neatly it would solve your own extra bedroom difficulty.

Perhaps you need this additional sleeping space only for emergency use. Perhaps you need it every night. But whenever you require it, this convenient bed is ready for your use.

A single, easy motion reveals the comfortable sleeping space with covers all in place. A real full-sized bed it is. The mattress is thick and soft. The springs are strong but yielding. For style, you can choose an interesting period design or a soft-cushioned overstuffed pattern. For upholstery, there are all the good-looking, long-wearing fabrics that fashion approves—silk damask, tapestry, mohair, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Important hidden qualities

The fine quality of Kroehler Davenport Beds extends all the way through. The frame is of kiln-dried hardwood; the seat springs of heavy, high-carbon wire, flexibly interlocked; the filling of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton; the upholstery is given moth-proofing treatment. The seat cushions are filled with fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white, felted cotton. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the name plate is on the back of each piece. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenport Beds and matching chairs, write us for the dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements."

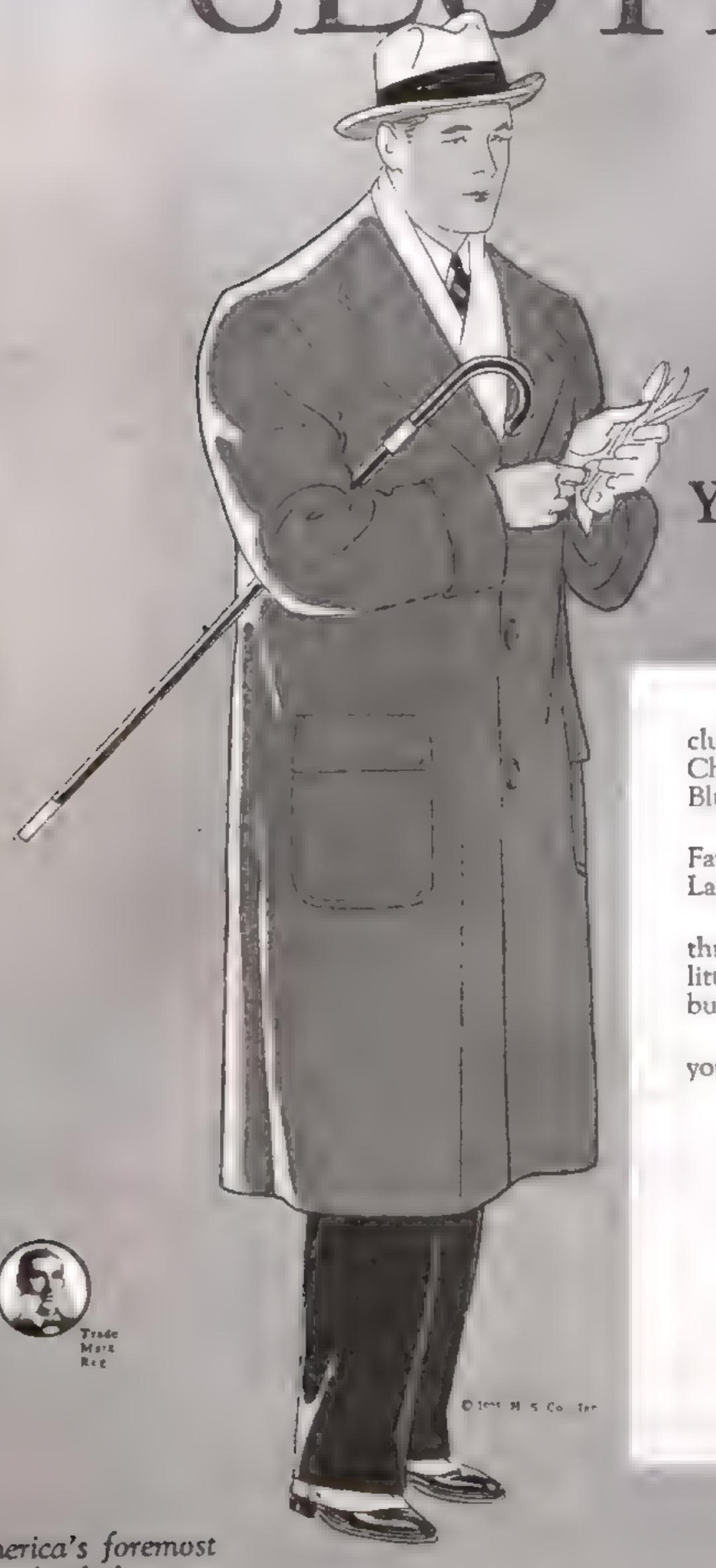
Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Factories at Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y., Dallas, Texas, Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif. Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES



Young men! Don't overlook "the newest things"

The "newest things" in Styleplus for Spring include Shetland Flannels, Roycroft Flannels, Fieldbrook Cheviots, Holbrook Unfinished Worsteds, Windsor Blue Cheviots, and the York Blue Silk-lined Suit.

Popular shades are "College Grey," "Woodland Fawn," "Powder Blue," "Prussian Blue," "London Lavender," and the new "Tans."

Smartest models for young men are two and three button. Shoulders are wider. The coat fits a little closer but is not form-fitting. Trousers are wide but not extreme.

Styleplus Clothes are the last word in style for young men, and their cost is reasonable.

See the "newest things"—at a Styleplus store.

Henry Sonneborn Company, Inc., Baltimore

Glade Topper Top Coat

A Styleplus feature

$35 to $40

Style, distinction, originality, quality! And made for service! Blue, brown, fawn and oxford shades. Special fabrics, all plaid backs. All-wool, of course. Guaranteed

Trade Mark Reg

"America's foremost style clothes at popular prices"

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Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

(Continued from Page 158

her around meekly ever since he had met her. Suppose such a girl should make up her mind to marry a fellow. What chance would he have? He was glad she was trying to marry him off to one of her sisters instead of wanting him for herself. She had said something about two Loren brothers who were paying attention to her older sisters. Well, they could have them and welcome. For himself, he would stay long enough to dance once or twice with Belle, then he would be on his way.

Archie's pet theory was that logic took all the tricks in this game of life. The hurried breakfast he enjoyed with Agnes that morning should have been sufficient to convince him that emotion, unanalyzed, invariably triumphs over logic. But because he did not analyze his emotions, he failed to realize that no unmarried man can sit in a clean white kitchen and watch a lady cook flapjacks for his especial benefit without feeling the urge of matrimony. His particular reaction, aside from his appreciation of the dispatch with which Agnes served the coffee and bacon and eggs, and then cooked the flapjacks, was to wonder if the placid Lucy could do as well. Somehow he couldn't feature Belle displaying any particular skill over a cookstove. Belle, he felt sure, would be at her best much later in the day.

By the time he had finished his breakfast he had reconciled himself to the prospect ahead. A good horse under him, an open range to hunt on—that was his element. They rode from the ranch up through the foothills to the broken spurs and ridges close to the snow line. They rode the pale stars out of the sky; saw the white moon fade as the dawn brightened; watched in silence from the rim of the cañon as the sun rose abruptly, thrusting through its coverlet of fleecy clouds, magnificently golden and crimson. Such appreciation as theirs was too complete to be articulate.

Then the girl gestured on ahead

"A mile or two farther on we'll come to a steep-walled wash where this cañon begins; and across there, to the south, is a smaller cañon that leads down into this one. If we find the horse up there in the wash, one of us will have to ride across to the head of the smaller cañon to keep him from breaking back into the timber. If we can hold him down in the main cañon, he's ours."

A little later they came to a point where the trail led down into the wash she had spoken of.

"Look!" she exclaimed. She had no need to speak, for MacLeod was already uncoiling his rope. "Stay here!" she commanded, spurring away from him and riding swiftly along the high wall of the wash.

Out from a band of horses that had been grazing below them a buckskin was coming—coming as a race horse runs, with nostrils wide, head stretched straight and tail streaming—a tawny streak of golden life that flashed along in the warming light. There was no uncertainty in the wild fellow's flight. Like all things often hunted, he had learned the wisdom of running first and thinking as he ran. He sensed the trap he was in, and he intended to leave it as swiftly as his fleet limbs would carry him.

The walls of the place were too steep for a horse to climb, but two trails led out of the wash and he fled toward the one he thought unguarded. But the girl had started when he started, and she had the advantage of being much closer. MacLeod saw all this at a glance, and he rode part way down into the wash, his rope uncoiled and ready. He half stood in his stirrups as he watched; nodded and settled back when the buckskin swerved suddenly, hesitated an instant, then turned swiftly back. He knew the girl had won to the head of that farthest trail; knew, too—or thought he knew—that the horse was theirs.

Then the girl came into view, riding like one possessed, her rope whirling, her short curls wind-blown and streaming. She saw him and waved for him to come. Soon he was riding parallel to her, the buckskin between them, but far ahead. Again the dappled golden outlaw was running for his freedom. Straight down that dry dusty wash he raced, nor did he pause where the wash broke through the cañon's rim. But MacLeod pulled to a sliding stop and his face paled a trifle as he glimpsed the bowlder-strewn slope that dropped away in seemingly sheer reaches to the narrow bed of the cañon. For an instant he sat there with held breath, expecting to see the wild horse slip and fall and perish among those huge poised bowlders; marveled as he watched the loose-kneed, easy-pacing step that made the buckskin as sure-footed as any mountain sheep.

Then the Third One flashed past him. When her horse faltered at the brink she drove ruthlessly on with spurred heels.

"The south cañon!" she called as her horse gathered himself for the perilous descent.

MacLeod recalled his instructions regarding that cañon; recalled that she had told him it was a runway leading back into the timber. He whirled his horse and rode swiftly out of the wash and turned into a dim trail that led across the hills. Now a faint flush suffused his cheeks—a slip of a girl had ridden fearlessly where he had not dared to ride, and the memory of that fact was a rankling humiliation. But he had short time for regret. Every faculty was alert to the task of following at breakneck speed a dim trail with which he was unfamiliar.

Such men as MacLeod, long accustomed to open, unfenced ranges and hills, develop an acute sixth sense—a sense of direction that in time becomes as unerring as the instinct of a bird of passage. With quirt and spurs, he urged his horse to its utmost speed; came without difficulty to the head of the smaller cañon. As he rode down along its narrow bed the buckskin appeared at one of the abrupt turns ahead. The wild fellow was running easily now, his head high, his tail flaunting. MacLeod nodded, as if to a friend; but he was nodding in appreciation of the girl's wisdom. A lesser rider would have hurried the buckskin, but she had lagged behind until the outlaw, feeling secure in his own speed, had slackened his pace. Now, perceiving MacLeod, he stopped, shrilled one indignant challenge, then turned and fled back over the trail he had just come. At the main cañon the girl sat, blocking the upper trail; and MacLeod rode, yelling, at his flank. Checking his mad flight almost in mid career, the buckskin stopped as if to offer battle; then turned again and raced on down the bed of the main cañon—a cañon he had learned to fear and avoid. Instinct or acquired wisdom had taught him this was a natural trap.

MacLeod noticed, as the girl joined him, that her rope was coiled, and he caught a suggestion of her mocking, impish smile. He knew she was amused at his eagerness; realized this was to be a long chase—no chance for rope work yet. As he coiled his rope he studied her with swift, covert glances. Odd, he thought, he had not noticed before that her short fair hair, wind-blown now, and tangled, made exactly the right sort of frame for her tanned features—remarkably well-balanced features, he decided, as he noticed for the first time her low well-developed forehead, the slightly arched nose, the firm full lips, the firm rounded chin. Strange he had ever mistaken her for a boy!

"Where do we go from here?" he asked when the trail permitted them to ride side by side for a moment.

"Straight to the Lorens' corrals," she answered, and there was a note of spiteful gloating in the tone. "They've fenced a lane from the cañon to their place—a wide lane, at this upper end. We'll have to be at this horse's heels, fanning him, or he'll turn back the minute he finds there is room for doubling. Let's begin crowding him."

Little by little they tried to lessen the distance between them and the outlaw, but he seemed with almost effortless ease to keep always the same distance between them. As the race continued, a desire to possess and conquer the fierce spirit of the wild buckskin began to dominate MacLeod. He was a born hunter; and now that the hunt was on, he knew he would have no peace or rest until the horse was his; knew that if by mischance the buckskin should win back to the hills he would have to follow. In repose, MacLeod's expression seemed always somewhat hard, unemotional. Now as he rode, the lines of his face were etched with an unlovely, corroding passion that made his features appear old and worn and bleak.

When the trail permitted him to ride at the girl's side again he voiced a thought that seemed to bother him. He couldn't conceive of anyone being willing to yield title to such a horse.

"Do you mean to say this is the horse you're aiming to sell me?"

She nodded, and favored him with a teasing, mocking smile.

"If you want him, I'll deal with you," she answered evasively.

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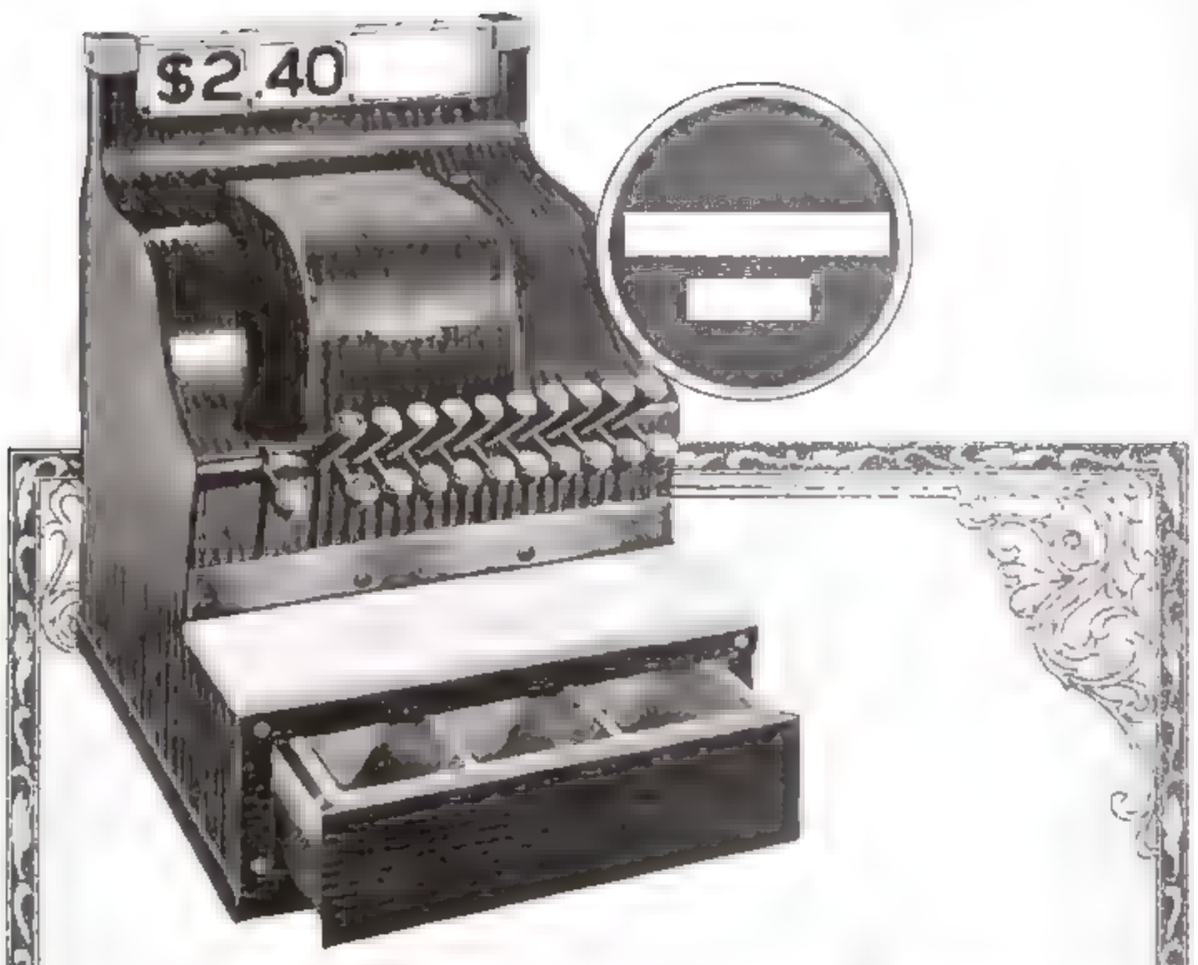

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"Set a price," he said. "I may have to give a mortgage on the balance of my life," he added, "but that horse is sure going to be mine."

"You may have to do just that – mortgage the balance of your life to pay for him," she said, still smiling her mocking Mona Lisa smile.

The cañon was opening, fanlike, now; converging from the steep walls toward the corrals and building. On each side of them rose a high fence built of heavy close-laid poles. At sight of those converging barriers the buckskin faltered in his stride, then swerved and raced directly toward the nearest. MacLeod and the girl whirled with him. Agnes rode ahead now, her rope uncoiled and ready. Scarcely a hundred feet from the fence the buckskin realized the futility of trying to jump it. In the same instant he turned and started back, this time angling toward the cañon, risking his freedom in one frantic burst of speed. The riders turned with him, but an instant slower. For fifty yards the horse raced side by side with MacLeod, just out of rope reach. Then the girl, with spurs and voice and tightened reins, lifted her mount to a flash of speed that put her at the buckskin's flank. Her rope, swift and true, dropped in a strangling noose about his neck. The buckskin, confused by the strangling cord about his neck, turned again up the narrowing high-fenced lane turned and fled so swiftly she had no time to twist the rope around her saddle horn—a twist that would have held him captive. Her own mount was spent with that final effort and had no speed with which to follow; but still she clung grimly to the taut rope—clung until it seemed the buckskin in his unchecked flight must pull her from her saddle

"Drop it!" MacLeod screamed. "Drop it before you burn your hand!"

He had had his own hands burned to the bleeding quick by trying to hold a rope when it was being pulled away from him.

Agnes cast the rope away from her then, but still spurred her jaded horse after the outlaw. Ahead of them an open space showed, and toward this opening the buckskin sped. It was a trap—he knew it must be a trap. But from his neck trailed a clinging, jerking rope and at his flanks rode two screaming relentless hunters. Ahead of him he sensed a confusion of human sights and smells—that slender opening seemed his only hope. Yet he knew he should turn back toward the hills, and for a moment he faltered and slowed in his mighty stride. MacLeod, almost at his flank, used his shortened rope as a lash, and leaning far out in his saddle cut the buckskin a stinging blow across the back. Mad with fear, the outlaw leaped forward again—came to a sliding stop against the farther side of a corral. A gate swung shut behind him and he was trapped.

Before MacLeod and the Third One could dismount two men came across the barn lot.

"Howdy, boys," Agnes greeted cheerily. She could afford to be pleasant, now that the horse was corralled. "Meet a new rider of pa's. Mr. MacLeod, shake hands with Jim Loren, and with John."

Archie leaned down and shook hands as instructed. Not mean-appearing lads, these Lorens; tall, upstanding men, with clear, shrewd eyes and humorous, generous lips. Archie felt a quick liking for the one named Jim; liked the way he smiled and liked his firm, impulsive handclasp. Rather liked the older one, also; believed John was the better business man of the two.

A woman appeared in the doorway of the house and called a greeting to the Third One. Agnes waved her hand in response, then spoke to MacLeod.

"Archie," she said briskly, "you may rope him and begin breaking him to lead, if you want to, while I'm gossiping with Mrs. Loren. If he puts up much of a battle, call me. I don't want to miss any of the fun."

As she finished speaking, MacLeod saw a veiled glance exchanged between the brothers—a message telepathed from one mind to the other. He wondered at the import of it. But he had received his orders, so he dismounted and began to uncoil his rope again.

"I reckon he'll put up a battle," John Loren said gravely. "Perhaps you'd better wait until we get our ropes. Sometimes it's mighty convenient to have an extra rope handy."

"I guess I'll stick around," Agnes said, changing her mind about going to the house

She gestured, and Mrs. Loren came down to the corral. The two women slipped their arms around each other affectionately.

"Come to the house," the elder coaxed. "I hate horses. You will too when you've seen as many men hurt by them as I have."

Agnes scarcely heard the words. Her slender body had become tense, alert, eager. For MacLeod, not waiting for the return of the two brothers, had stepped into the corral. The buckskin watched with dark rolling eyes that gleamed maliciously. He had had time to adjust himself to this new condition and was no longer afraid. His hour of panic had passed, and now every nerve and impulse urged resistance. He stood statuesque, still, as step by step MacLeod moved toward him; without warning, launched himself like a living thunderbolt upon the man. Swift as was the horse, MacLeod was swifter. He moved to one side, rolled under the corral bars, and rose well out of harm's way. There was an impact of sharp hoofs and hard flesh as the horse crashed against the corral poles where MacLeod had escaped. With arched neck and shaking head, the buckskin circled slowly back to the opposite side of the inclosure. Again MacLeod started to enter the corral.

"Oh, please wait," Mrs. Loren pleaded. "The boys are coming now."

Although Archie nodded and his lips smiled, acknowledging that he had heard, he opened the gate and stepped inside again. It is doubtful if he even sensed the import of the elder woman's plea. The conquering of the horse was his only thought. This was the sort of battle he loved. His muscles, trained and hard and resilient, against the swift untiring strength of the outlaw; his brain against the sure instincts of the animal; his will against the vindictive hatred of the brute. Again he moved slowly, step by step forward. Again the wild horse launched a swift attack. But this time, when almost upon the man, with incredible, devilish cunning, he swerved and stopped at the very spot where MacLeod had escaped under the corral poles the first time—stopped with his forefeet doubled under him and with bared teeth almost against the ground. MacLeod had swung lightly over the top of the corral on the opposite side.

"I wondered if you were smart enough to think of that," he said, speaking to the horse as he approached the gate again.

John Loren put a restraining hand upon the gate.

"Mister, let me shoot that devil now," he urged. "I watched a horse kill a cougar once. He held the big cat with his teeth and kept coming down on it with his knees until the cougar was nothing but a mass of pulp. That's the way this horse will kill. Did you see how he came down with his knees on the spot where he thought you would be?"

MacLeod nodded indifferently.

"I saw a horse kill a man that same way," he replied. "But this horse won't ever do any damage. I'm aiming to take all the hell out of him first. Let's run him into the breaking corral and get some ropes on him. But first let's plan the battle. We'll be back in a moment," he called over his shoulder to Agnes and Mrs. Loren as he led the way into a small corral beyond—a gentle intimation that they were not wanted. Nor did he intend to ask advice of the Loren brothers about breaking the horse. Another matter was weighing on his mind just then.

Almost the first thing he had noticed after the buckskin was corraled was the Lorens' brand on the outlaw's right shoulder—a slender, wire brand that evidently had been burned on at the expense of considerable time and trouble, a brand that ordinarily would have been hard to see. But now it stood out on the sweat-lathered shoulder for all the world to read.

And on the buckskin's left flank was another brand—A and M; that would be Agnes McElvaney's brand. This also was a wire brand that had been put on cunningly so as to be invisible to the casual observer. But now it, too, stood out plainly on the horse's wet flank. To MacLeod's experienced eyes, it was evident that both brands had been put on when the horse was a young colt. But why two brands? And why had so much trouble been taken to make them invisible, ordinarily, at a little distance? MacLeod had been too long in the range country to allow himself to become involved where the ownership of a horse was in dispute.

(Continued on Page 164)

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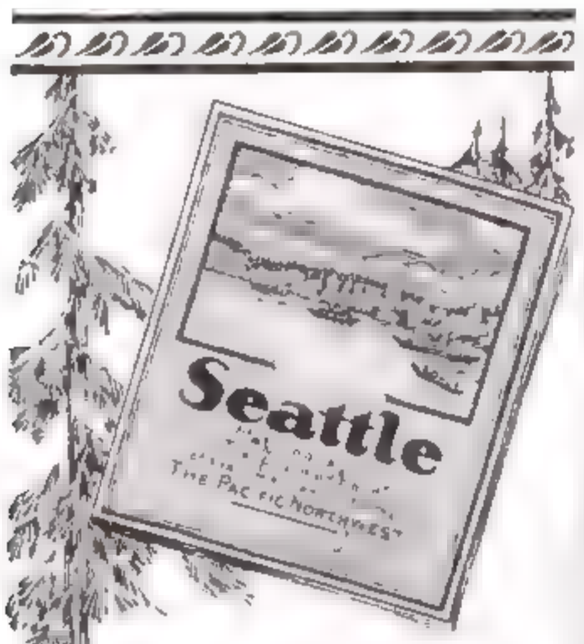

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Continued from Page 162

"No hurry about roping the brute," he said, after the two Lorens had entered the small corral with him. "Let's get acquainted first. Like the young lady told you, my name is MacLeod. Just hired out to the McElvaney outfit—a good outfit."

The Lorens nodded in agreement.

"Three fine girls."

Again the brothers nodded.

"But the Third One," Archie continued reflectively—"quite a girl for arriving at conclusions and all that sort of thing."

Jim and John both grinned, but remained silent. The burden of proof seemed to fall upon Archie.

"Now consider my case," he went on, explaining. "A couple of nights ago I camped in a meadow back in the mountains. Lots of poison camas in that meadow. Found my saddle horse dead the next morning. Maybe it wasn't the poison camas that killed him. No matter, he was quite dead. A good horse too. Well, that same day I met this girl, this Third One, on the trail. Told her I was aiming to buy another horse. And see what's happened to me! Been riding after a wild one, and I laid off that stuff for life a long time ago—maybe three-four months ago. Anyhow, like I told the girl, I was aiming to buy a horse. I'm still aiming to, providing I can get one reasonable. Take this buckskin, for instance. Looks like he would make a good cow horse, once he was broke to the work. A right good forty-dollar horse, so far as size goes. Worth a bit more than that, considering looks and action. Now suppose the girl holds out for top price——"

"Are you sure she'll sell him to you?" Jim interrupted.

"She told me she would. And as I was saying, suppose she holds out for top price fifty dollars, say. Seeing she's a real nice girl, and me being sort of timid with that kind, why, I'd just naturally have to pay her price. Then suppose somebody should come along—oh, say the Loren boys—and claim the horse belonged to them. Suppose they also held out for top price. What would you do in that case?"

"What would you do?" John asked.

"Why, I just made my bid—fifty dollars," Archie answered mildly. "Now that I've brought him this far, I want to go the whole route with him. And I'm curious as Kipling's little elephant. Had my nose pulled out of joint several times on account of my curiosity. Maybe I'll get it tweaked again for asking; but if my bid should be accepted, I'd like to know how come those two brands on that fellow"

"All right, I'll tell you," John replied slowly, choosing his words deliberately. "First, if you can break that fellow without getting killed, he'll be worth three or four times the price of an ordinary horse. We had sort of figured we'd make a deal with Miss McElvaney and keep him ourselves. But if she has offered to sell him to you, why, we'll not interfere. Haven't any idea what her price will be, and it wouldn't be fair to her for us to name a figure. So I'll tell you what we'll do: Seeing the horse is worth more than average, we'll let the Third One set a price for her interest in him, and our price will be the same as hers"

"Fair enough," Archie agreed promptly. "And about those two brands?"

"Don't blame you for being curious," John continued evenly. "I always like to know about such things myself. Now about that buckskin: Four or five years ago—must be five years—we bought a bunch of mares from Mr. McElvaney. This fellow, along with some other suckling colts, was included with the mares. So, you see, he belongs to us legally. A day or so after we had made the deal, but before we had put our brand on the stuff, the Third One—she was just a little kid then; maybe fourteen or fifteen—came r'aring over here with blood in her eye; said we had a colt that belonged to her personally—one she had traded her dad a calf for—and she wanted it back that very minute. Yes, sir, right now.

"We didn't know which one of the colts she was claiming; and besides, they had been turned out with the mares in one of our bunch-grass pastures. So we just kidded her along—had so much fun teasing her that we never did aim to let her round him up; figured we'd bring him in some day and give him to her for a present—or buy him from her. Didn't even know she had branded him. She must have done that before her dad sold him to us with the mares. Anyhow, he's your horse now. What are you going to do with him?"

"Watch me," said Archie. He uncoiled his rope and opened the gate of a branding chute that led into the corral where they were. The other end of the chute opened into the larger corral. "If one of you will reach in from the outside and open that other gate," he suggested.

Without further words, the Lorens left the breaking corral. One of them opened the chute gate and the other picked up a clod. The buckskin looked at that narrow open chute with curiosity. Such an opening might by chance lead to freedom. Then a clod struck him and he snorted, whirled and raced through the narrow passage. MacLeod, partly concealed by the farther gate, stood waiting in the corral. As the horse entered, his rope lifted in an opening circle from his side. So swift was the throw that while the horse was still in mid-leap the noose was fast about his forelegs. In the same instant MacLeod threw his weight against the rope and the battle had begun. The buckskin's front legs were jerked from under him and the momentum gained in his short swift flight through the chute was sufficient to throw him end for end across the corral. For a moment he lay stunned and gasping before he began to struggle, but with his front feet held high above the ground he was helpless for all his magnificent strength. MacLeod did not hog-tie him. Instead, he called the Lorens to his assistance. The buckskin's hind feet were roped and for a brief interval he was given the use of his front feet just long enough to permit him partly to rise from the ground.

It's surprising what a skilled worker can do with a single rope. So quickly that one could not follow the movements of his hands, MacLeod rigged a loop around the wild horse's body, knotted the rope between the forelegs close up under the deep chest, fastened a halterlike arrangement about the head and had two free ends left of ample length to be used as lead ropes. A pull on either of these free ends served to tighten the halter and body loop simultaneously.

"I got the idea from a picture I once saw," Archie explained modestly—"a picture of two old-timers leading a tiger. And I reckon this buckskin will be some tiger cat to handle. Most likely it will take two riders to lead him anywhere at all."

And that was the way they led him back to the McElvaney ranch—the Third One on one side and MacLeod on the other, with a lead rope looped securely around each saddle horn.

"You be riding him soon?" Jim asked as they led the horse out of the corral.

"Tomorrow morning," MacLeod answered promptly.

"Tomorrow will be Saturday, and you are going to the dance." Agnes reminded him. "Better wait until Sunday."

"She is intimating that I wouldn't be able to dance after riding this horse," Archie told the Lorens in an aggrieved tone. "Can't let her bawl me out thataway before strangers. So, as I said a moment ago, I'll be riding him tomorrow morning."

"I'd be pleased to ride herd for you," Jim said quickly.

"I'd be pleased to have you," Archie returned courteously.

"We'll both be there," John said.

Nor were the Loren brothers the only riders on that range who wanted to see the buckskin ridden. Early the next morning, by ones and twos, they began to come, until, as Mrs. McElvaney said, a body would ha' thought it was election day, or a fight, maybe.

To MacLeod it was to be a fight—a grim, desperate battle. He prepared himself not as a fighter prepares, physically; rather, his was a mental preparation, and he concentrated on the thing he was to do to the exclusion of all other thoughts. From time to time he went down to the corral where the buckskin had been kept during the night and studied him as if trying to measure the animal's strength, as if trying to understand this brute adversary's mental processes. And from time to time he found himself growing impatient, irritable, because the Lorens delayed their arrival. When they rode into the barn lot he waved a brief greeting and immediately went into the barn and got his saddle.

Willing riders led the buckskin out into an alfalfa field—a newly mowed field of smooth resilient sod some two hundred acres in extent. The Third One rode out with the men, carrying MacLeod's saddle behind her own. Swiftly the horse was blindfolded and saddled. MacLeod swung into the saddle, the blindfold was removed. The other riders—riding herd, as they called it—spread out in a wide circle. For a dazed moment the buckskin stood motionless, unaware that he was no longer held by the ropes. He moved his head slightly and then bit viciously at one of the stirrups—the first object he observed. MacLeod met the flashing teeth with a thrust of his spurred heel. In that instant the buckskin realized there was a living burden on his back. His next actions were instinctive, unreasoned. Down through long ages mates of his ancestors had died under the teeth and claws of panthers and cougars and their feline ancestors—living, clinging, clawing burdens that reached from a horse's back, biting and scratching at the jugular vein. His direct ancestors had escaped this death because of superior speed and superior fighting ability. Combined in the buckskin, these transmitted qualities had been developed to their ultimate degree. And now on his back was a living burden. MacLeod's sharp spurs were the claws.

Screaming with rage and fear, the buckskin leaped into the air and came down with legs widespread and stiff, his nose between his forefeet. Perhaps this was an instinctive effort to protect his throat from slashing claws. Perhaps, too, it was inherited knowledge that made him realize flight in an open country was futile with such a foe. Right in that one place he stayed for a time, bucking and whirling, screaming with anger at every jump. Then he made an attempt to be rid of MacLeod—such an attempt as none of the riders there had witnessed before. Old range men tell of a Wyoming horse that used the same trick twice and each time killed his rider, before a rifle shot finished his career. Straight down the field the buckskin started, weaving and sunfishing. Then with a forward leap, his body leaning sidewise at a sharp angle, he pulled his forefeet up under him, fell with frightful force on his shoulder and rolled over.

Later, no two of the watchers agreed as to just what happened next. But they did know that an instant later the horse was on its feet again and MacLeod was in the saddle, evidently unharmed. MacLeod says the horse's fall threw him forward over the saddle horn, that his body hit the horse's neck instead of the ground, that the horn and cantle of the saddle saved him from being crushed when the horse rolled—and the rest was merely a matter of getting up and in the saddle. Just that.

A moment later, while MacLeod was still riding hard and riding for his life, there came a touch of comedy. The field was cut by a wide shallow irrigating ditch. Into this ditch the wild horse plunged and deliberately lay down and rolled. MacLeod, wet to the waist, mounted again as the horse rose and bucked its way out to solid ground. There the outlaw paused and with lifted head sent forth a ringing challenge. MacLeod answered by reaching forward and raking a spur along the buckskin's neck. It seemed the horse went mad then for a moment as he tried to unseat his rider.

The Third One noticed John Loren edging in with a revolver in his hand. She spurred over to his side.

"What's the big idea?" she demanded.

"I want to be close enough to kill that screaming devil when he throws the lad—otherwise the horse will do the killing."

"Put up your gun, mister," the girl said tartly. "There's going to be no killing either way. That horse is as good as broke right now."

"Is he?" John exclaimed. "Look!"

Straight out across the field the buckskin had started again, weaving and sunfishing. Again came the wicked, leaning leap, the frightful fall and roll. This time the horse staggered as he rose, himself stunned and dazed by the force with which he had hit the ground. Again MacLeod sat in the saddle. His face was blanched and a trickle of blood came from his nostrils and ears; but his lips were drawn in a thin hard line and his eyes were clear and cold and pitiless. Like little knives his spurs ripped along the horse's neck and sides. He was cursing the buckskin now, urging him to further effort. But the buckskin was done. His frenzy of fear was past and his fighting and hatred had been of no avail. Now his superb intelligence was guiding him again, and he stood awaiting some directing impulse. Again and again the spurs ripped his quivering muscles, but still he stood waiting. Then MacLeod emitted a short hissing command and he stepped slowly forward.

(Continued on Page 169)

STANLEY

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As every man who works around the house knows, there is frequent need for a good, sharp chisel.

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My boys are happy because they are healthy. They are kept healthy by removing germs with Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy is so antiseptic that no other soap is needed.

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In cold weather Lifebuoy prevents chapping and cracking. In summer it relieves sunburn, prickly heat, mosquito bites. The cream lather soothes and often prevents infection. Every soap [illegible]

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Mothers

"... so gentle, soothing and invigorating"

Lifebuoy is so gentle and soothing, and yet so invigorating, that any woman with delicate skin could hardly fail to become fond of it after a few days' use.

I like it for children because it cleans so wonderfully and removes from their skin the germs and impurities children are so apt to pick up in play or from playmates.

Lives are too precious to trust to soaps that do not protect.

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"... keeps skin in fine condition"

I have always liked Lifebuoy for its clean, healthful odor, its excellent lather, its great cleansing power and its kindness to the skin.

It is wonderful for bathing. It gives one such a satisfying sense of immaculacy.

Its antiseptic lather is just what children need to prevent scratches from becoming infected and to remove all the grime and impurities from hands, face and knees.

I find that its frequent use keeps skin in fine condition—especially the hands and face.

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I recommend Lifebuoy to mothers for growing children who revel in dirt and play. An odor of cleanliness promises protection. Its smooth lather leaves skin purified and soothed.

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I do not like to deny my youngsters the joy of playing in dirt. But when the dirt is in a city park, it might prove dangerous but for the use immediately of Lifebuoy—with its comforting, antiseptic qualities

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I find that Lifebuoy not only benefits my skin and that of my baby, but especially do I see its desirable effects as an antiseptic agent for his frequent scratches or cuts and for skin irritations.

MRS. E. S. COWGILL, *Des Moines, Iowa*

The antiseptic Lifebuoy lather, with its delightfully *clean* odor is soothing to the tender scalp during a shampoo and to the grimy hands and faces often "touchy" with cuts and scratches For the face I have found it beneficial

MRS. W. E. ADAMS, *Charlotte, N.C*

know it protects

STUDY these wonderful Lifebuoy families—the fine intelligence of the mothers—the lovely, rosy health of the youngsters.

Why are these mothers and millions like them so enthusiastic about Lifebuoy? It is because they have learned from actual experience that Lifebuoy does protect the precious health of children—that the tender beauty of those little faces is guarded by Lifebuoy—that its constant use keeps skin in perfect condition—smooth, clear textured, radiant with health.

It is this loyal faith of mothers that has made Lifebuoy the most widely used toilet soap in the world.

Its purity, its gentle, wonderful germ-removing lather, its generous size and its clean antiseptic smell have won for Lifebuoy its permanent place in American homes.

A safeguard to health—a constant treat to the skin is Lifebuoy—*the Health Soap.*

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Orange-red Lifebuoy is made of pure palm fruit oil. You'll like its clean, quickly vanishing odor because you like cleanness

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After seeing the wonderful effect Lifebuoy had on my skin, I began using it for the baby's bath also, and a healthier, more beautiful boy it is hard to find.

We not only use Lifebuoy on our faces, hands and for the bath, but also as a shampoo. It beautifies the hair leaving it soft, abundant and wavy.

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Economical small homes made truly beautiful and strikingly individual with Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles

YOU combine lifelong durability with lasting beauty when you build of Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles. Yet the cost is low, indeed.

That's why architects and builders who specialize in small homes find Creo-Dipt Shingles so perfectly adapted to their needs. While these attractive shingles are decorative, they are also exceedingly practical. They never fade in streaks, therefore they save you much in upkeep and paint expense.

Protection, as well as beauty, is yours with Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles. They are cut from the finest of straight grained cedar—then treated with creosote—that wonderful preservative. They resist wind and weather without curling, rotting or warping. There is no upkeep cost, at all.

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Send 25c for our handsome Portfolio including fifty large photographs of Creo-Dipt homes—large and small—designed by prominent architects in all sections of the country.

If you own a dingy, unattractive, old house, rebeautify it with Creo-Dipt. Re-roof with these colorful shingles. Apply them directly over the old clapboards on the sidewalls. You will add immeasurably both to its appearance and its value. Our new booklet, "Giving the Old House a New Lease on Life," tells you how simple this is. Send for it—it's free.

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"CREO-DIPT"

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. AND CANADA

Stained Shingles
For Sidewalls and Roofs

(Continued from Page 164)

"Broke horse!" the Third One cried delightedly. "Oh, you buckaroo!"

John Loren rode in and took MacLeod's rope and pulled the buckskin's head up against his knee. The Third One edged her horse in between the two others and with her arm around MacLeod's waist helped him off the wild horse and onto hers.

"Seems to be a habit I'm acquiring—riding double with you," Archie said, forcing a wan smile. He was more nearly exhausted than he would have cared to admit.

"Not such a bad habit, at that," she assured him calmly. She turned in the saddle and began wiping the blood from his upper lip with her handkerchief. He drew back, a bit embarrassed, and took her handkerchief himself.

"I'll say he gave me a shaking. Some horse! Tell me, how much is he going to cost me?"

The girl's eyes twinkled.

"When I'm dealing off a horse I generally make terms—along about the third dance."

Archie looked at her blankly for a moment.

"Lookee here, young lady," he said finally, "what are you trying to frame up anyhow? Didn't you tell me you had a horse to sell? And didn't I ride out with you and help bring him in? Well, then, why don't you set a price on him?"

"After the third dance," Agnes said firmly.

"After the third dance!" Archie repeated plaintively. "It's after the third dance I'm supposed to make a little speech to Belle—or is it to Lucy I'm to make that speech? By that time any price you set on the horse will seem fair to me. Have a heart, girl. Let me know the worst now."

Agnes smiled.

"Listen!" she said in an undertone, because other riders had come up to congratulate MacLeod on the ride he had just made. "The Loren boys will be taking my sisters to the dance tonight, and you are to go in the car with pa and ma and me."

Archie had been making a jest of that third-dance business—continued to consider it a jest until the moment the Lorens drove up to the house that night. Belle and Lucy came down the stairs together. Belle went over to where he was sitting and spoke in an inviting, questioning undertone:

"You said once, didn't you, that you've a preference for some certain dance?"

"For the third," Archie told her promptly.

And Lucy—calm, tranquil, honest Lucy—spoke from the doorway where the Loren boys stood waiting.

"Don't forget that I'm going to save one or two dances for you," she reminded him.

"I'll claim all you'll let me have," he assured her.

He rose and went out on the porch with them; watched thoughtfully as the car purred out to the roadway. Calm, tranquil, honest Lucy! What a wife she would make for a fellow! Archie began to wonder if he was wrong in thinking a woman would be a handicap to a young fellow just starting out for himself; wondered, also, if Lucy was engaged to one of the Lorens; decided he would have a heart-to-heart talk with her along about the third dance.

He started back into the house and stopped at the foot of the stairway. A few steps above him Agnes stood. The Agnes he was accustomed to was a thin boyish figure, clad usually in worn and faded overalls—a sharp-tongued little person who had a knack of antagonizing him almost beyond words. The Agnes who stood before him now was a demure slender little body whose short wayward tangled curls had somehow been arranged in a most becoming style, and whose soft silk gown somehow seemed to change sharp angles into pleasing girlish curves.

"Well, mister," she said briskly, "did you pause for to admire me?"

"I did," Archie told her frankly, honestly. "And will you tell me, Miss McElvaney, why in the world you have been going around disguised as a tomboy? You couldn't expect a fellow to realize how good-looking you are that way."

"Oh-ho!" she exclaimed. "So I'm 'Miss McElvaney,' now that I've dolled up a bit. Isn't it surprising what a difference a little powder and a lipstick make? I'm glad you noticed the difference. A man who notices such little things, and who is smart enough to tell that he has noticed, is—well, promising material for a girl to work with. And now let's go to the garage and get the car. Pa and ma will be down in just a moment."

The dancing had commenced when they reached the hall. Archie stood with Agnes for a moment, sizing up the crowd. A young fellow who had watched the breaking of the buckskin that morning hailed him from the far end of the hall.

"Oh, you ridin' buckaroo!"

Archie smiled and lifted a hand in greeting. A murmur ran through the hall as men pointed him out to their companions. He looked down at Agnes and winked.

"Hail-the-conquering-hero stuff," he whispered.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "Just like a man to try to grab the spotlight. Can't you see that is meant for me and my new dress?"

Archie smiled again and held out his arms. He didn't want to miss the rest of that waltz.

Oh, the vitality of youth! That morning he had endured punishment which would have left an older man's muscles aching and lame for days. Now he was ready, eager and untired, to dance the night away. Agnes danced with him, yet away from him, her lithesome young body responding reflexively to every pulse of the music. She danced as one who dances alone, for the very love of rhythmic physical expression. MacLeod, himself a good dancer, made no effort at conversation. Why spoil perfect melody by chattering?

When the music stopped it chanced they were near Belle and her partner.

"Mine next," Archie said, and she nodded affirmatively.

He found that Belle danced as he had thought she would—provokingly, temptingly. But he had danced with girls like Belle before, so he acted rather diffident, as if he were lacking in sophistication. He had long since learned to let girls like Belle do all the leading.

Then he danced with Lucy—calm, tranquil, honest Lucy! She didn't dance so lightly as Agnes or as well as Belle. But she was a good dancer none the less. And such a woman! Archie made up his mind to ask her, during their third dance, if she believed in long engagements, and if not, how long she thought a girl should be willing to wait for a man to make—oh, a reasonably fair start in a business way.

He danced a second time with the Third One, a second time with Belle and a second time with Lucy. Then he went outside and lighted a cigarette. In the career he had planned for himself he had considered the taking of a wife as a reward for successful achievement—a luxury to be indulged in as such. He was not the man to kid himself into considering a wife as a necessity. But there was another question to be considered. When a man meets the living woman of his dreams, would he be tempting fate if he hesitated? Archie tossed away his half-smoked cigarette and went back into the hall, his mind fully made up. This would be the third dance and he intended to talk to Lucy.

As he entered he saw Lucy and John Loren waiting for the music to commence again, and in another part of the hall Belle stood beside Jim. His questing glance revealed Agnes, surrounded by a group of the younger men. To all appearances they were arguing over who was to dance with her next. She met his glance and smiled. A good-looking kid when she was dolled up, he thought—just the right sort for a little sister-in-law. He went across the hall to her.

"Mine next," he said, thus ending the argument being waged by the other men.

They danced in silence as before, with only an occasional word and answering nod and smile. When the music ceased they were near one of the doors and by common impulse they went outside. In a sheltered corner of the wide veranda Archie leaned against one of the pillars and reached for the ubiquitous cigarette. Agnes stood beside him, close beside him, with finger tips resting lightly on the veranda railing. She looked up at him sidewise, and a suggestion of a smile trembled on her lips. He paused with the cigarette halfway to his mouth.

"Do you know," he said, rather surprised at the discovery he had just made, "I've always thought your smile was a mean little smile. But it isn't; it's a wistful smile. Now who would have thought anything like that?"

Had Archie been of a really logical, analytical turn of mind he would have realized the next thing he did was not of his own volition. He tossed away his cigarette, patted her upturned cheek and brushed back and caressed her willful yellow curls. She reached and caught his hand away as if wounded by his caress.

"You'll be dancing with Lucy next—or will it be with Belle?" she said, and there was a bit of a catch in her voice.

"Why, bless your heart, honey," he answered softly, "didn't you keep count? That was our third dance, and so I brought you out here to tell you that you are the living woman of my dreams."

"No," she told him, "you would want a woman like Lucy, even-tempered and sweet."

"I want just you. Can you believe me?"

"Of course," she said simply—but not so simply as he thought.

Even in that moment, MacLeod's dominating passion was uppermost in his mind.

"About the buckskin," he said when a little later she rested her head against his shoulder. "Even though he'll be yours as well as mine, I'd like you to set a price on him."

"Why?" she demanded

Rather reluctantly he told of the deal he had made with the Lorens.

"And so, you see, in order to square myself with them, you'll have to set a price so that I can pay them for their interest in the horse."

"So that's the kind of deal you made with them, is it?" Her eyes lighted up with mischievous triumph and her impish smile returned. "Well, old blessed, you stay right here a moment." She slipped out of his arms and went dancing back into the hall. Almost immediately she returned, followed by the Loren brothers and her sisters. She snuggled brazenly into the protecting circle of Archie's arm and stood smiling at them.

"Well?" John queried.

"Well, old meanies!" she gloated. "Now I'm even with you for the way you've picked on me and teased me ever since I was a little kid."

"Yes?" Jim said. "How come?"

"That buckskin horse. My man here tells me you are to receive the same amount for your so-called interest as I ask for mine."

"Yes," John said. "What of it?"

"Just this"—her laughter rang out in a carol of glee—"I'm giving him my interest in the horse as an engagement gift."

For an instant the three men exchanged puzzled glances. What was the girl driving at anyhow? Jim Loren saw the joke first and began to laugh.

"We Lorens always stand pat on any deal we make," he told Archie. "We'll be glad to have you accept any interest we may have had in the horse as an engagement gift."

The Third One stood on tiptoe and took Archie's cheeks between her little brown hands.

"See!" she said. "I knew the first time I saw you that you needed a woman to look after your business interests." She pulled his head down and kissed him possessively. "Now let's beat it back into the hall before we miss the next dance."

Jim and Belle didn't even see them go. Jim was holding both of Belle's hands and in no uncertain tones was demanding a definite answer to an oft-asked question. But John, his arm comfortably around Lucy's waist, watched Agnes as she entered the hall with Archie.

"Fast work!" he commented. "Roped and halter broke between two dances. Fast work, even for the Third One."

"That's all you men know about such things," Lucy told him sagely. "Agnes got her rope on that lad the first time she saw him, and she's been gentling him ever since."

That's the secret of Blue Label Ketchup's popularity with men.

MOST MEN like tomato flavor—*and* in this old-fashioned ketchup the flavor is *all there*—not smothered with over-spicing or strong acid.

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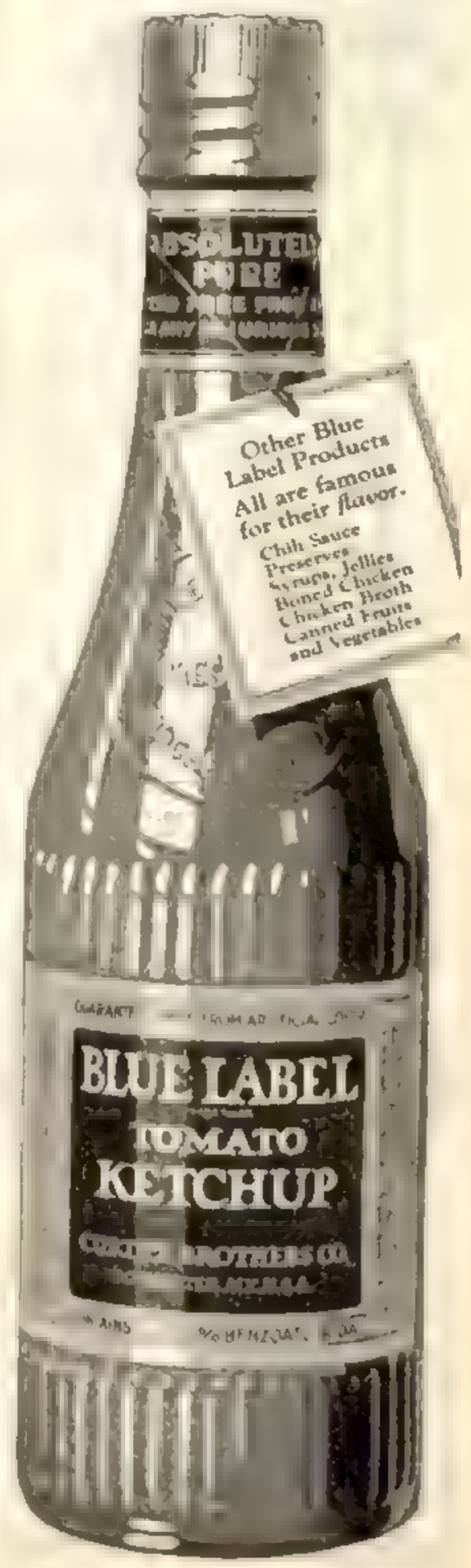

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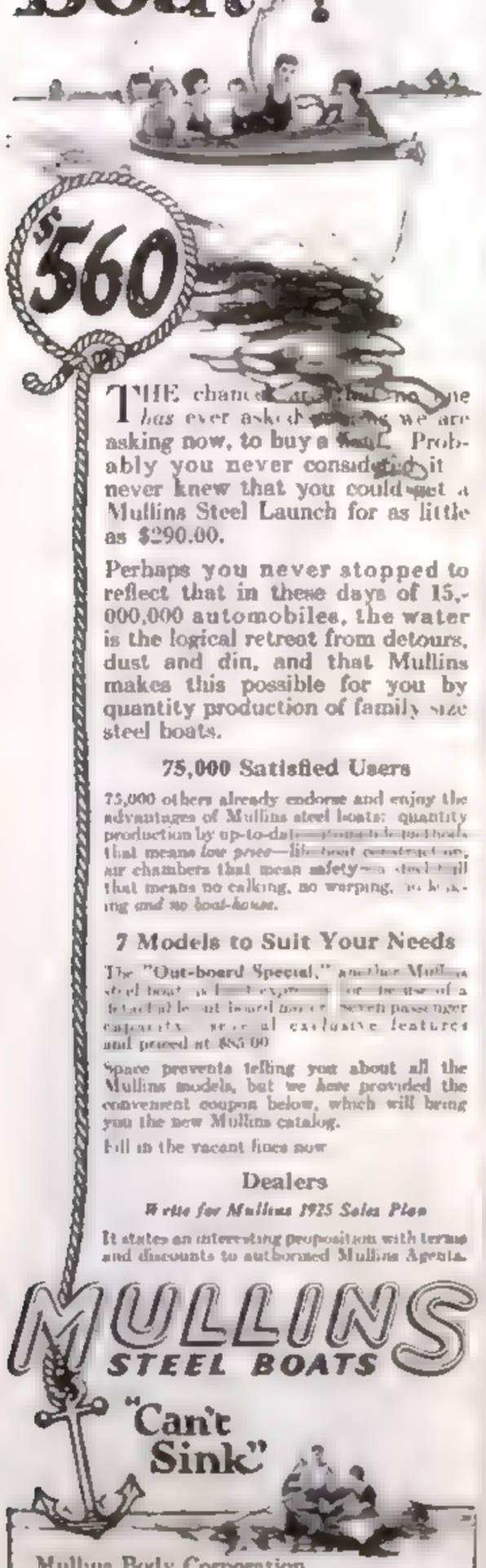

THE chance are that no one has ever asked you, as we are asking now, to buy a boat. Probably you never considered it never knew that you could get a Mullins Steel Launch for as little as $290.00.

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It states an interesting proposition with terms and discounts to authorized Mullins Agents.

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THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 27)

light at night grow to twice the size of those subjected to daylight alone. However, the field for discovery in this line of activity is mostly virgin, so that we may expect to see a rapid advance toward the inauguration of factory methods on most of our American farms.

The value to agriculture of the work of men like Luther Burbank is beyond calculation. Each year this man evolves a dozen or more varieties of fruit, flowers or vegetable. From a single seed he grew one potato plant that has become the ancestor of a long and famous line. When a wealthy client gave him a hurry-up order for 20,000 prune trees, Mr. Burbank showed the depth of his ingenuity.

Prune trees could not be grown quickly, but almonds sprout as rapidly as corn, so he planted 30,000 almonds, which speedily grew into sturdy little trees that were set into nursery rows.

A short time later a crew of workers were turned loose gathering buds in a near-by prune orchard, and within a few days the prune buds had been grafted into the little almond stalks. The result was that 20,000 prune trees were delivered on time and another astonishing achievement was added to the long list of Burbank accomplishments.

Even our deadly tropical jungles are being converted into safe and profitable farm land. As a matter of fact, the bans of disease are being rapidly lifted from mankind in all parts of the world. Antitoxins are eliminating such diseases as scarlet fever and diphtheria. A study of our endocrine glands promises to give us mastery over many human ills.

Slowly but surely we are conquering the diseases that are chiefly responsible for premature death. Just as the discovery of insulin helps to control diabetes, so other scientific disclosures are serving effectively to extend the span of human life. In 1816 the average expectancy of life at birth was only twenty-four years, due, of course, to the very high rate of infant mortality. Now it is nearly sixty years, and in another quarter of a century it is quite possible that man will achieve the span of life allotted to him by the Scriptures—three score and ten.

Electricity of the Body

Some diseases, such as cancer, remain unconquered. A recent report shows that 500,000 people die of cancer each year in civilized lands. The annual increase of 2.5 per cent is not an actual rise in cancer cases, but is due to the increase in the average length of life which makes more people live to the cancer age.

The further we go in science, the more it becomes evident that the basic something which lies beyond the edge of our present understanding is electrical in nature. It is possibly along this road we must travel to acquire a better understanding of the mind.

The human body is quite similar to a generating station. Every muscular action is accompanied by an electrical manifestation. Every beat of the human heart generates a degree of voltage that supplies valuable evidence to the expert. We now consider that an accidental shock from 110 volts is a matter of small consequence. How wonderful it is then to realize that we have developed instruments that will make visible the minute electrical manifestations of the human heart. Even the antenna of the ordinary radio receiving set now handles electrical impulses that amount to less than a microvolt, or one-millionth of a volt. In this amazing realm of vibrations wonderful results are being obtained in the field of medicine through the use of such agencies as the X-ray and ultra-violet rays.

New knowledge is coming fast as a result of diligent research.

For years it was assumed that the efficacy of cod-liver oil in the treatment of rickets was due solely to this oil's high content of fat-soluble vitamin. Recently, however, it was discovered that people suffering from rickets can be cured by exposure to ultra-violet light produced from a mercury-vapor quartz lamp. The question arose immediately as to the possibility of there being a relationship between sunshine and substances curative of rickets. The mystery was dispelled a short time ago when research disclosed that cod-liver oil itself gives off ultra-violet light sufficiently strong to cloud a photographic plate in a dark room. Additional investigative work proved that sunlight so acts on various foods that it creates within the food a vitamin or similar factor which has antirachitic properties. It is the effect of these properties that makes it possible for the body to utilize mineral salts and convert them into bone material.

In other words, we are getting a much clearer idea of the influence of solar energy on the physiology of the human body, as well as on plant life.

On every hand we are witnessing a strong offensive movement against the strongholds of disease. Of course, many of the new remedies announced fail to qualify. Chlorine treatment for colds has not succeeded in getting universal approval. However, for each proposal rejected a dozen new remedies are suggested. In London the most recent plan for treating bronchitis and similar ailments is to keep the patients in a glass case or room filled with air containing double the amount of oxygen present in normal atmosphere.

It may be some time before the span of life of the average man will reach figures extending far beyond the century mark, as is predicted by optimistic investigators. Likewise we may not realize the forecast of Doctor Nichols, who sees disease conquered in fifty years. But if we accept the present rate of progress as a criterion of what is coming, then the future is bright with hope, notwithstanding the neglect of the medical fraternity to give more attention to preventive measures and less thought to cures.

The fact that stands out in all this is the warfare that science is waging against waste. We hear a lot of talk about the factors that bring us success and prosperity. The truth is that most of the benefits and advantages we possess can be traced directly to scientific developments. If we go on depleting our forests at the present rate we shall be without a timber supply in fifty years. The chemist steps in and says

"You are using 7000 tons of news print daily in the United States. Surveys indicate that half this paper can be collected. By following out such a plan and de-inking your old newspapers, it is possible to effect a saving equal to the cut each year on thousands of acres carrying crops that required 100 years to grow."

We take this advice and are employing various methods of de-inking a large part of our newspaper tonnage. One recent scheme employs bentonite as the peptonizing agent in conjunction with alkalies, and the results have been so successful that it is likely we have here a practice of such importance as to influence our entire forestry problem.

Artificial rot-proof woods are being manufactured largely from former wastes. In one scheme a mixture of 50 per cent sawdust and 50 per cent chalk and chemicals is made and then subjected to heavy pressure. The product of this process is like oak, and can be planed, sawed, nailed, painted or varnished. It only burns at a high temperature and will not deteriorate in water. Synthetic woods closely resembling pasteboard are being produced from leaves, twigs, sawdust and other wood waste.

Another proved plan is to use corncobs, which process gives us a product that can be shaved, nailed, glued or turned in a lathe. One large automobile company makes car bodies from a converted wood, while another concern uses products of the pulp-and-paper industry to manufacture a vulcanized fiber, which is hard as iron, light as aluminum, easy to work and impervious to water. This latter substance takes the place of many metals, leather and hard rubber articles.

Uses for Corncobs

A few years ago we were wasting in the United States about 20,000,000 tons of corncobs each year. Our chemists looked into the matter and now a large tonnage of cobs is being used to produce furfural, a substitute for formaldehyde. Five years ago all the furfural was being used as a laboratory reagent and its price was thirty dollars a pound. Now we get five tons of furfural each day by treating fifty tons of cobs, and the price is twenty-five cents a pound. This accomplishment will be of great benefit to industry generally, because furfural is useful as a fungicide, germicide, preservative and varnish remover, while its resins should find a ready market with the manufacturers of electrical instruments, radio equipment and phonograph records.

A few years ago the average farmer believed corncobs were without value. Now there is one Western district that grows a certain kind of Indian corn for no other reason than that its large cobs make excellent tobacco pipes. One inquisitive fellow found that he procured a maple-sugar flavor when he boiled cobs with water, and that meat smoked with cobs has a better flavor than that from hickory.

In times past 80 per cent of the gross production of our slate quarries was discarded as waste. Now we pulverize this waste into a flour and use it as a filler to give body and wearing qualities to all kinds of rubber articles.

Not so long ago the huge piles of cotton seed that rotted on the ground were a worry to the farmers of the South. Now the value of products obtained from cotton seed in the United States

(Continued on Page 172)

Proving That Autos Could be Steered With Such Accuracy as to Miss Barrels, at the First Auto Show in New York

Music Master Success

Model VI, $30
14" wood bell,

Model VII, $35
21" wood bell,

Connect Music Master in place of headphones. No batteries. No adjustments

Price of all models slightly higher in Canada

Music Master
Resonant Wood Insures Natural Tone Quality

—its true significance

THE advent of Music Master sounded the death knell of the mere "loud speaker." For it transformed the radio receiving set into a musical instrument—a triumph of re-creative art.

Two years ago Music Master's full-voiced volume and characteristic tone qualities heralded the New Era of Radio Art. It made possible the re-creation of Supreme Music, Song and Speech in the wonderful stellar programme now an established feature of American nation-wide broadcasting.

Music Master does more than reproduce—it interprets, it re-creates—it transforms mere radio receiving into artistic enjoyment. Music Master has been inadequately imitated, but never equaled. Music Master remains the supreme *musical instrument of radio*—and there IS no substitute.

MUSIC MASTER—The Ultimate of Artistic Radio Re-creation

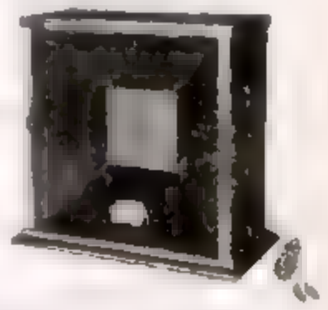
Model VIII, Mahogany Cabinet with "full floating" wood bell $35

Music Master's precision instrument is the acme of scientific perfection. Music Master's tone chamber of heavy cast aluminum is a marvelous mold of sound without distortion. Music Master's amplifying bell of resonant wood gives to every sound its full, vibrant qualities and its natural and lifelike characteristics.

Music Master's manufacturers hold that every purchase of their product carries with it an implicit pledge of unreserved and unconditional protection. Back of your dealer's full and unfailing service stands the Music Master Corporation to guarantee its products direct, to anyone, anywhere, at any time.

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus
Tenth and Cherry Streets
Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario



Model V, Wood Bell, Metal Cabinet, Mahogany finish . . $18

What Mrs. Gould *wrote to* Jane Curran

"I was fast earning my heritage of the grey Stedmans' and also the baldness of another line. That I have escaped both is due to your splendid remedies"

MRS. LAURA STEDMAN GOULD

RARELY indeed does a woman like Mrs. Gould write such a letter. And this is even more remarkable because its indorsement was wholly unsolicited. Yet Mrs. Gould's letter is but one of hundreds written to Jane Curran because of keen appreciation of what her methods and preparations do for hair.

Who is Jane Curran?

For more than forty years, Jane Curran has cared for the hair of New York's most prominent men and women. And so successfully—so thick, gleaming and attractive does hair become under Miss Curran's methods—that her patrons are asked constantly for her name and address.

Now, so insistent is the demand, Miss Curran makes her treatments available to you and has put into a little book, "The Secret of Beautiful Hair," a full description of her preparations, and methods for their use. If you would have beautiful hair—lustrous and abundant—a thick and gleaming mass—write for Miss Curran's book today. Send no postage. Just your name and address in the coupon (below) or write on your regular stationery.

But—please do not write for Miss Curran's book unless you realize fully that, to have fine hair, you must give it attention—regular, steady, continuous. Your scalp is part of your skin. And must be so treated. Your scalp and hair must have as much attention as you give to face and hands—to caring for your teeth, your nails or your complexion

If all scalps were exactly alike, it would be comparatively easy to prescribe treatments for hair difficulties. But—as scalps and hair differ widely, it is necessary to have different remedies for different ailments in order to restore natural conditions

And this is exactly what Jane Curran does

Modern Methods of Hair-dressing

The increasingly popular "bob" and all the attractive wave effects put upon the hair and scalp unusual requirements. And effects of heat and irons cannot be successfully withstood without unusual care. It is now more than ever necessary to give your hair and scalp attention—regular, steady, habitual. Only in this way may you expect your scalp to keep its vigor, and your hair to retain its natural beauty—the sheen and softness of perfect health.

If your hair is coming out, or getting prematurely grey—if it is dull and lifeless, or the ends are split—if you have dandruff (a parasitic disease) or other scalp irritation—if your scalp is too oily, or too dry—or, if your hair is, in any way, unnatural, then this is of interest to you. For it leads to hair health and beauty.

Write for Miss Curran's book today. It is yours for the asking. Send no postage. Use the coupon

FREE

Jane Curran, 1032 Curran Laboratories
130 William Street, New York

Please send your book,
"The Secret of Beautiful Hair," to—

Name _____

No. _____ Street

City _____ State

(Continued from Page 170

last year was in excess of $200,000,000. Instead of being a nuisance, the seed now represents a large part of the total value of the entire cotton crop. Mattresses are stuffed with cottonseed linters. Eggs are fried in cottonseed oil, or fats derived from the seed. Soaps, paints and washing compounds contain a percentage of this same oil, while other products of the same seed go into combs, artificial silks, writing paper, artificial leather, explosives and salad dressing. We pack fish in cottonseed oil and fatten cattle on cottonseed hulls and meal. The latest move has been to take the oil out of the soap kettle, remove its odor and taste and convert it into an edible product. The perfection of the hydrogenation process has provided a market that will soon be utilizing practically all the cottonseed-oil production.

On every hand the benefits of science reach us unrecognized. A way was found recently to fuse old and new rubber, and this accomplishment, though scarcely noticed, will doubtless save dollars for automobile owners. The metallurgist has given us an improved mild steel that will enable us to use thinner ship plates so that we can ship heavier cargoes with the same engine horse power. He has given us a new process that extends the use of iron to temperatures where it could not be employed before, and we have a new alloy of iron and nickel that makes it possible to increase greatly the speed of sending cablegrams.

On the heels of the discovery of a way to transmit photographs by telephone and radio comes news of a proved process to send the finger prints of criminals by telephone. This development will cut costs through making it unnecessary to hold suspects several days in jail. While we are meeting with only mediocre success in trying to reduce crime by education, science is busy making it impossible for anyone to dispose of a body or hide a crime. Traces and trails that seem of no importance to the layman, in the hands of the scientist frequently tell the whole sordid story of an unlawful act. The microscope magnifies evidence 900 times; and if this is not sufficient, the expert calls into service the more delicate microspectroscope. Often a scrap of bone will tell the age, sex, height and other important facts relating to the victim. In several instances a piece of skin has sufficed to establish identity, while a hand will generally disclose a considerable part of an entire life story.

Shaking Out the Facts

One expert in crime detection devotes his attention entirely to dust. Recently he was confronted with three prisoners whose occupations he had to ascertain. The clothes of each man were placed in separate paper bags, then shaken, and the dust collected and analyzed. As a result it was clearly shown that one man was a mason, another a carpenter and the third a coal dealer.

Science is revolutionizing old industries and creating new ones. Just as the microscope gave us startling disclosures, new and highly developed microphones are opening a sound realm of vast possibility. The range of the human ear covers sounds running from forty vibrations a second to

A New German "Subsea Armor" For Salvaging Sunken Treasure

20,000. The field now being opened will very likely go up to 1,000,000 vibrations a second. The value of such a discovery may be surmised by considering an allied field. For years we knew only two kinds of ether vibrations—heat that we could feel and visible light that we could see. Then came X-rays, electric waves, ultra-violet, or actinic, rays and radio waves.

Certain lines of manufacture can only be carried on with success under certain climatic conditions. It was England's climate that first made that country a leader in the production of textiles. Industries then were forced to go to the climate; now we bring the climate to the industry. For instance, in the manufacture of sanitary ware, the practice had been to keep the green ware in racks from two to eight weeks until it became bone-dry, so that it might be baked. Now, with a proper kind of artificial weather inside the plant, the green ware is dried in a few hours, ready for the firing process. The introduction of this plan alone increased the productive capacity of one company 126 per cent.

A few years ago the sole source of basic materials for the yeast business was the American brewer. Almost before we knew it, prohibition had come and the brewer was put out of business. Fortunately a few of the yeast companies had been farsighted enough to engage in research, so that when the problem arose they were ready to meet it by quickly devising a method to make yeast out of molasses. As is so often the case, this yeast was better than that produced by the old process, and cost less.

Sometimes it is no less important to find ways to widen the uses of the things we have than it is to discover means to save time and material. The curse of the rubber industry was the fact that the product was employed for so few purposes. Not even the tremendous development of the automobile was sufficient to provide a market for the increasing output of rubber. Science was appealed to, and now the milk, or latex, of rubber is used in the place of linseed oil in making putty to cement window glass to its frame and provide an absolutely waterproof joint. Most substances used in mattresses and upholstered furniture lose their resiliency by usage. Such disadvantages are overcome when the stuffing is first impregnated with rubber latex. After impregnation, the rubber may be vulcanized and the elastic stuffing thus obtained can be removed and washed at will. Rubber cement will fasten metal to glass, wax cloth to wood, paper to metal and mica to mica, making a waterproof joint. The latex of rubber finds great use in the manufacture of waxes, as a cement binder in linoleums and other composition flooring and wall boards, for making water-tight pipe joints and for waterproofing cases and cartons.

Perhaps there is no better example of the present tendency to develop new uses for old products than the common potato. For some years we have used it as a raw material in the manufacture of alcohol, starch and yeast; but now the Germans are using dried potatoes to replace 30 per cent or more of the malt in beer. Juices and alcoholic liquors are being bleached with a potato powder, while this same product mixed with oil of turpentine makes a good shoe polish.

Instead of depending entirely on the output of potash obtained from the earth by mining, we are getting a large and superior grade of potash by burning the stalks of sunflowers, which are extensively grown for that purpose in a number of places, especially Russia. When properly handled, this plant provides a yield of potash averaging 175 pounds to the acre.

Accidental Discoveries

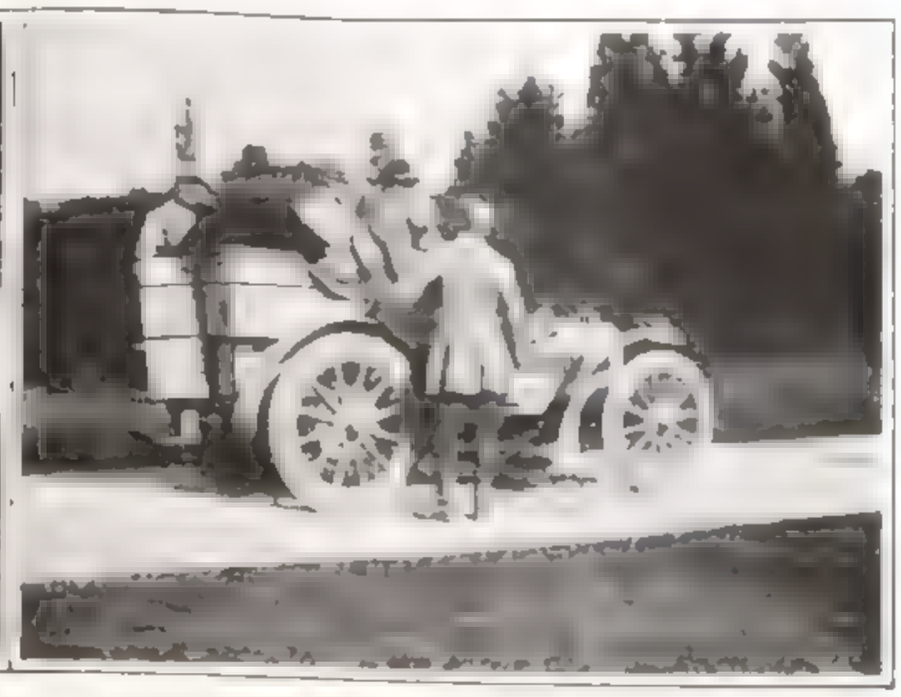
The chief source of sugar has been sugar cane. Now one large American corporation is turning out approximately 500,000 pounds of corn sugar daily at a price 25 per cent below the cost of cane and beet sugar. Much of the sugar content in the bread and ice cream we consume has been derived from corn.

Very often we make our discoveries purely by accident. Such was the case a short time ago when one of the workmen in a plant being unable to obtain any hooch, took a good swallow of butyl alcohol. The effects more than exceeded his fondest expectations, for he passed out cold and remained insensible for twenty-four hours. Just as the doctors were about to give him up for dead he came to, apparently no worse for his experience. This incident gave the chemists an idea, and in a short time they brought forth from butyl alcohol a substance called butane, which may sometime serve as a satisfactory substitute for cocaine.

Science is transforming business from a routine grind into a romantic adventure. We are making our culm banks and gold dumps give up the fortunes that our predecessors tossed away. We are planning to utilize our new knowledge of air pressure to recover sunken ocean treasures worth tens of millions of dollars. For centuries the records of ships that have gone down in the ocean have been carefully preserved and the spots of sinking are known.

Continued on Page 177

Barney Oldfield Tuning Up for a Race



Harry Payne Whitney in One of His First Cars

The history of "Wear-Ever" *is the history of modern kitchens*

A Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" *Utensils Are Now In Use*

Which paint store

The correct material for any painting job regardless of what clerk waits upon you

WHICH paint store in your town is "Paint Headquarters?"

It is that store that saves you costly mistakes by means of the unique Household Guide that *stops* mistakes in painting.

It is that store that is run on the knowledge that each surface in your home needs *its own type of paint*—that the same is true of varnishes, of stains and enamels.

That store, in securing the Household Painting Guide for you, has done a great thing.

You are served there, not merely waited upon.

It is now simple and safe for you to buy paints, varnishes, stains and enamels.

The Household Painting Guide is as easy to use as a color card. On a line with each surface are the correct materials—each specially made.

Save this copy of the "Guide" and order by name.

Go to "Paint Headquarters," *in your town, to get the benefit of the Household Guide.*

The Household Guide is shown in the window and inside the store. You will deal with a *merchant*—benefit by his experience. Let him suggest some good painters when you want skilled help. Ask him for a copy of an even more extensive "Guide."

You can get free individual suggestions on any decorative work for the asking—write to the Sherwin-Williams Dep't of Home Decoration. A helpful booklet on painting problems (B-450) and a set of handsome color plates giving special decorative ideas also sent without charge. For the most complete book on Home Decoration ever issued send 50c (65c in Canada). Richly illustrated with many plates in color. Contains 177 pages of authoritative information compiled by experts. Write Dept. B-435, 601 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O.

Who wants a new dining room?

Try this easy way: Plan a brand new *color scheme*. You never would know your old dining room for the same place. Original lovely effects are produced every year by owners who find it fascinating and easy. A color scheme to set off any furnishings—even a new color scheme for the furniture if desired. A dining room that adds new interest to your entire home—a new room which reflects your taste.

Help that *is help*

Good painters on big jobs mean good work. If you have a painting job that calls for a painter ask Paint Headquarters for the names of good men. *If you hire a painter, hire a good one.*

gives you this?

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE

TRADE MARK

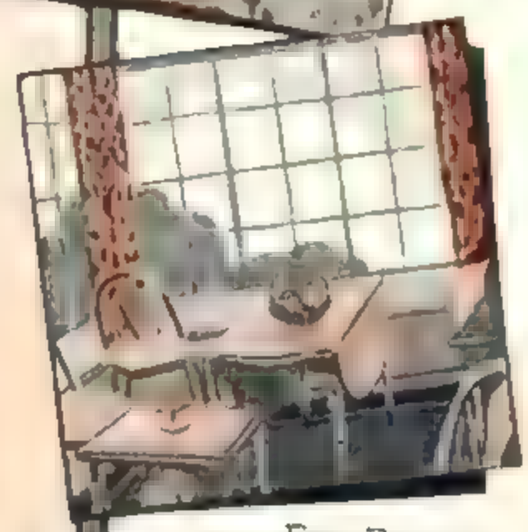
SURFACE	TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel: for the man who paints his own car	S-W Auto Enamel Clear: a colorless varnish		S W Auto Enamel: assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS and SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint: a full oil gloss S-W Concrete Wall Finish. dull finish			Old Dutch Enamel: full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone: the washable flat oil paint	Scar-Not Varnish: for wood work only; such as beamed ceilings, etc	S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood Floorlac: varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	Enameloid: assorted colors
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white gray ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish. a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish: gloss Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044: dries to a dull finish without rubbing	Floorlac: a varnish and stain combined S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	Enameloid: assorted colors
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting spar varnish	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white gray ivory, for interior and exterior
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic (iron or wire only) S-W Roof and Bridge Paint. for rough work		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint: stands repeated scrubbing	Mar-Not Varnish: water resisting, heel-proof	Floorlac: a varnish and stain combined	S-W Inside Floor Paint: the enamel-like finish
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish: wears well, washes well			S-W Concrete Floor Finish: high gloss, durable
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid: the decorative enamel	Scar-Not Varnish: stands hard usage	Floorlac: a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
Porch	Enameloid: assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Enameloid: assorted colors
HOUSE or GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel: enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint: stands repeated scrubbing	Mar-Not Varnish: protects the pattern		S-W Inside Floor Paint: the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone: flat oil paint S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid: assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol: black coal tar paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint: assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac: finishes with a varnish and stain combined	Enameloid: assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone: the washable flat oil paint SWP House Paint: a full oil gloss			Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect Enameloid: assorted colors
WICKER	Enameloid: high gloss assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish: durable, elastic	Floorlac: a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	SWP House Paint: gloss Flat-Tone: flat oil paint	Scar-Not Varnish: high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044: dries dull without rubbing	S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood S-W Oil Stain: for new soft wood Floorlac: for new or old wood a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss any form of enamels, specified by leading architects Enameloid: assorted colors

For Removing Paint and Varnish use Taxite—quick—easy—thorough—economical—can be used by anyone—on any surface.

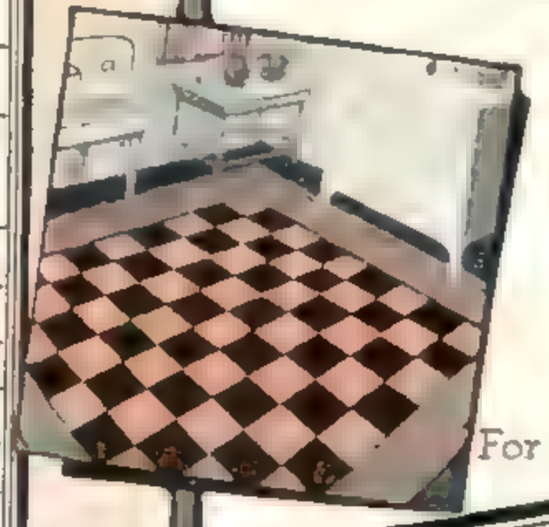
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For Cleaning Painted and Varnished Surfaces use Flaxoap. Made from linseed oil—contains no free alkali—restores original lustre.

For front Doors



For Furniture



For Linoleum

New!

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Payment Plan

Arrangements have now been perfected by Sherwin-Williams whereby the painting of residential property may readily be arranged on a convenient payment basis. Recognized business practise is now therefore made available to the property owner without difficulty or red tape. The Sherwin-Williams Paint Headquarters Dealer will gladly give you full information

© 1925 Sherwin-Williams Co.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

CORROSION
is the cancer of metal

Can the Pipe in Your Property Resist It?

MORE slowly, but no less surely, than the strongest acid, water eats its way through the hardest steel, finally reducing it to a heap of rust. What can be done to protect *your* pipe from the devastating action of corrosion? Nothing except the exercise of foresight.

In passing on the plans for buildings which they are asked to finance, nationally known investment bankers insist that Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe be used, instead of cheaper pipe. The Chicago Tribune Building, the most modern of office structures, is fitted with Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. And day by day more property owners and prospective builders consider wrought iron pipe the essential safeguard against damage from pipe leaks.

You, too, can guard against the annoyance, the damage and expense certain to result from leaky pipe by specifying Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe when building or remodeling. For rust-resisting qualities, combined with economy, there is no other metal to compare with genuine wrought iron.

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PA.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

Boston	New York	Philadelphia	Baltimore
Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	Chicago	Seattle
St. Louis	Los Angeles	Houston	Tulsa

READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 172)

A new method of easily and quickly measuring the salinity of different parts of our oceans will soon give us accurate knowledge of the paths of all ocean currents, and may help to detect the coming of icebergs. Wireless will soon supplant the telephone in mines, for already messages have been distinctly heard 3000 feet below the earth's surface.

A barber in one city has equipped all his chairs with telephones so his patrons can attend to business while getting their hair cut. Radio ear phones will be the next bid of barbers for trade.

We are coming rapidly to a time when some of our ships of the air will have no pilots, being steered only by radio. Oxygen and artificial heat will be provided for aviators driving planes at altitudes of eight or ten miles, where the effects of gravitation will be so minimized that speeds of from 300 to 1000 miles an hour will be attained. Of course, at such great heights, the rarity of the atmosphere would make it necessary to use compressors for the motor and have propellers with adjustable blades so that the pitch of the blades could be altered with the density of the air. With engines developing 2000 or more horse power in planes traveling at such high altitudes, who can say we shall not breakfast in New York and dine in London the same day?

Soon mooring masts and landing fields will be everywhere, and each body of water will have its air ports for seaplanes. In all parts of our country will be beacons and searchlights to provide illumination for night flying. Every up-to-date community will have an aerial taxi service. Aërial Pullmans leaving railway stations on ordinary tracks will be hauled to aerodromes outside our cities, where the coach, shedding its wheels, will slide into position above a powerful pneumatic-tired airplane chassis, to which it will be bolted, thus transforming a railway car in a few minutes into a safe and speedy airplane. Other planes will be doing all kinds of work—spotting forest fires, fighting the gypsy moth, making maps of mining and railroad layouts and using aërial cameras and planimeters in reporting the probable size of growing crops. Great ships of the air will be engaged in a variety of transportation work, running all the way from conveying passengers overseas to carrying cotton from Southern fields to New England mills.

The Shenandoah's Exploit

Recent flights have shown the great serviceability of lighter-than-air ships when filled with helium. It has been proved that they can navigate successfully in the face of high winds and heavy storms. The Shenandoah outflew one of the greatest hurricanes that the North Atlantic coast has ever experienced. The TC-3 survived the accidental explosion of an aërial bomb which would have completely destroyed a hydrogen-filled airship.

The big problem has been the question of adequate helium at low cost. That this difficulty has been lessened is indicated by discoveries just made. Until about a month ago the biggest helium plant in Texas recovered only 61 per cent of the available helium at a cost of more than five cents a cubic foot. The new process is said to recover 95 per cent of the helium at a cost below three cents a cubic foot. This means that there may soon be an excess of helium over the Government's requirements and this excess will be available for commercial dirigibles.

Furthermore, the Navy will probably build large airships and lease them to commercial companies, for investigations already made show that these vessels can operate profitably with three-cent helium. It is also safe to say that our natural-gas companies could supply and maintain helium for more than 100 ships having capacities up to 10,000,000 cubic feet, or four times the size of the ZR-3. Equipped with mercury-vapor turbines and other modern devices, we may expect to see advances in aërial transportation surpassing our greatest expectations. Folks will cross the ocean free of grime, dirt and seasickness, and will travel with safety over routes that the crow flies.

As a matter of fact, no one possesses an imagination sufficient to portray the marvels of a near tomorrow. Already the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey is using a new method of marine surveying that employs both radio and sound waves. Some of the Berlin police use portable radio sets to obtain assistance when needed. In Vienna they have installed transmitters at fire headquarters and receivers on fire engines and other apparatus. This not only makes it possible for headquarters to keep in touch by radio with the men en route to a fire but enables the chief to transmit orders recalling apparatus or redirecting it to other places. The possibilities of radio are without end, and none is more important than the likelihood that this invention will do more than all else to bring civilized peoples to use a common language.

Traffic on Three Levels

The coming American city will be a modern Venice, with flowing tides of motors instead of water. There will be three levels for traffic—the lowest for rail, the middle for wheeled vehicles and the top level for pedestrians. Surface cars will go out of business. The sidewalks will be arcaded under the buildings and people will go about free of rain, snow and the heat of the sun. Devices will be installed so that earthquakes can be predicted with more accuracy than we now forecast the weather. In some earthquake zones these disasters will be robbed of their terrors by builders following the suggestion of architects and using a combination of bearings, springs and shock absorbers in the foundations of their structures.

The scientific advances that will be made during the next few decades will represent more progress than had previously been made in all recorded history. We shall probably see the $150 airplane. Ocean-going vessels fitted with gyroscopes will double the speed of transatlantic travel. New and far more sensitive films will make it possible to record the natural tints and colors when a motion picture is being photographed. Then the color of a woman's eyes and hair, the tint of the sea and the hues of the rainbow itself will be a natural part of every motion-picture play. Radio will be a permanent fixture on all through trains, and hundreds of arts, such as refrigeration, insulation and illumination, will be developed to an extraordinary degree.

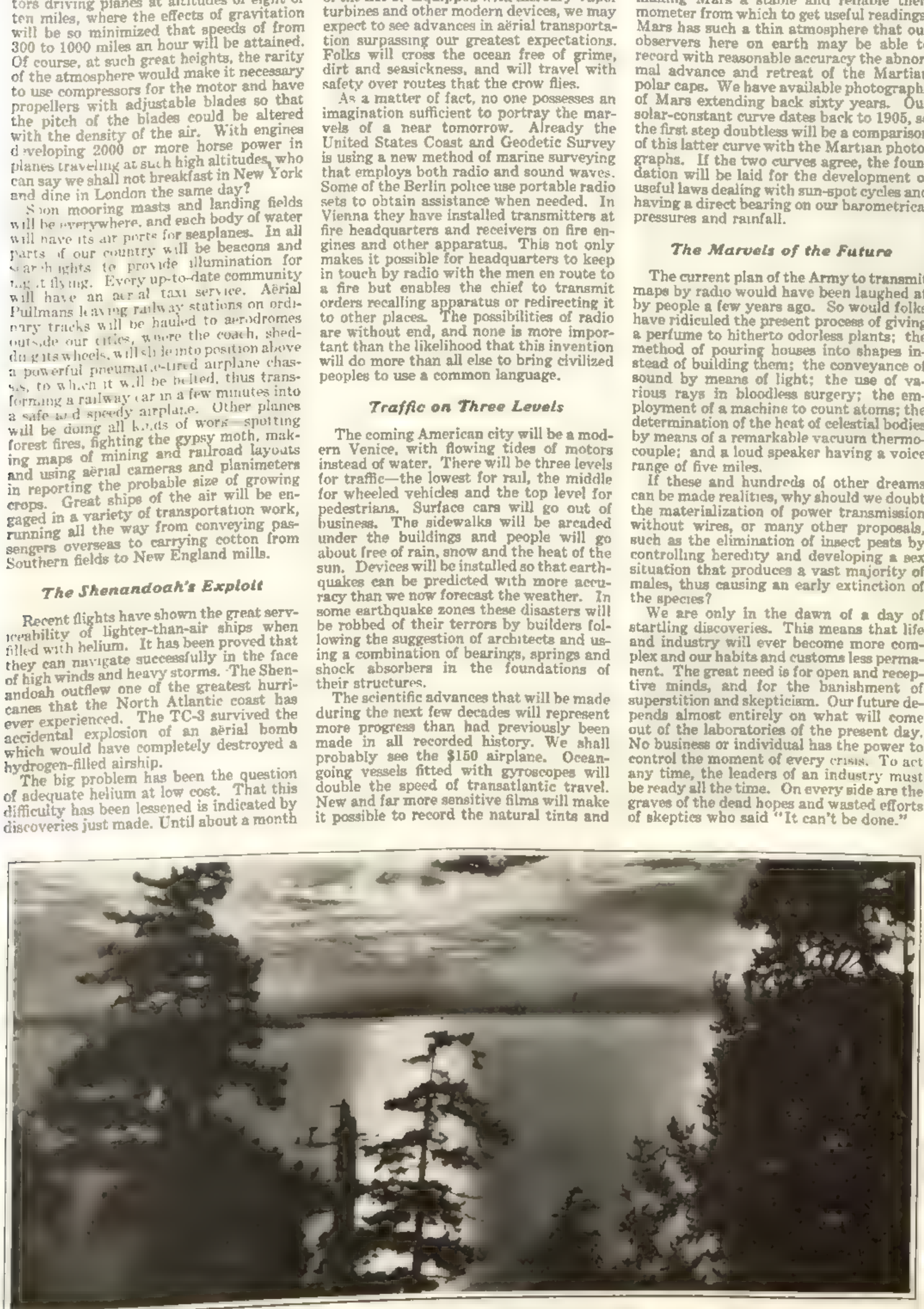
Floods will be forecast so far in advance and with such accuracy that property losses from this cause will be reduced to a minimum. And as for the infant art of long-range weather forecasting, we shall likely find this branch of science developed into a practical service of great value to every line of business. The present solar-constant system that is giving such interesting results will doubtless be strengthened by making Mars a stable and reliable thermometer from which to get useful readings. Mars has such a thin atmosphere that our observers here on earth may be able to record with reasonable accuracy the abnormal advance and retreat of the Martian polar caps. We have available photographs of Mars extending back sixty years. Our solar-constant curve dates back to 1905, so the first step doubtless will be a comparison of this latter curve with the Martian photographs. If the two curves agree, the foundation will be laid for the development of useful laws dealing with sun-spot cycles and having a direct bearing on our barometrical pressures and rainfall.

The Marvels of the Future

The current plan of the Army to transmit maps by radio would have been laughed at by people a few years ago. So would folks have ridiculed the present process of giving a perfume to hitherto odorless plants; the method of pouring houses into shapes instead of building them; the conveyance of sound by means of light; the use of various rays in bloodless surgery; the employment of a machine to count atoms; the determination of the heat of celestial bodies by means of a remarkable vacuum thermocouple; and a loud speaker having a voice range of five miles.

If these and hundreds of other dreams can be made realities, why should we doubt the materialization of power transmission without wires, or many other proposals, such as the elimination of insect pests by controlling heredity and developing a sex situation that produces a vast majority of males, thus causing an early extinction of the species?

We are only in the dawn of a day of startling discoveries. This means that life and industry will ever become more complex and our habits and customs less permanent. The great need is for open and receptive minds, and for the banishment of superstition and skepticism. Our future depends almost entirely on what will come out of the laboratories of the present day. No business or individual has the power to control the moment of every crisis. To act any time, the leaders of an industry must be ready all the time. On every side are the graves of the dead hopes and wasted efforts of skeptics who said "It can't be done."



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You can take the "Talent-Test" wherever you live. Without charge or obligation we send you a genuine Holton Saxophone, or supply one from your local Holton dealer's stock. Same model exactly as played by such famous artists as Frank Trumbauer, talk of Chicago when with Benson's Victor Recording Orchestra, Ben Vereecken, (soloist with Herbert Clarke's Band), Larry Shields (former Paul Whiteman star), and Eddie Copeland of Sousa's Band

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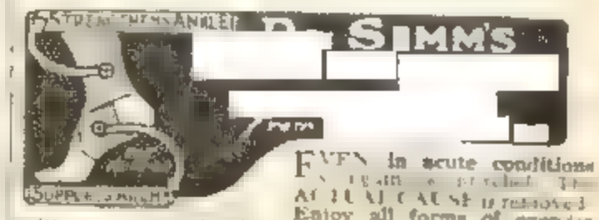

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MASON TIRES

FOUND MONEY

(Continued from Page 15)

me and beg off was a sad story and not a dollar in the kick.

"'And it was one of the hottest things I ever got a hold of, Mr. Pethick,' he said, sitting there and twisting his old hat in his chapped hands. 'A cigar-store man—friend of mine—pays fifty dollars for wires from a Chicago fellow that's in the know, and he got a wire last Tuesday telling him to go down on a goat that hadn't won a start out of the last eighteen tries, and was now right to take the blanket off. Twenty-eight to one! I seen the wire with my own eyes, and I rushed out and put the bank roll on his nose; I could just see myself going around to the book and opening the satchel and telling him to pack it in with care. Mr. Pethick, that goat carried one hundred and fifty-seven smackers of mine But he didn't break his string; that Tuesday race made just nineteen. He'll be as due as sunset on the day he starts next, and he ought to be forty to one, but no dough of mine will ride. But, listen, Mr. Pethick, I can scare up a five spot for a long shot in tomorrow's ——'

"'Can you scare up twenty-nine dollars today?' I said. 'No? Then put on your hat, young man, and depart quietly. You've got no more business in this office. No, it's no use weeping. I'm not going to have to buy the sporting extra to know if I'm going to get my money. I don't do business that way. I'm going to close you out. There are altogether too many respectable citizens with jobs and salaries I can garnishee for me to bother with you. Good day.'

"'Have a heart, Mr. Pethick,' he pleaded. 'That ninety dollars I paid you is all I got in the world. Give me a chance, will you? I promise you I'll make it up. I'll put the money aside for you out of my cut every week, and I won't ride it if they give me a ten to one shot on yesterday's race. Oh, please, Mr. Pethick!'

"Now, Conway, if there's one thing I can blame especially for the fact that I'm not sitting pretty today it's the fact that I'm naturally soft-hearted. It's made me pass up many a good thing; but there you are, and none of us can help the way we're made. I looked at this fellow, and he was pitiful; he touched something in me.

"'What do you mean by your cut?' I said sternly.

"'I'm running for a book,' he said. 'I go around and pick up small bets—ten dollars, five dollars, a dollar. And I'm honest, Mr. Pethick. All the other runners got to telephone their bets in before the race, but the book takes my memo unless, of course, it is a big bet, and then I will telephone it. I get 5 per cent, and it runs around forty and fifty a week.'

"'That's a mighty nice salary,' I said. And so it was, Conway, fifteen years ago; it was big money

"'It's more than I could make doing anything else,' said he.

"'Is it?' I said, rounding on him. 'Pardon me, young man, but that's where they put the warm flatiron against your head instead of against your feet when you were a baby. You want to figure in terms of what you get for your money; that tells the story. And do you know anybody that works at a regular job and draws down even twenty-five dollars a week, and goes around looking like a little tramp? You don't. And you don't know anybody with fifteen dollars a week that doesn't eat every day. You haven't masticated a mouthful this morning, young man, or I miss my guess. For the Lord's sake, take that apple and stop making faces at it. Now I'll tell you what I'll do for you, and you're getting my very best the first crack out of the box. Go out and hustle a regular job that I can depend on, and I'll let you hang me up till next Saturday on your back interest. Don't do it if you don't want to; go on and be a sport. Only I'm telling you, and you can write it in your hat, you've got till next Saturday to come clean with me; and if you don't do it, out you go—out like a match!'

"He went away with that, after making all sorts of promises, as a gambler will when he is on the nut; he hated to lose the money he had paid me, for which I didn't blame him, and he could see that I was a man of my word. He came in the following Saturday and showed me his envelope; he was getting twelve dollars as porter in a big shoe store up on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, one of a chain system. I could probably have taken the whole envelope from him if I wanted to, but I was a good fellow and took only six of it, telling him to come in next Saturday. With six a week to blow in at his own sweet will, he had his mind taken off good things.

"I got mine every week like that for a time, but it was like pulling teeth. So that it shouldn't hurt him so much, I helped him out by suggesting that he ought to be able to work in as an extra salesman on Saturday afternoons and evenings if he would get that patch sewed back onto his trousers. That would net him three dollars a week, which is very nice money, and would enable him to start payments on a suit of clothes. I was nursing him along, hoping to get him paying in regularly without further trouble. I wouldn't have bothered with him, only he had that intangible thing that we call character, something to nail to, and not all mush.

"And sure enough, inside of a very few months he had caught up on his payments; and then I told him he'd have to save his money and bring it to me once a month like everybody else.

"I saw him off and on during about a year and a half, and then he fell down again. He came in and asked me to let him hang me up for a couple of months because he was thinking of getting married.

"'Nothing doing on that, Dibble,' I said decidedly. One must be firm with that sort of people, no matter how it goes against the grain; they twist and they wriggle and they lie like sixty. 'This is a real-estate office and no matrimonial bureau. If you get married, it's going to be your funeral and not mine.'

"But then I got a sudden notion, and I said to him, 'What in thunder are you getting married on?'

"'I'm getting more money now, Mr. Pethick,' he said. 'I'm on the floor regular, and I'm pulling down twenty-eight dollars a week.'

"'Is that so, Mr. Dibble?' said I, getting up to shake hands. 'Well, well, my boy, that's a very nice salary. I think you're wise to think of settling down; the family is the backbone of this country and the cornerstone of our prosperity. You'll want a little house to live in now, won't you?'

"'We were thinking of starting with a furnished room,' he said.

"'Pshaw,' I said, 'drop that idea quick! You can't make a home out of a furnished room, and don't you think it. You want room to get away from each other, and not be living like two cats in a bag. You'll claw the life out of each other in a furnished room. This is how it'll work out: You can't cook on the premises, and there's no housework to do, so the wife will have all day to sit around and think up mischief. And if she takes a job to have something to do, it's worse; she's independent of you at once. And I want to tell you, young man, if I may speak familiarly to you for a moment, that economic dependence is the key to peace and prosperity in the household, and don't let any flathead tell you different. The husband wants somebody to work for; the wife wants somebody to look to. Give her lots to do, but see she doesn't get paid for it. Be the boss. Inside of five or six years, if you're resolute about it, you'll be able to walk in to supper five minutes late without getting your head taken off. Haha —— But I felicitate you, Mr. Dibble, I really do.'

"'Oh, it wouldn't be like that with us, Mr. Pethick,' he said, smiling at me so dreamily. 'And anyways, we haven't got the money to buy no house—a house, I mean.'

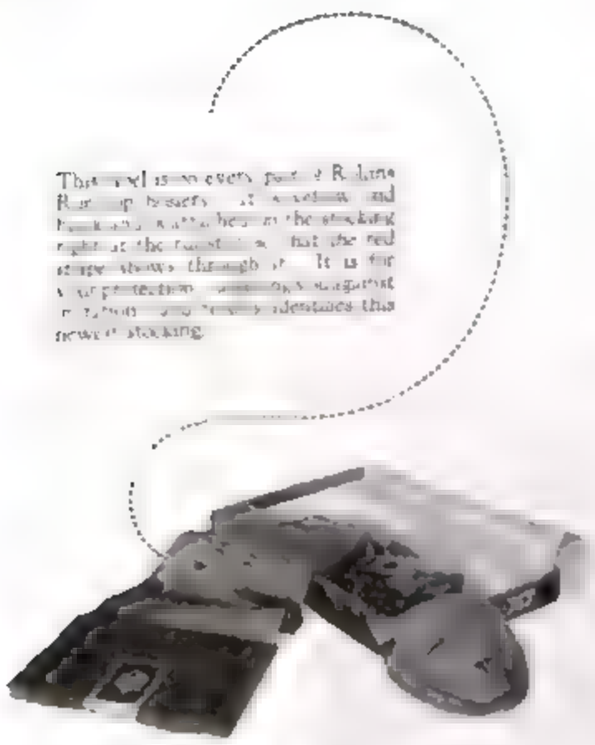
"'With twenty-eight dollars a week?' I said, squeezing his knee. 'You certainly have, with a little financing from your Uncle Horace Telfair Pethick. Drop in in a day or two and I'll have a proposition for you.'

"The next time I was out in my car—I had a car and chauffeur in those days when they weren't going for a dollar down—I took a ride through Jersey. Leonia, Palisade, Grantwood, Morsemere, Ridgefield Park—those flourishing centers of population weren't more than frontier settlements in those days: all around was the forest primeval, and here and there in the clearings would be five or six rooms and bath built on speculation, with a white-faced woman peering from a kitchen window and clasping a babe to her breast. Mornings and

Continued on Page 180

"This red stripe positively stops all garter runs. Really, my dear, you must try them."

Rollins Runstop economy makes it practical to wear fine silk stockings every day



Rollins Runstop has taken the extravagance out of fine silk stockings by putting long wear into them. It has made the style and beauty of silk hose practical for every day. Women no longer have to discard an otherwise good pair of stockings because of garter runs.

Only a few months ago Rollins Runstop stockings were perfected and announced. Today they are worn and sought after by women everywhere.

The Runstop is a red stripe knit into the stocking at the knee, the point of greatest strain. It positively stops all garter runs, no matter how many runs the garter may start. Tested in turn by manufacturers, merchants and wearers, it has been acclaimed the greatest improvement in full-fashioned silk hosiery in a decade.

Success invites imitation. But you cannot mistake the Rollins Runstop. It is always red, no matter what color the stocking is, and it is always at the knee. Look for the Rollins Runstop and enjoy freedom from the annoyance, embarrassment and expense of garter runs. You will find it in beautiful, sheer, all-silk chiffons, in light and heavy weight silks and in a really wonderful service stocking of silk with lisle top, toe and heel. All the desired colors.

All Rollins Hosiery—for men, women and children—has long been known for its perfect fit and lasting beauty. Thirty-three years of manufacturing experience goes into every pair. Thousands of women, discovering Rollins quality in Rollins styles for themselves, are insisting on Rollins for their husbands and their children.

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Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 178

evenings you'd see the hardy settlers plodding on their way to and from the trolley, pulling one foot at a time out of that red Jersey mud. My car bogged down ten minutes after leaving the ferry, but luckily there was a house with a sign on it at hand, and I waded into it and looked it over and liked it and bought it. That sounds like sharp work; but, you know, you could get a house anywhere in the suburbs in those days on a minute's notice. And not a bad house either; a better house than they'll sell you today for three or four times the price. This house I'd picked on had five nice rooms and tiled bath, gas range, steam heat, hardwood floors, mirror doors and all, and I got it for thirty-five hundred dollars, with five hundred cash. And the builder wrote the mortgage for ten years, with an amortization of one hundred a year, and then he wanted to buy me a bottle of wine out of the ten-dollar bill I paid him down! That would be rather a pick-up today, eh, Conway? I wish I had kept it, even as against the terms I sold it on.

"I sold this little gem to Dave Dibble, letting him into it for nothing, but taking back a second mortgage for five years in the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars, with two hundred paid off each year. I didn't get my cash out right away, but still a mortgage for thirty-five hundred with a good bond is cheap at five hundred. I thought so. I held it for a year; and then, being pressed for cash, I sold it for eighteen hundred and let somebody else devil Dibble for the payments. I didn't lose five hours over the whole transaction.

"It must have been quite a load for Dibble to carry, come to think of it now. One hundred and two hundred and three hundred or so on his hotel site—say, six hundred a year, and then he could begin to pay to live. He turned up as regularly as a collector during the next three years. He'd come in and take a look at the map to see if his lots were still there, and after feasting his eyes on them, he'd plank down his installment like a little major. I guess he sweated to get it some months. He used to walk all the way down from Harlem to my office so as to save the car fare—false economy, of course, but you can't talk people into seeing the wisdom of spending a little for comfort and pleasure when they're agonizing over every nickel. But perhaps the economy wasn't so false in Dibble's case; he got his shoes for nothing, drawing a pair from the discard. He told me that when I tried to get him to take on a few more lots. And I suppose that he walked all the way back to Harlem and the Fort Lee Ferry, though I never thought of that, always worrying about him coming."

Pethick stopped to relight his cigar and I put in a word.

"'Montauk Heights,'" I said. "Since when were there any heights around Montauk, Pethick?"

"Why, the Montauk Mountains, Conway. You've heard of the Montauk Mountains, haven't you? I have. Or—or was it the Watchung Mountains? But they're over in Jersey somewhere."

"Didn't you ever see the place, Pethick?"

"No, I didn't, Conway, to be perfectly candid. No reason why I should lose a day and spend seven dollars fare to see a place that I'd only bought to sell. But it was there, or thereabouts, fast enough.

"But to continue. Dibble asked me to drop out to see him some time, saying the wife would be mightily obliged to me for a chance to look me over; so one day while I was running out to Hackensack, I stopped off.

"They had the little place fixed up to kill. It was painted white, with green blinds, and there was nice green grass in front, and a flower bed of Joseph's-coat and Wandering Jew and a real geranium; and out in back was a truck garden; a milch goat was browsing in the neighboring forest. Mrs. Dibble was treating the family geranium, and she rose up and rubbed her hands on her apron and shook hands with me. I tried to put her at her ease, but she was evidently unused to strangers from the great world outside. She was a nice little body, but rather thin and stringy, with round brown eyes and hard little hands. They couldn't make enough of me, taking me through the house and showing me all the improvements they'd made, and just bursting with pride. Dibble had made the dining-room set out of saplings and a dollar's worth of lumber, and he hadn't made a bad fist of it. The curtains were dyed burlap and stood them in just eight cents for the dye. In the living room were two good chairs and a settee that they'd bought for fourteen dollars in an Eighth Avenue secondhand store. There were no rugs on the floors, but they said that was best for the baby, as rugs hold germs.

"They had a baby, a fine boy, that was nearly as heavy as his father or mother, and with a voice like an auctioneer. He had one look at me and he let out a yell that made the goat leap in the forest. A real happy little home, Conway; something that can't be bought for money or shipped f. o. b. Grand Rapids. Small triumphs, hard won, but so dear. There was a broken teapot on the mantel, where the clock would stand some day, and it was their best sport to drop nickels into it toward the purchase of chickens. The goat had come out of that teapot, and the geranium, and the living-room set of furniture; it was one magic pot.

"Mrs. Dibble insisted on my trying the cookies she made out of corn meal. Having nothing to do after taking care of the house and the truck patch and the goat and the baby, she used to make goodies for the neighbors. There was nearly a cord of wood in the back yard, and more coming when Dibble could jump out to fetch a few swipes at a tree. Making steam with wood isn't so good, but it can be done if one never forgets the fire and the steam gauge.

"They were living mighty close—I couldn't see room to edge in another Montauk Extension lot—but they were young and eager, and I'll gamble they look back now and say that those were the happy days. There was the baby's bank that was getting its dime a week, rain or shine; but pshaw, I wasn't taking money from babies—not dimes anyway.

"'What do you do when you're doing nothing, mother—of evenings, for instance?' I asked.

"'You mean while I'm baking?' she said. 'Dave reads to me pieces out of the papers, and we guess puzzles.'

"'And very forehanded too,' I said commendingly. 'Time is one thing we can't afford to waste; we have just so much of it, and we'll never have any more. If there is anything in particular to which I can attribute such modest success as I have made, it is to my habit of unremitting industry. While crossing on the ferry just now, I employed my spare moments in meditating schemes whereby the time I was going to spend with you could be turned to the advantage of us all, and I got a very worthy suggestion from the newspaper. If I could offer you an opportunity to make twelve thousand dollars easily and pleasantly and in the privacy of your own home, and without interrupting in any way the even tenor of your life, would you give me half of it? Would you, in other words, accept me as a partner in this enterprise?'

"'Oh, surely, Mr. Pethick!'

"'I have always had a fertile and inventive mind,' I said, pulling out the newspaper, 'and solving puzzles is my favorite dish. But three heads are better than one, as the saying goes. Have you seen that moving picture, No Name, which is showing down here at the trolley stop? You must go to see it as my guests, if you will accept. I see by the newspaper that a prize of twelve thousand dollars in gold is being offered by the producers to anyone who can supply an appropriate title for this picture after seeing it at his local theater. Why shouldn't we three try for that excellent money?'

"'I don't know,' said Dibble, shrugging his shoulders.

"'Oh, but we must!' cried Mrs. Dibble with sparkling eyes. 'It will be just fun, Dave! And suppose we won! Let me read what it says, Mr. Pethick.'

"'I leave it with you,' I said, rising to depart.

"I had seen this thing in the paper, just like I told them; but naturally I hadn't figured on it for myself. To be perfectly candid, the thought that had come into my head was, 'What a sucker a man would be to spend his time on such a proposition.' Anybody who had brains enough to earn twelve thousand dollars had too much brains to fall for such an advertising dodge. On the other hand, thought I, the prize will not be won by people who don't try it; it will go to someone who never saw twelve thousand dollars, even in a dream; some fellow who is willing to gamble his precious time on a fifty-thousand-to-one shot. Contemplating such a piping-hot sport brought me by easy stages to thinking of Dave Dibble, whom I was going to see.

"That's all the thought I gave to the matter, until Mrs. Dibble mentioned that she liked to study out puzzles. And, naturally, I wanted a piece of anything that was going for nothing, so I presented it to her that way.

"I thought no more of the matter, just like a person thinks no more of the dime he risks on a five-dollar gold piece in a church raffle; he is not going to go around and make the dominie roll up his sleeves while he is pulling the papers from the hat.

"You've probably forgotten the picture, Conway. There was a sea fight in it between two Coney Island excursion boats made up as old-time line-of-battle ships, but the picture had been going only so-so, except so far as the prize contest had given it the needle. People weren't so fond of pirates then as they are now, or else the verisimilitude was destroyed for them because they could still recognize the nooks on the grim gun decks where they used to get up and turn out the battle lanterns and then sit down to a clinch with the girl on the last trip home from Coney. The name that took the twelve thousand dollars in gold was Stripped for Action. I understand that the producers were offered a profit on it within twenty-four hours by a Hollywood magnate who knew a box-office name when he saw one.

"But tell me who won the prize, Pethick. Did Dave Dibble?"

"Right, Conway—or rather Mrs. Dibble. They'd spent ten weeks in pondering, and they brought up seven hundred and

(Continued on Page 182)

Index and Pilot Peaks as Seen From Cooke City, Montana, Beartooth National Forest

Confidence

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Jiminy! Look At That Pup Go!

"Bet there's a party at his house, and he's hurrying home with the dinner. Look, they're going to have SPRATT'S! Wish we were invited."

The fine thing about SPRATT'S is that it is a complete dog food, containing all the ingredients needed to build bone, body and health. No additional food is required. SPRATT'S is economical and not troublesome or mussy to feed. Dogs love it and never tire of eating it.

SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket biscuit for all sizes and breeds of dogs, make a rare treat for your pet as a change from the regular diet of SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits.

Don't keep your dog waiting any longer. Get him a box of SPRATT'S today—at your grocer's or pet shop.

This valuable book contains many helpful suggestions for the care and treatment of dogs in sickness and in health. A copy will be sent upon receipt of a 2c. stamp. Ask for book No. 35.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
Newark, New Jersey
San Francisco St. Louis

SPRATT'S OVALS

THE POCKET DOG BISCUIT

(Continued from Page 180)

seven names, and one of them was right. Can you imagine such dumb luck? So soon as I saw the news in the paper I rushed right over to congratulate them and to protect my interest; but they were very honorable about it. They didn't try to hedge on our agreement. The Dibbles appeared on the screens of three hundred theaters that week as shot in the act of receiving twelve thousand dollars in gold and a hearty handshake; and I waited around unobtrusively until they'd been escorted to the bank, and then I collected Check Number 1 out of the new book in the sum of six thousand dollars

"Now, Conway, six thousand dollars isn't such a much. I'd been making twenty and twenty-five thousand dollars right along, say two thousand a month. But I'd been getting it as I wanted it, like a rich young man who only has to ask father. I had put an ad in the papers each week, and people had sent me in their money, stacked and counted. There was no point in saving any of it, as there was always more where the last came from, so I'd been living up to my income. I had a nicely furnished apartment off Broadway, with a Jap valet, and the entrée to everything that was going on; but I was thoroughly judgment-proof. I had never had more than a thousand dollars at once in all those years, and at the sight of six thousand dollars I simply lost my self-command and broke down, strong man that I was.

"I left the office flat and went forth to see the sights. The lights of Broadway burned a whole lot brighter for the next two months; and then I found myself sitting on the curb outside the Pink Poodle cabaret, with an opera hat collapsed over my ears and with my feet pulled up under me to save them from the wheels of the milk trucks. I can still hear those iron wheels going over the cobbles, and all the cans knocking. If there's one thing needing reform in New York it's the noise made by milk trucks at half past three in the morning. To a man going home at that hour sick, sore, busted and disgusted—there's something very annoying about the rattle and roar of a milk truck.

"I got up at one o'clock in the afternoon and started down to the office to resume work on the foundations of my fortune where I had left off. But I found that things had been happening. The interest on that purchase-money mortgage for twenty-two hundred dollars that I'd given back when buying the Montauk Extension acreage had been overdue for some weeks and I'd been stalling as a matter of principle—it never does to pay a debt on the minute, because you may not have the money another time, and then when you wish to stall them they'll know why—and the fellow had taken this time of all times to lose his temper and get nasty. He'd gone ahead and foreclosed and wiped me out. I didn't mind my own loss so much, figuring that I'd merely have to change the name of the map and buy in somewhere else—I had had my eye on a nice plot in the Jersey pine belt that could be had for two dollars an acre—but I was worried at the thought of the raft of clients of mine that had been wiped out too. They'd raise hail Columbia. I had been absolutely within the law, as the law was at that time; but the people I'd been selling to didn't know much about the law, and they'd be likely to take the law into their own hands and fit it around my neck. When I heard the news I called an expressman and had the office furniture hauled off to storage, and then I sat back and lit a good cigar and went to studying where I was at.

"I had to make a borrow; that was apparent. I'd need some ready money, if only a little, to buy the site of Pine Lakes—that was going to be the name of the new development. A fellow had been peddling a thousand acres of pine barren for thirty-five hundred dollars—it was about twenty miles from Lakewood, the winter resort, but similarly situated—and I was going to ask him to cut a slice off it for me. He would be unlikely to give it to me for nothing, though I could show him where it would be well worth his while; he'd want to see a couple of bills.

"There was a good chance that Dave Dibble had some of that prize money left. I knew he was an awful spendthrift, throwing his money away as fast as he got it, but I didn't need so much. It was eight o'clock in the evening by then, but time was precious. I called the car, and I was talking to the Dibbles at a quarter to nine.

"By clinching and covering up, speaking figuratively, I weathered the first burst of enthusiasm; and then I sat down to the gruelling task of talking Dibble loose from a thousand dollars, or even five hundred.

"'I tell you it's all gone, every last dime of it,' he said. 'You're the last of one hundred and thirty-four people who came out here to tell us what to do with that money. There were one hundred and thirty-three, weren't there, Abby? You have certainly a wonderful nerve to come here, Mr. Pethick, after what happened; but if you have to know, it is all gone. We spent the whole thing inside of one week.'

"'The ponies!' I said, making a shrewd guess. 'Cleaned you, did they? Dibble, I'm sorry to hear it; I am, positively. But that's the force of old habits for you, habits are a mighty hard thing to break.'

"'No, it wasn't the ponies,' he said. 'A fellow I used to know turned up here with the rest, and wanted me to go partners with him in a book; but I couldn't see it. I'm assistant manager of the store now, and I'd have to give that up; and besides, the way the game is around New York today, a bookmaker can't get play enough to balance his book, and he has to bet whether he wants to or not. And I can't bet; my nerve is gone. If I lost two dollars I'd lie awake all night. Two dollars will buy an awful lot, and I'm the fellow that knows it now.

"'So, Mr. Pethick, with that six thousand dollars we paid off the mortgages on this place—we learned a lesson about mortgages from you—and right there we save about six hundred a year in interest and installments. And adding the three hundred or so we used to pay to you and don't any more, we feel we can afford those chickens and save buying eggs. They're coming tomorrow.'

"'Why, that's fine,' I said, getting up and feeling around for his hand. 'You'll have nearly a thousand a year to invest now, won't you? Let me talk to you, Mr. Dibble. You've heard of Lakewood, haven't you? Now let me show you something in the way of a development that will leave Lakewood howling in the wilderness. You see here before you ——'

"'No, no, Abby,' he said, holding up a hand against Mrs Dibble. 'Don't throw that, he'll go quietly. Here's your hat, Mr. Pethick.'"

Pethick sucked on his dead cigar and laid it aside.

"Speaking about those brick, Conway," he said, "I had the XL Company of Haverstraw on the long-distance, and they say ——"

"And did you quit the real-estate business then, Pethick?" I asked.

"Just about then, Conway. There'd been a few too many of those foreclosures on lot developments, and they passed a new law up in Albany that took most of the fun out of the business.

"So my old friend Dave Dibble owns flat houses in New York nowadays, does he, Conway? I can't imagine where he got the money. When I knew him last he had nothing but this little house out there. He didn't buy anything with his profits on his lots at Montauk Extension; he lost every dollar he paid in."

"Sitting tight and making people come to him seems to be the best thing he does," I grumbled. "He's as close and cautious as a clam at low water. I suppose I'll have to pay him thousands more than his old rookery is worth."

"Where do they get it?" murmured Pethick. "Doesn't it beat everything how they do it? When I saw that fellow first he couldn't buy a ham sandwich. And now look at him, and look at me! Tell me, Conway, how do they do it?"

That made me smile.

"Pethick," I said, "I'm sorry, for your sake, that you never bought any Montauk Extension lots on the deferred-payments plan. If you'd spent three or four years sweating blood to meet the payments you'd be mighty well fixed today—a man of your ability."

"How so, Conway?"

"Why, Dave Dibble made a killing on those lots. That hotel site was worth all he paid for it, and then some. It was the best buy he ever made."

"Oh, no!" said Pethick, and he had to laugh at the idea. "It was worth nothing. Well, now, Conway, that is to say, the value was largely speculative. Dibble made nothing on it. Oh, no, not a rap! He came out right where he went in. I thought I told you that."

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THE SECOND ARMISTICE

(Continued from Page 35)

Germany, has been crushed perhaps, but now is the time to dismember her, take away her coal and iron resources in the Ruhr and the Saar, work through Poland to make the Upper Silesia resources unusable, foment industrial disorders within Germany, plant seeds of separatist movements, intrigue to break Bavaria away by setting up monarchy movements already sprouted in favor of Rupprecht. Gentlemen, there may be those who say that payment of indemnity by Germany will thus be lost. What of it? The beef is worth more than the butter! Not only is it worth more in the end but it is obtainable, and who can say that the indemnity—butter—will ever be obtainable? Not only is the beef worth more in the end but by taking beef we kill two birds with one stone—first we enrich our national resource and our economic power; second, more effectively than any other way, we obtain our security against the resurrection of a united, powerful and vindictive Germany, armed and ready to invade, and against the creation next door to us of a vast economic power which may swamp us by its proximity and its industrial competition. Remember, please, that if we may milk her we may get the milk, but are certain to have helped the recovery of a creature which may charge us with its horns. What shortsighted folly!"

The imaginary statesman might continue: "To strengthen and make sure our policy it may be necessary for us to form a more or less formal Continental Bloc of allies. The most important parts of such a Continental Bloc are the states on Germany's flanks and those which also form a corridor separating Germany from Russia and from her old allies in the southeast. We must assist in arming Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, loaning them money and resource, and maintaining with them a diplomatic supremacy of the Continent by the force of unified organized efforts."

Anglo-French Relations

"You ask now about Great Britain. Well, gentlemen, to be frank about it, it cannot be supposed that we shall have, or by any pretext can obtain the support of Great Britain for our project. As you know, the Continental policy of Great Britain has always been to maintain a balance of power on the Continent, which will leave Great Britain free to throw herself on one side or the other as she pleases. She will not consent to treating Germany by the beef-taking method. All her political and economic reasons are against it. Therefore, though unnecessary friction is to be avoided, I beg you to realize that there is small hope for any fundamental coöperation. And what of it? Well, it is said that Great Britain can furnish us with a measure of security or of aid in case we are attacked. If you adopt my policy and if in addition France maintains her military power and creates the proper military alliances already formulated, there will be no one to attack France! We shall have obtained our own security! As for Great Britain, I remind you that Great Britain is no longer a tight little island, defended by an impregnable navy. War has now gone under navies and over them, into the hidden Channel depths and above the Channel mists. And furthermore Great Britain is not without her troubles. She has them in Turkey, in India, in Egypt, which protects her way to India, and in the Sudan. Is she therefore able to interfere with our taking and perhaps keeping possession of the Ruhr? Can she protest against our encouraging naval power for Poland? Fortunately, messieurs, the British need the coöperation of France even more than the French need any coöperation of Great Britain. What more is to be said?"

Well, there is this to be said—if anyone ever laid that policy out for France there was one question which was not asked. The question was What will it cost?

On a war basis the current expense of such a wise and hard-boiled policy might perhaps be borne by the French. For four years I have received from statesmen and bankers who have the bookkeeping mind, statistics to show that French financial affairs were in a condition to create anything but assurance. There was a tremendous floating indebtedness—most difficult to refund. Interest rates could be pared down only by saying to the domestic holders, "Well, your grandfather took 4 per cent; why can't you?" But this would require the agitation of the public by the ecstasy and patriotism of imperialism carried on by active war.

"France is a long way from profound financial difficulty," said a financier to me. "But it is difficult for us to reach the real resources by taxation. There is, however, no suffering and no unemployment in France. Let me show you. Here is an advertisement of the tram companies in Paris. They cannot get enough native French to be conductors because every Frenchman has a job. Here also is a report of the organization which looks after the unemployed. You see, it shows that in November they were able to discover in the whole of Paris only four persons seeking work! Moreover, nearly 90 per cent of French are not employes. Nearly 90 per cent, including those in agricultural pursuits, are their own bosses of their own farms or establishments. The resource of the French is not shown in the bookkeeping of the state; the resource of the French is in—how do you say in America?—the old sock or sewed up in the mattress! It is invested in small holdings. It is the kind of wealth and income most difficult to reach by taxation, but it is there!"

Forces That Make for Peace

It is there, but it will not come forth to invest in the kind of French imperialism of the nature I have outlined in the imaginary policy stated by the imaginary premier of France. If such a policy of beef instead of butter is to be pursued against Germany it will require a much greater willingness of the French people to engage in military service and pay the costly bill necessary for France to gain that Continental domination which some leaders might wish her to take. Such an imperialistic policy might in the end put France at the unquestioned top of the European heap. As one great leader of another power said to me once, "If France chooses to go ahead with that policy nothing can stop her. Nobody is ready to fight her off, and if her people had tasted the blood of gain perhaps we could not buy her off. If Napoleon rose out of the tomb and strode forth today from the cannon-decorated courtyard of the Hôtel des Invalides he and the French people might see an unparalleled imperial dream. But there is no Napoleon in France, and the French people have no stomach for military service, for higher taxes, and no unrestrained taste for power. Some of their fears of a resurrection of their ancient enemy have subsided and today have been superseded by the fear that the franc may go to pieces. Times have changed. Imperial movements, even those the most alluring, no longer can be depended upon to intoxicate the multitudes of mankind. Even if the vision of dominant France were presented in all its glitter I believe the French would say today, 'Pardon! We do not ask for the world. We only ask for safety and a stable currency!'"

This feeling is the chief factor on the side of France which has swung France toward the second armistice—toward a new unwritten compact of peace.

The contributions made by events, the forces, social and economic, which have swung the French toward the disposition to take steps toward the unwritten peace are quite clear to one who, being today in France, searches for these forces.

By all means, the first of these forces is to be found in the fact that the franc began to go to pieces. Whatever may have been the detailed and surface causes of the fall of the redoubtable Poincaré, the inability of the Poincaré government to carry on its policies and at the same time keep the currency sound was the fundamental cause.

"Look around you at the world," said an ex-minister of France to me. "Everywhere you will see that peoples no longer will bear willingly the expense of armies. Just as it is the very prosperous or very desperately impoverished workman who will strike, so it is only the very rich or very desperate peoples who are willing to invest in war. Today in Italy, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, France—everywhere the tendency is to rebel against conscription, against long military training, against large standing armies. The whole trend is toward small

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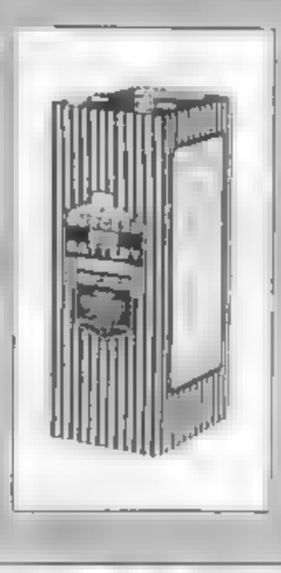

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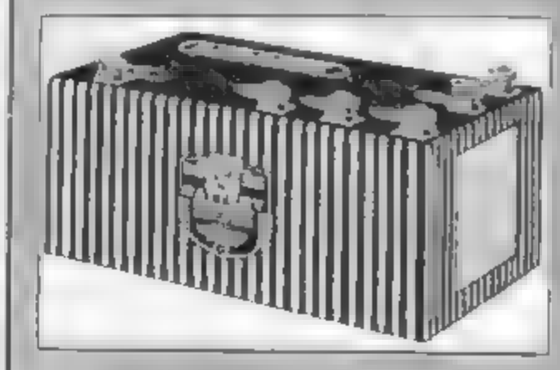

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compact professional forces. So the average Frenchman says, 'Why is my franc going to pieces? It is because of the pressure on the government to meet its swollen debts, eh? Well, then, how account for these debts? Expenditure, is it? On what? On the army perhaps. Well, these are not wartimes. I feel no enthusiasm to spend on armies. I prefer a good value in my francs!'"

The truth is that the French people, whatever may be the world policies of their government, are not militaristic. My recent visit to France has satisfied me that the maximum of the armed state of France has passed. It has passed not only because France cannot afford to maintain that weight of military power but because no government can resist the demand for a measure of disarmament which rises directly from the people. The demand for reduction of military service from the three-year span in effect before the war is now followed by a reduction from eighteen months' service to twelve. In a country where in both agriculture and industry so much of the undertaking is not a corporate but rather a family matter there is increased pressure to "get our boys back at work as soon as possible."

The plain fact is that France, which maintained an army of nearly three-quarters of a million men before the war, will, because of decreased birth rate and decreased length of service, bring the army down to less than two-thirds of its former man power. It is true that there is no reduction in the mechanical strength. There are, for instance, one hundred and forty-four companies of tanks and more than two hundred squadrons of airplanes. The submarine program has not been neglected. But France is only following in this regard the trend of armaments in the world; that trend is toward elaborate and powerful technical equipment, and is away from large armies. Extreme pacificists may find in this an opportunity to bemoan the ruthless character of mechanical and chemical devices for war, but I see in it a reduced number of human beings who are carrying an education for war about in their heads. Germany is forbidden by treaty from maintaining a great army. France finds that though no treaty binds her, her own finances, her own national conditions and sentiment bind her. And these conditions in France and in Germany are bound to have an effect upon the psychology of the people; they are two considerable factors in the beginning of this second armistice.

I believe that I should place next among the forces operating for liberalism and for peace in France and Germany the increasing sense in both countries that there would be more profit for both in economic coöperation than there is in a struggle for the mere possession of inert resources.

France in the Ruhr

There has been nothing much for France in taking possession of the Ruhr under sanctions based on technical legal grounds; there has been nothing of conspicuous success in the German policy of passive resistance. The first policy fails because its bookkeeping indicates that the Ruhr industries cannot be run at a profit without the coöperation of German nationals; the second policy fails because it has been shown that passive resistance is a policy which fails not only because human nature remains passive for a time and then breaks out in violent protest, but also because there is something in it of biting off one's nose to spite the face.

Broadly speaking, the experiments of the Treaty of Versailles, the French experiments in taking sanctions to collect their debt, the policy in the Ruhr, and in all the coal and iron, the steel and metallurgical districts which formerly were the backbone of German industrial life, including Upper Silesia, have been experiments of stagnation or in overproduction. When I was in Rotterdam, in Holland, I found idle shipping and unemployed seamen, because that port has been, along with others, the drainage port for districts in Germany which international discord has paralyzed.

One may trust the industrial forces and the industrial leadership in France and in Germany to formulate plans to replace discord by agreement. And this agreement between French and German industrialists is in process. It may find its articulation in commercial treaties made by politicians, but its foundation is the coöperation of bankers and industrial managers of the two countries, whose negotiations create the ground for international political action toward economic coöperation, particularly in steel.

I was told in Germany that there had been an agreement among the German industrialists against any negotiations between individual French and German concerns. It is difficult to find evidence that this agreement is being broken, but I am prepared to prophesy that the forces of cooperation, the necessity for an international trade consortium which will probably not only involve France and Germany but Great Britain as well, will appear perhaps even before this prophecy has time to go into print.

An American industrialist, interested intensely in the European steel situation, has just said to me in Paris: "There is one force for peace between Germany and France which exceeds all other factors in its potence. That is the consortium principle as applied to coal, iron and metals. The basis of this proposed consortium has been in existence ever since the peace, but held up by political developments. Tremendous stakes are involved—indeed one may say that the backbone of French and German industrial life is involved. There are two objects to be attained. The first is the making a unit of the French and German resources; the second is the erection of a consortium not to fix prices or to divide profits but to allot to different nations or districts the amount, for instance, of steel. Each may produce under current demands. The first idea is to put an end to international barriers or conflicts which prevent the easy marriage of coal and iron. The second is to prevent cutthroat competition and overproduction. Such a consortium to a certain extent would be aimed at America, because with active home markets for metals the American industry can take care of costs, make a profit, and then sell its surplus to Europe at figures which cannot be met by German, French or British industries acting, as they are now, separately and competing with each other."

In other words, forces are at work to weaken the political boundaries of France and Germany by breaking them down as economic boundaries.

Effects of the Dawes Plan

No small consideration in this movement is the situation in Lorraine, for if Lorraine ores can be admitted and accepted by the Ruhr it will mean another step forward toward restoration of normality in the provinces newly acquired by France. The condition of these provinces has been restless. Accustomed as Alsace and Lorraine have become to a degree of local self-government, they are now resisting the measures which the French would enforce to make these provinces more dependent on the Paris government, more under the thumb of central authority. It cannot be said that the populations of these provinces and the government of France have been getting on well together. Anything which would tend to give a boom period to these provinces would, no doubt, ease this strain.

Of course it is impossible to speak of the economic factors leading toward the second armistice without speaking of the Dawes Report and its new provisions for putting Germany on her feet so that she can pay reparations.

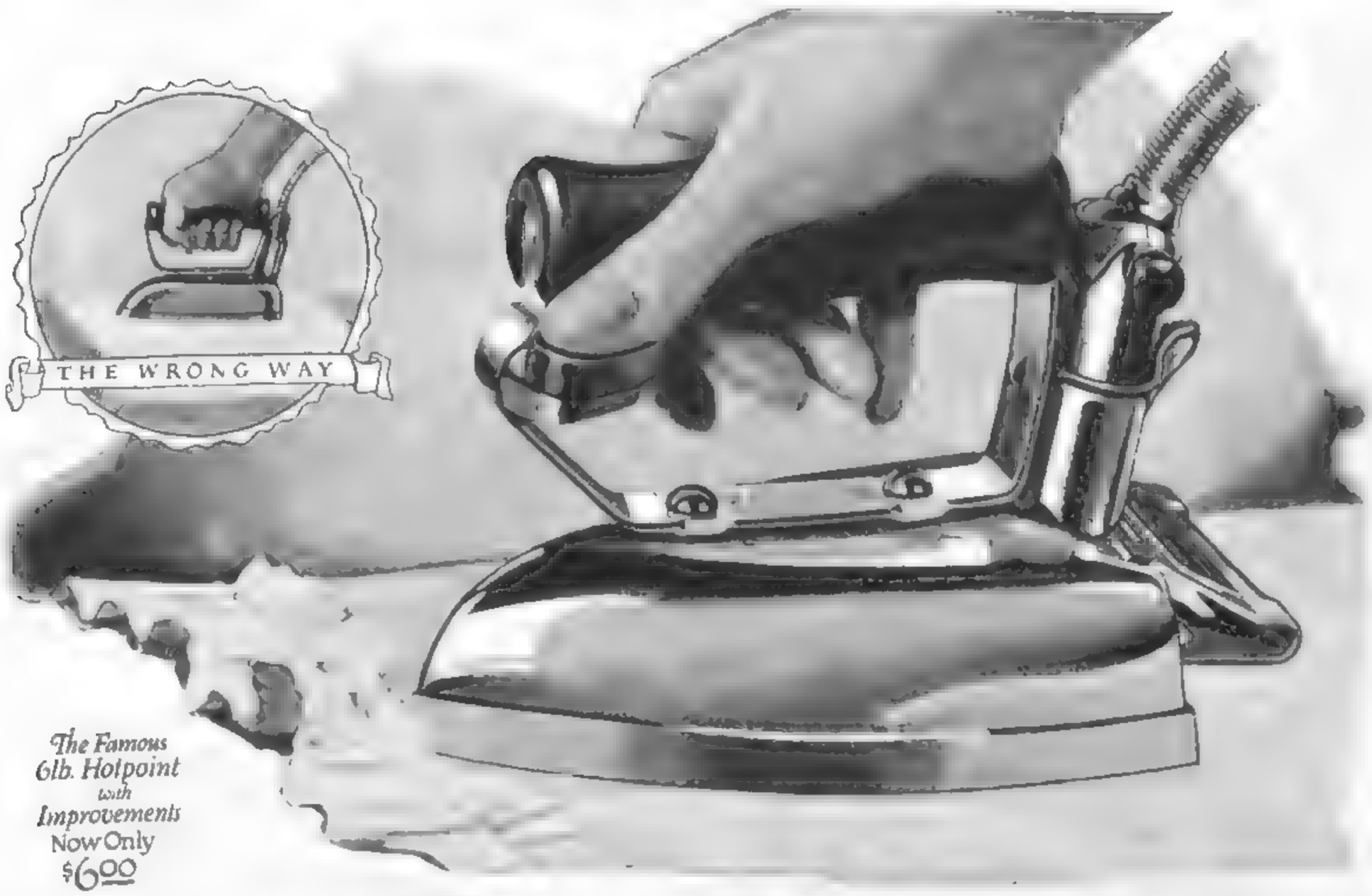
A banker of one of the northern neutral countries said to me, "The Dawes Plan has swung the policy from beef to butter."

I replied, "You may be quite right, but I am inclined to think that it was because the policy of the French people had already swung from beef to butter that the Dawes Plan was possible." It was only when the world heard the French hen clucking about the declining franc that anyone seriously believed that anything like the Dawes Plan could be put into the nest with a chance of being hatched rather than pecked to pieces.

In other words, the Dawes Plan and its acceptance by the London Conference are not only forces which will probably play a part in the development of the second armistice but the very existence of the Dawes Plan could not have been if the public opinion of France, Germany and Great Britain had not already begun to create the second armistice.

It would be foolish to deny that in France there is some opinion against the Dawes Plan. I had no difficulty in finding men of political color and even of economic color who will say, "We are not deceived as to the real purpose of Germany. Under

(Continued on Page 189



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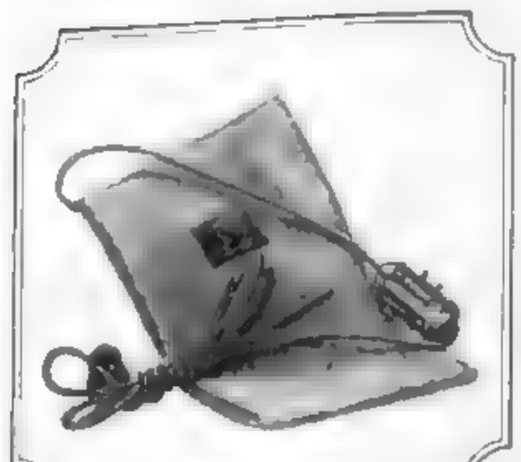

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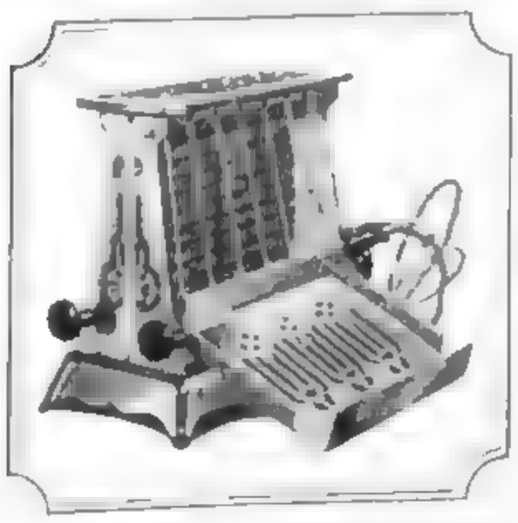

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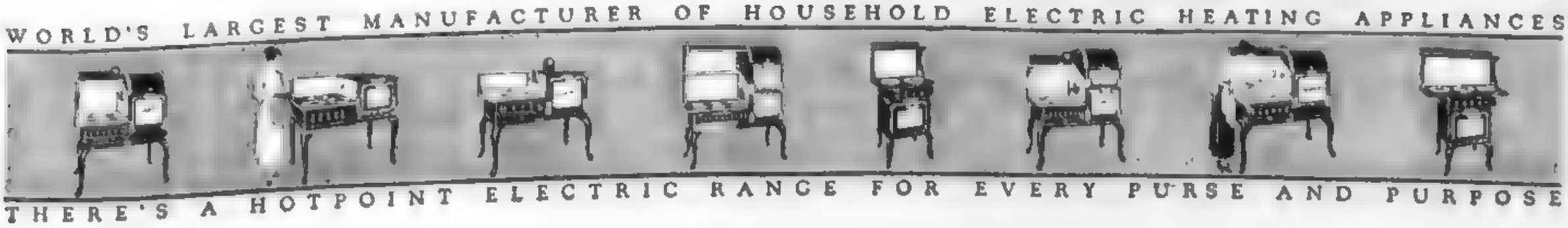

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(Continued from Page 186)

the Dawes Plan, Germany has not only the features of a moratorium but she has acquired an instrumentality to give her stability and a means to regain strength. Her gains are realities. They are time and accumulating power. The Dawes Plan only allotted to France the privilege to wait, hope and fear."

In Germany it is not difficult to find nationalist opinion, particularly among the more resistant spirits, which says, "Our creditors have been able to put us into a receivership to enforce promises which should never have been made. These promises are of a definite economic nature. If broken they are immediately discovered in clear mathematical terms. In exchange for this we received political promises such as evacuation of our territories. At the first opportunity the promise to evacuate the Cologne area is broken and a flimsy excuse given on the trumped-up charge that we are not living up to our disarmament obligations! When political promises are broken the world never can see the outrage.

"It is not a simple affair like the failure to pay a note when it is due. It is an affair to argue over and evade forever. It is subject to charges and countercharges, and bad faith is difficult to demonstrate clearly."

But in the main not only French but also German public opinion today not only supports the Dawes Plan but I believe may be said to have made that plan feasible before it was suggested publicly.

Indeed the Dawes Plan is an excellent example of the kind of healthy measures which rest not upon invention but upon conditions. It promises success in the midst of a world filled by the wrecks of plans which expected to succeed by twisting realities and conditions and attempting to challenge the normal courses of human nature and trying to block the operation of economic laws. The Dawes Plan swam with the stream.

The value of the steps of conciliation are often overlooked: the mere advantages of contacts are too readily forgotten. The London Conference which adopted the Dawes Plan was in itself a proof of the existence of the spirit of the second armistice, and at the same time, apart from its definite accomplishments, an encouragement for the growth of that spirit.

One of the leading English reviewers of political events says after half a year has elapsed since that conference: "It owed most of its success to the readiness of the French Premier Herriot and to Herr Marx, each to make allowance for the particular difficulties of the other." What were these difficulties? They were the difficulties of maintaining the confidence of the French and German people in the awakening spirit of the second armistice. That they were met is shown by Herriot's success in obtaining the ratification of the London agreements by the French Parliament and by Marx and Stresemann's obtaining from the Reichstag the needed legislation.

Marx on Foreign Policy

Former Chancellor Marx is a man who impresses one with an extraordinary quality of directness and honesty. Just before I saw him in Berlin he had made a speech which was then brought to my attention.

"The foreign policy of the government must be carried on without turning this way and that," he said. "It must be based on complete understanding shared by Germany and other nations. No one can avoid recognizing the plain fact that though Germany might thump the table, rattle the saber and grow apoplectic with rhetorical outburst, the other nations are strong in arms and Germany is disarmed. So the one way to freedom is through calm negotiations."

Nothing could express more clearly the spirit of the second armistice from the German point of view, and nothing in my opinion could be said which represents more closely the average German opinion of today.

I found no evidence against the resigned and settled willingness of German labor to go to work. It is German labor which must take out of its own hide the reparations payments under the Dawes Plan, and unless there is too great a speeding up to be tolerated, unless German industrialists take advantage of the spirit of resignation of the average German worker, and above all, unless incidents of violence or apparent bad faith occur in the evacuation of the occupied regions, I can see the second armistice with its feet well planted in Germany.

The danger, if one exists, is clearly the danger that if a reactionary or tactless policy is set up by newcomers in French or British governments which will lead the Germans to take a view of cynicism rather than hope, the second armistice may be cracked. No one needs to be much of a politician to know that only a small measure of bad faith or persecution on technical grounds, only some swashbuckling by some Allied officer or some lordly and pompous lecturing of Germany, would be needed to strengthen the hands of the German reactionaries.

There is still a good deal of a noisy minority of those whom Marx calls saber rattlers. Sometime in November, Lieutenant General Kressmann, speaking to a meeting of volunteers, said, "The Reichswehr has been the great creation brought about since the revolution. Its spirit is nationalist and patriotic. It needs reserves and recruits for use when the day of liberation comes. Many persons are saying, 'No more war!' How foolish! Through war alone may we break our fetters. Our young men should be educated for the future and the day of our decision."

But the average German of common sense regards that day as being a long, long way off. With encouragement and some measure of sympathetic policy in France, the average German will stand with men like Marx in favor of the second armistice. While the German believes that his enemies want butter he will stand with liberal leadership; the moment he believes that beef is wanted he will go off the ranges of liberalism, and it is difficult to blame him.

The German Military Situation

An instance of the kind of unfortunate influence which affects adversely the second armistice happened while I was in Berlin and just before I saw Marx. Indications had been given from British sources, particularly through a speech made by Lord Curzon, who, whatever his abilities, is not considered in Europe either as a sedative or a tonic personality in international affairs, that the French and the British had some arrangement by which there would be no evacuation of the Cologne area as planned and as expected by Germany. It was assumed that this delay in fulfillment would be based upon a report by the Allied Military Control Commission that Germany had failed to live up to her disarmament undertakings. I have no desire to criticize that report or challenge its findings. The stir which it occasioned may have grown cold before this is read. But here are some facts which everyone who is on the inside of the German military situation knows full well:

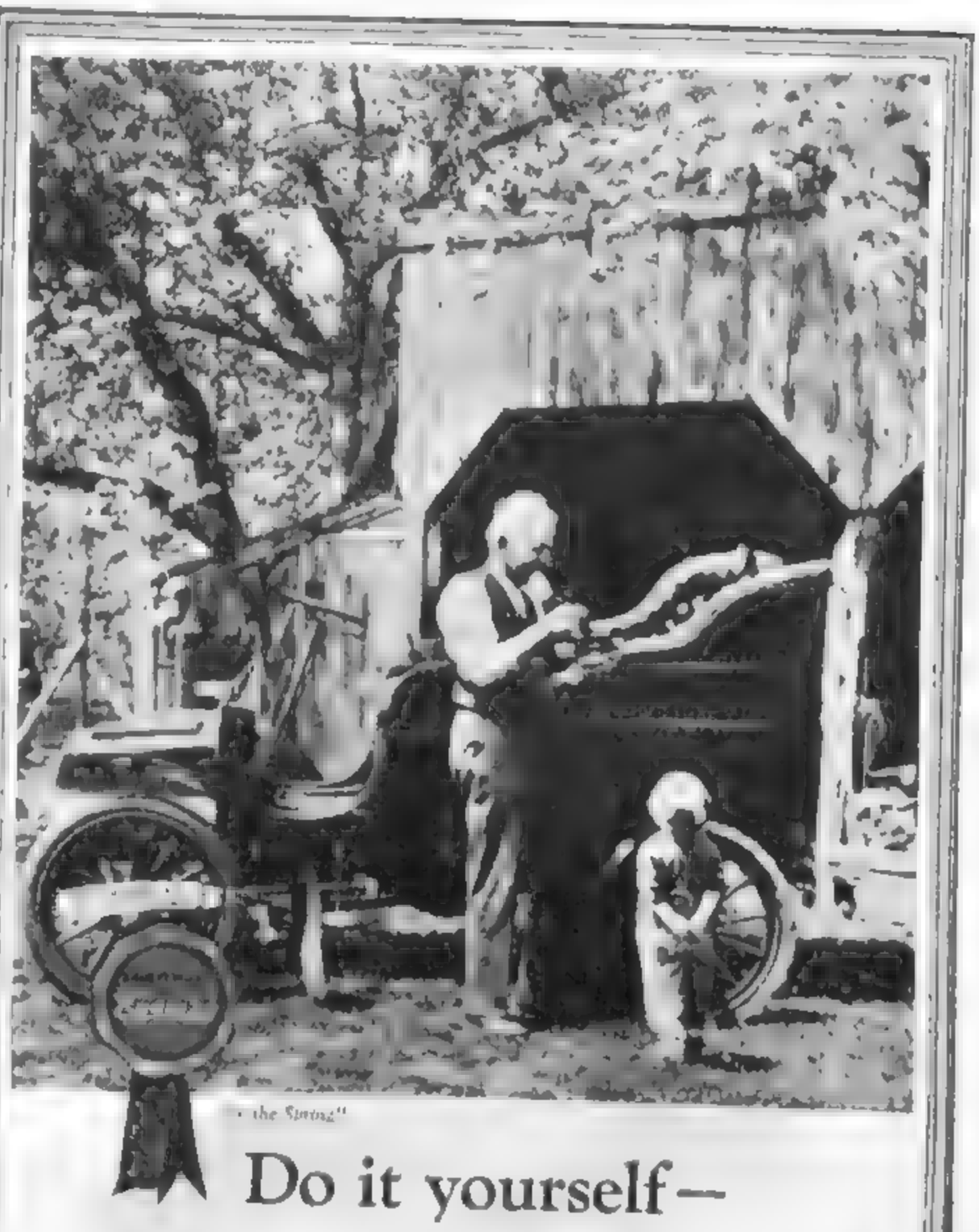
First, the consent of Germany to the extension of allied military inspection was obtained as a by-product of the London Conference.

Second, this inspection has resulted in between fifteen hundred and two thousand control visits, and it would be remarkable indeed if a foreign inspection of this magnitude failed to produce irritations and accusations between the inspecting officers and the native, inspected and interrogated officers.

Third, while there is military control it is impossible for Germany to arm.

Briefly stated, everyone knows that Germany is now substantially unarmed; equally, all the insiders know that, when unobstructed, Germany could arm herself for a first go at war in about eight months.

These facts one can use as one likes, to justify or to criticize any failure to evacuate occupied regions. But the leaders of liberal policies in Germany will always find that the chief misfortune in such instances lies in the fact that their support of the spirit of the second armistice is made to appear as a failure. Marx, with whom I talked, would probably say that the Allies and every nation concerned in the London agreements and in the Dawes Plan, that all the people of the world who wish peace and a restabilization in Europe, ought to desire that the liberal policies in Germany, upon which the second armistice must depend, should live and grow. Marx was not so much concerned with the prolongation of the occupation of Cologne as with the effect of such prolongation upon the people of Germany. If Allied diplomacy would regard with disfavor a nationalist government in Germany, why take a course which,



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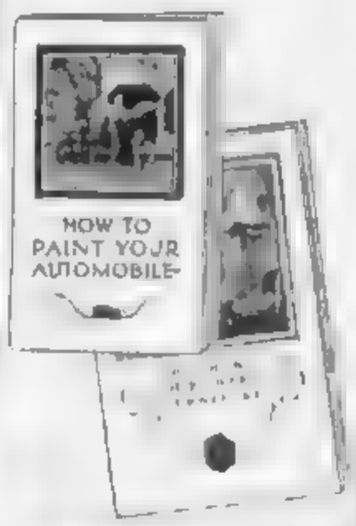

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more than anything which could happen within Germany, is likely to push Germany toward the kind of internal politics wholly out of tune with the second armistice? This, I believe, is the style of thinking which Marx with his extraordinary close-to-the-ground sense of justice acquired by him when he was a judge, and with his almost mystical religious faith in righteousness, would apply to those menaces which perhaps military men and statesmen of the old imperial stamp may put in the way of peace between two peoples.

Peace between these two peoples is going to be difficult; it is going to be difficult even when political policies are turned from the beef plan to the more moderate butter plan. It is going to be difficult in spite of the economic forces, which, for the time being at least, are suggesting more coöperation than competition, more contact and less conflict. Anyone who visits France and Germany today would be a fool who did not recognize that the French with a diminishing birth rate and a currency which has caused shudders by its fluctuations, are still in dread of invasion, still afraid of their neighbor. Anyone would be a fool who cannot sense in Germany the inevitable but perhaps dying sparks of hate and revenge, and the hope for a day of retribution. And yet anyone would be a fool who could not see that in the one case fear and in the other case hate are impotent. The tether of France's fear is, after all, a somewhat short tether. The hate in Germany, almost equally human and natural, is now on a short chain and one leap means strangulation. I have come to the conclusion that Americans who see in the desire of France for security a militaristic and imperial policy, and Americans who go about the world preaching the doctrine that Germany will fight back at the earliest moment, not only serve badly the cause of peace but fail to estimate properly not only the possibilities in this second armistice but fail also to estimate at all the shortness and the power of the shackles now holding in restraint both fear and hate in the two countries.

I find on returning to Europe after being away from the diplomats' gossip for nearly a year, a mass of testimony indicating changes for the better not only in the change from the beef policy to the butter policy but also in the release or coming release of the economic forces which may tie the two countries together.

A Sensible French View

Above all, perhaps, more than political change, more than economic change, I am certain that there has been a wholly new turn in the minds of the people themselves.

A French statesman had said that the German people are still unrepentant.

"What nonsense!" said a large French landowner to me. "Whoever heard of a people who love their country and are filled with faith in it, and are willing to fight and die for it and lose their sons for it, being asked by any serious mind to be repentant? I, as one who fought them, do not ask that absurdity—repentance. I would much prefer that they forget!"

A man who from a neutral position has had a great deal to do with the reparations question, told me that he had attended a dinner in one of the university cities of Germany where there were assembled a number of distinguished scientists. Most of these men were old. Some of them are living or have lived since the war in silent poverty. One of them mentioned the fact that there was not a single man present who had not lost a boy in the war. "Tell me," said this visitor in Germany to me, "what kind of man would have risen among these fine old characters and asked them if they were repentant?"

The last thing I ever want to do is to create unreality. I do not believe I am doing it when I say that today one cannot go into Germany and in any one of the more developed centers stop the first man in the street and ask, "Can't you see why the French are apprehensive?" without having an excellent chance of getting the answer, "Certainly I can see; I understand."

It is this gradually growing social understanding upon which the second armistice will rest more securely than upon anything else.

I cannot believe that war-prophesying Americans or that part of the American press which feeds the old fears and hates does much of a service to peace. I have encountered in France, in Germany and in various quarters of Europe, Americans who are impressed because they have met in the Riviera, in Rome or in some other quarter German tourists who are prosperous and are spending lavishly. Of course there are such! There is always the tiny minority, the inconsiderable froth at the top of the liquid of mankind which by speculation and the twists of fortune will have money to spend. I have met Americans, who have spent Christmas in Berlin, as I did, and who say, "Ha, ha! Germany is prosperous. The restaurants were full. The department stores were full. The windows of the shops were full of luxuries! These Huns could pay their reparations if they would."

Have they seen in Berlin—even in Berlin—that widow of the lawyer who said to her when he went away to war, "I have left it so if anything happens to me you will be safe. I have put my money into mortgages"? Have they any idea that these mortgages were paid off in a currency so depreciated that this widowed woman, prematurely old, has nothing?

Fevers Cooling

They see nothing of the millions of such cases; they only see a few hundred profiteer tourists; they only see a few dozens of lucky Germans sitting in cafés. But, after all, there is probably seldom anything vicious in this point of view; it is only ignorant and childish. But it cannot be said to serve the cause of conciliation and justice.

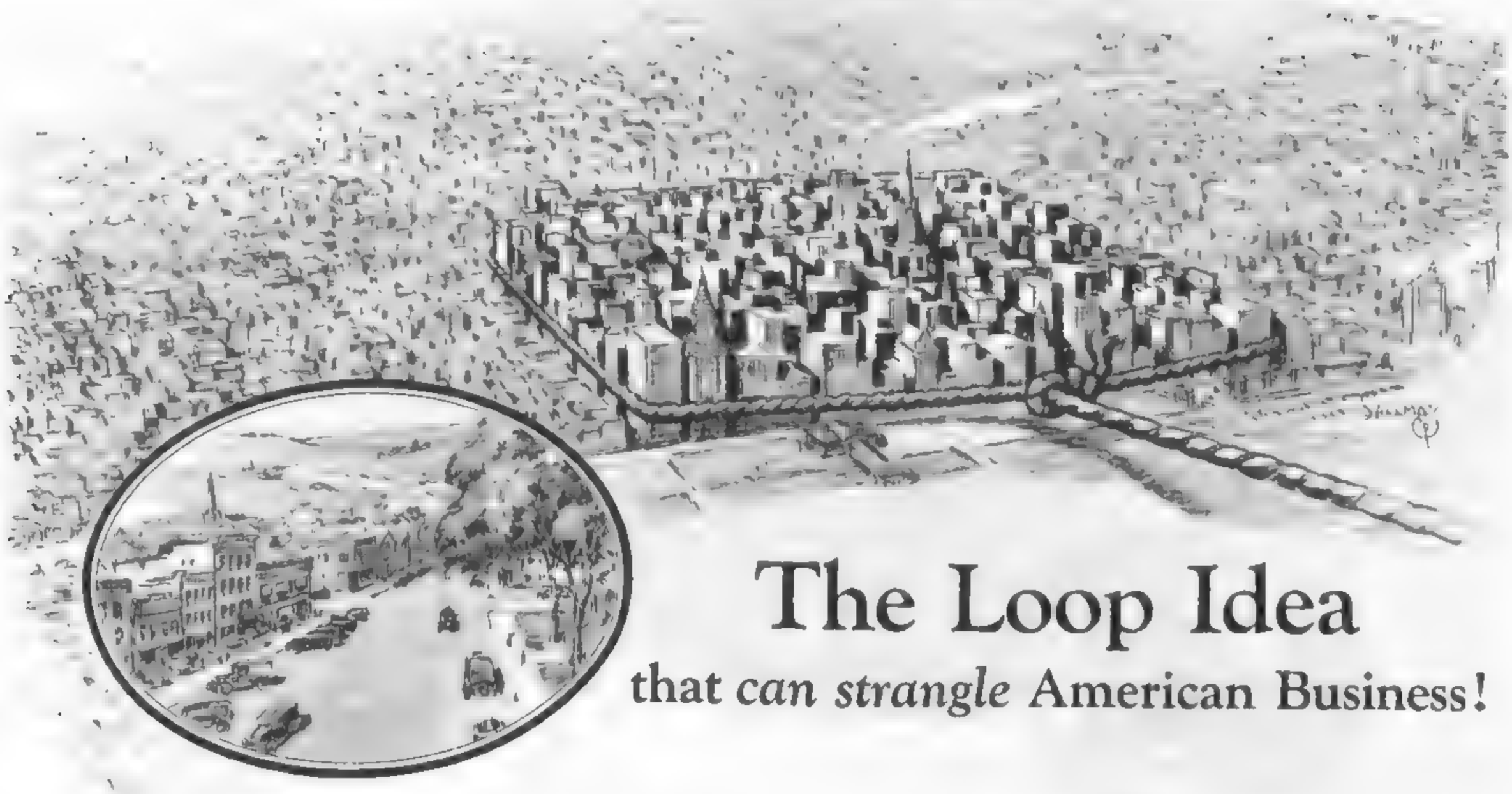
After all, if anyone has harbored a deadly hate against Germany it should have been satisfied. It is conceivable that reason might wish to dismember Germany and tear her into shreds, but mere passionate desire to see her suffer should have had its fill. Humiliation, poverty, torture, confusion! Not even an extremist in France would deny that these had been Germany's lot.

Recently—a few weeks ago—I asked a man who has had more experience than any other in the intricacies of European affairs, what had impressed him more than anything else in his experience. His answer was quite clear and decisive. He said "The one great force is not economic. The one great force is not religion. The greatest force in the world is race!"

I do not doubt the vigor of this force. It is impossible to pass from the French to the German civilization without feeling the marked cleavage between the two. It is impossible for a sensitive person to go from Germany into France without a sense of a differentiation which no assurance from ethnologists that the races are not so distinct as one would suppose can efface. It is impossible to step over the boundaries without a sense that one is stepping over future battlefields on which is to be decided the issue between the individualism of France and the industrialism of Germany. On one side is the self-contained, slow-breeding, artistic, cultural unit, and on the other the unit of bursting population, of inflexible, serious, regimented thought and regimented action, living in the midst of an atrocious pompous absence of a full measure of subtlety and beauty.

But nevertheless, there is today on both sides of that boundary the sign of an awakening to the fact that somehow the individuals on one side and those on the other have been made victims of a vast and horrible illusion. There is an awakening to the fact that conflict does not pay. The fevers are cooling. There is a searching out for the interests which can be built up and preserved by a common effort. There is an increasing sense that whatever differences there may be in national ideals and race characteristics, there is something more vital in the human understanding of one great body of human beings with another great body of human beings than in the whole of a Napoleonic aspiration or of a Bismarckian concept.

The game used to be played with humanity in the form of checkers moved around on the board by some great hand. Today the checkers have a disposition to move themselves and perhaps move more humanely. I cannot say with complete assurance, but nevertheless I believe after coming again to these two civilizations—the defeated victors and the defeated vanquished—that the second armistice has been or will be created. It will be created somewhat because of the circumstances which limit imperialism and revenge and fear and hate, and somewhat because of economic forces. But perhaps first of all it will be created because two peoples are awakening to mutual understanding that they have a common interest in liberalism.



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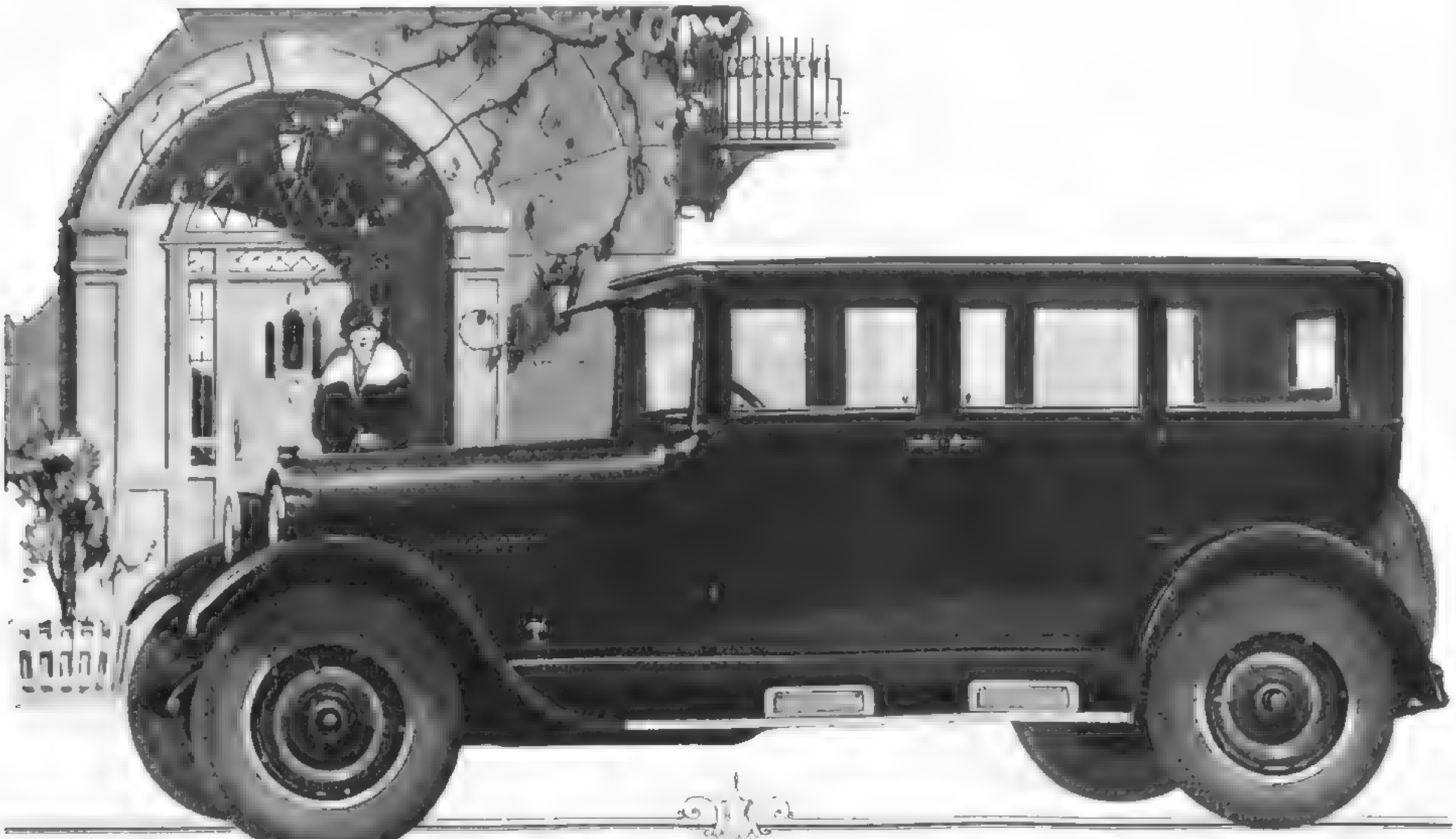

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ANTIQUAMANIA

Continued from Page 13

"Yes, I know that one," said Lamar "I need one just like that in my kitchen."

"Kitchen!" howled Herkimer. "Kitchen!" Then he calmed himself with an effort and looked appealingly at Lamar "Now look here, Lamar," he continued persuasively, "if you'll let my sideboards alone I'll let your Windsors alone. Come on, now, Lamar, that's all I want; nothing but sideboards. Of course, if I could find one of those handkerchiefs printed with Mexican War scenes. I'd want that. Those are becoming very rare, Lamar."

"Certainly they're becoming rare," said Lamar. "It was only a month ago that you called me a sucker for paying thirty dollars for one, though. A month ago you were shouting all over Pennsylvania that you wouldn't have one of them in your house, and now you come around and tell me that they're becoming rare."

"Well, I've studied them seriously since then," said the great novelist and amateur antiquer.

"Sure you have," said the distinguished antique collector and editor; "you've given a lot of serious study to the way I handed out thirty dollars for one of them."

"That's all right," declared Herkimer in a conciliatory manner. "I notice that you always said you never would have any pewter around your house; but as soon as you saw me picking up all the pewter in sight you went to that Pennsylvania place when I was busy somewhere else, and bought six pewter cups that I had been watching for two or three months."

"Is that so!" said Lamar.

"Yes," said Herkimer, "and the cups weren't any good, either."

"Certainly they were good," said Lamar. "They were early American."

"They may have been early American," admitted Herkimer smugly, "but they didn't have any touch marks."

"Touch marks rot," said Lamar. "They were early American, and the pewter was good, and they were beautiful. What do I care about touch marks!"

"When you know as much about pewter as I do," said Herkimer, "you will refuse to have anything to do with any pewter that isn't stamped with the name of an American pewterer or with one of Kerfoot's four unidentified eagles."

"Is that so!" said Lamar in a coldly sarcastic voice. "I suppose I might as well sell those six cups, then."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Herkimer eagerly. "How much do you want for them?"

Active hostilities between the great editor and the great novelist were prevented by the distinguished artist Mr. Beronol, who interrupted at this point to ask whether either Mr. Herkimer or Mr. Lamar was interested in hutch tables, and to remark feelingly that if they were not he would be greatly obliged if they would permit him to negotiate for any hutch tables that might be located in Miss Lily Stirrup's antique emporium at Oakland.

Crowded Quarters

It was apparent from all this that Miss Stirrup's antique shop—which was one of the four chief objectives of the entire trip—must be the repository of millions of beautiful old pieces of furniture—a huge and shadowy structure, evidently, into which each antiquer would rush and preëmpt a corner, so that as he discovered a piece that appealed to him he could separate it from the mass and drag it noisily into his own corner. Within an hour or so after the antiquers had entered the place, one readily foresaw, each one would be crouched like a great hungry spider over his private pile of antiques, growling at the others and trying to decide whether or not to buy. The buying, one realized, would be terrific. A freight car or at least a large motor truck would be required to transport the booty.

Yet when the town of Oakland was reached and the antique emporium of Miss Lily Stirrup was discovered on a street that hadn't been paved since the adolescence of Jefferson Davis, if at all, it was apparent that one should never form an opinion on the enthusiastic ravings of an antique hound.

The house seemed to be large enough to provide living quarters for a family; but only an inveterate optimist would have credited it with being large enough for two families and a dog. Miss Stirrup's entire store of antiques, moreover, was gathered together in her front hall and in her living room. The bulk of them were assembled in the living room; and into this instantly squeezed the eager Messrs. Lamar, Herkimer and Beronol, the lady wife of one of the antiquers, the skeptical but interested student, and Miss Stirrup.

Miss Stirrup explained optimistically that as soon as she sold her sideboard for one thousand dollars she hoped to enlarge her stock of antiques, in as much as the profit that she would derive from the sale would enable her to buy a flivver and give her enough capital to lay in some really choice pieces in addition. She then looked hopefully at Mr. Herkimer, whose passion for adorable sideboards had long been the subject of conversation in antique circles.

Mr. Herkimer's only expression of opinion concerning the sideboard, however, was that he thought Mr. Lamar ought to buy it; whereupon Mr. Lamar gazed at the sideboard with evident admiration and said that he thought it was exactly what Mr. Herkimer ought to have.

Mr. Herkimer then stated that if the party expected to reach Richwood in time to get anything to eat, it had better be on its way, while Mr. Lamar glared absentmindedly at the bottom of a cracked plate and murmured something about a good thick steak

Mr. Beronol ruminatingly removed a pewter bowl from a pile of old books on the table in order to examine the books; and Mr. Herkimer, preparing to leave the room, placed the pewter bowl on the sideboard so that he wouldn't knock it to the floor. Mr. Lamar, following Mr. Herkimer, replaced the pewter bowl on the table, whereupon the skeptical but interested student picked it up and asked Miss Stirrup the price. He was told fifteen dollars, and immediately purchased it.

More Adorable Junk

Mr. Herkimer then examined the bowl, asked why it hadn't been shown to him, and pointed out that the touch marks were not clear. Mr. Lamar took it from Mr. Herkimer and clearly intimated that the skeptical student had hidden it from the others on entering the room. Mr. Beronol took it from Mr. Lamar with a venomous glance at its new owner, and stated that if he had not waited to assist a lady from the automobile he would have been the first to enter the room and would have bought the bowl for himself.

Mr. Lamar, with a defiant air, then purchased a millefiori paper weight and the entire party left Miss Stirrup's antique emporium in an aura of suspicion verging on downright dislike for each other.

The beautiful city of Richwood, which was next on the list of the antique raiders, is a mere seventy or eighty miles beyond Oakland; and as soon as the little group of raiders had settled themselves in the automobile once more and were tearing past Virginia's historic battlegrounds and ancient mansions, their spirits quickly rose at the thought of the gems of early Americana that awaited them at a favorite dealer's

"We can get all we want at Brush's," declared Mr Herkimer confidently. "Brush is a great connoisseur, and has men picking up the best things for him all over Virginia. Twelve rooms full of things, he has—fine old pieces; adorable little sideboards, fascinating gateleg tables, adorable cellarettes, adorable pie crusts. Remarkable character, Brush."

"Has he got any hutch tables?" asked Mr. Beronol anxiously. "I hope nobody else here cares anything about hutch tables."

"Has he got any Windsor writing chairs?" asked Mr Lamar. "And if he has a good corner cupboard with chamfered sides and inlaid medallions and that sort of thing, it's mine. I speak for it."

"Oh, is that so!" said Mr. Herkimer coldly. "Well, before you get hoarse speaking for it, I'd like to take a look at it myself."

Chattering thus in the manner of confirmed antiquers, the party swept briskly into Richwood and past the statues of Confederate heroes, whose only effect on the raiders was to lead one of them to remark that if Brush had a decent hutch table for sale he deserved to have a statue of his own in Richwood.

Pausing only long enough to permit the individual members to wrap themselves

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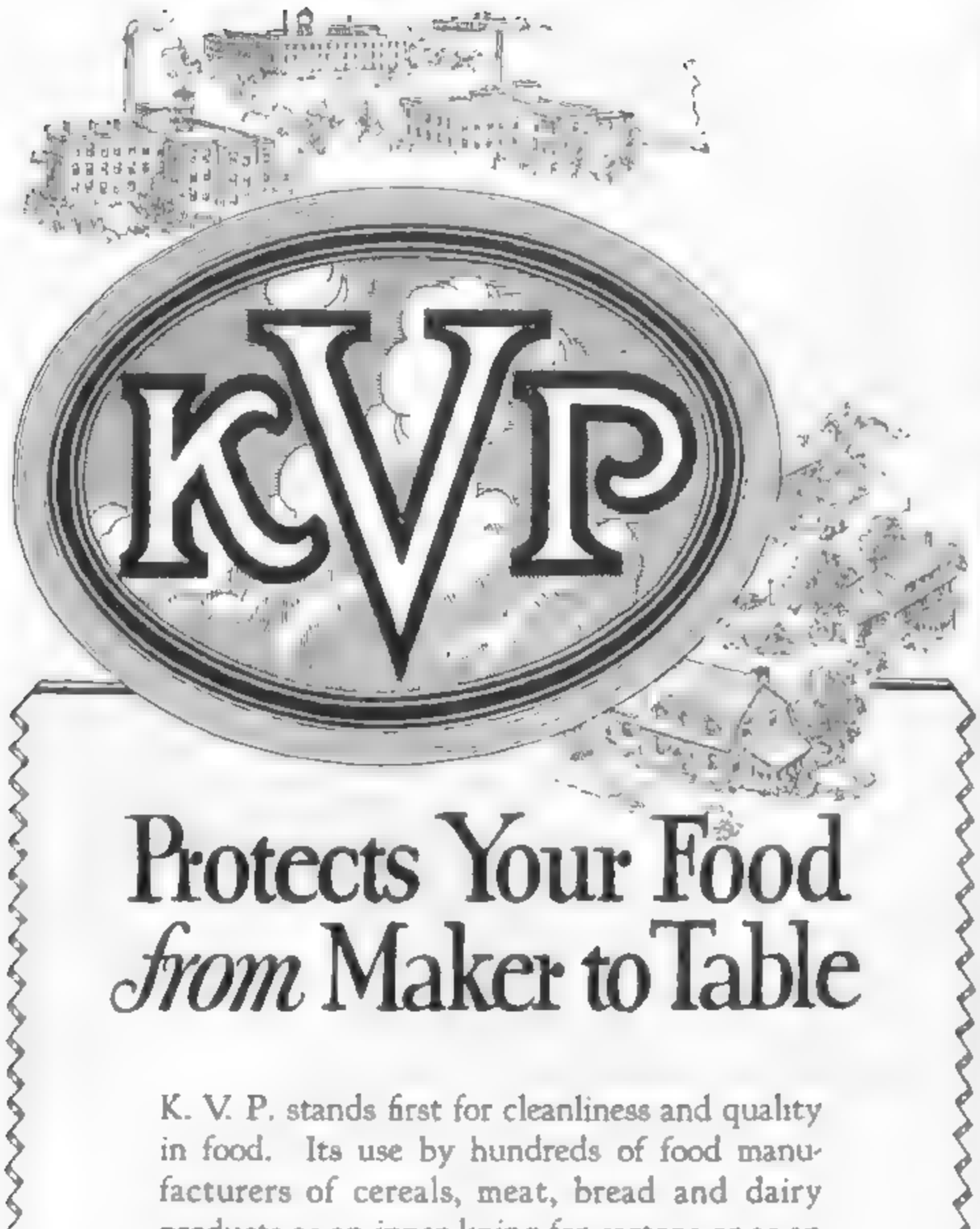

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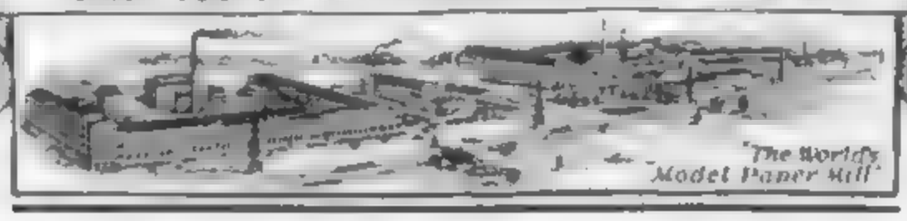


around a thick and juicy steak, the party hastened on to Brush's, where Brush himself awaited his visitors with his face wreathed in smiles.

Heartily passing the time of day and the compliments of the season with Mr. Brush, the little party hastened toward the house. On the porch stood a very ancient and mildewed table that had, from time to time, apparently been assaulted by its former owners with blunt instruments. It was the type of table known as a tavern table, with an oval top about the size of a tea tray. It was so disreputable looking that any well-brought-up horse would have felt some distress if forced to occupy the same stable with it.

"How much is this table, Brush?" asked one of the party, evidently thinking that it might be worth mending if it could be bought for fifteen dollars or less.

"One hundred and seventy-five dollars," replied Brush, enveloping the questioner in a benevolent smile.

A rich silence immediately enveloped the party, which pressed on into the house in deep meditation and with a noticeable lowering of the spirits.

"Haven't I seen this chest of drawers before?" asked Mr. Herkimer, pausing before a piece of furniture from which bits of wood were peeling.

"Yes, indeed," said Brush cheerfully. "That's the chest that belonged to Thomas Jefferson's grandmother, and I got the papers to prove it."

"Still the same price?" asked Mr. Lamar in a voice similar to that in which one asks whether the murderer is to be electrocuted or hanged.

"Yep," said Mr. Brush. "Still five thousand dollars."

Mr. Lamar loosened his collar with a prehensile forefinger.

"How much do you have to get for that table, Mr. Brush?" asked Mr. Herkimer.

"Seven hundred dollars," said Mr. Brush without a moment's hesitation.

Mr. Herkimer threw back his heavy coonskin coat and sighed noisily.

"How much do you have to get for these chairs, Mr. Brush?" asked Mr. Lamar.

"I have to get twenty-two hundred for those six chairs, Mr. Lamar," said Mr. Brush.

Mr. Lamar removed his hat and wiped the moisture from the brim.

Ten-Dollar Trifles

Led by Mr. Brush the little party wandered slowly from unheated room to unheated room, shivering noticeably whenever a price was asked or given—possibly from the chill in the rooms, and possibly from something else.

Mr. Herkimer and Mr. Lamar scrutinized a sofa carefully.

"Nice sofa," said Mr. Brush, looking affectionately at it.

"How much do you have to get for that sofa?" asked Mr. Herkimer.

"I have to get five hundred for that sofa, Mr. Herkimer," said Mr. Brush.

The party resumed its silent inspection of the tomblike rooms.

"How much for that old pine chest with the broken lid and the feet knocked off?" asked the skeptical student.

"One hundred and twenty-five," said Mr. Brush happily.

Some time later the little party, with the exception of Mr. Beronol, straggled shivering from the house and looked at one another with cold gray faces.

"Come over to the shed and see if there's anything that appeals to you," said Mr Brush genially.

"Got anything under a thousand dollars over there?" asked the skeptical student, morosely.

Mr. Beronol emerged from the house with a frayed sampler one foot square, on which was set forth in silk embroidery the reactions of Minnie May Hesterbrook, aged 11, to the wonders of nature. "How much is this sampler, Mr. Brush?" he asked.

"Ten dollars," said Mr. Brush without looking at it.

Mr. Beronol promptly produced ten dollars and then sat down on the running board of the automobile to brood lovingly over his purchase. The rest of the party continued onward to the shed, where the skeptical student discovered three large wrought-iron trivets with revolving plates, each plate being pierced in an unusual and beautiful manner.

A tag on each one stated that its price was ten dollars.

"I'll take these," said the skeptical student, assembling all three of them in a pile and reaching for his money.

Delicate Dating

"Yes, those are nice ones," said Mr. Brush, looking at them with deep affection. "They're sold," he added as an afterthought.

"Can't I have 'em?" asked the skeptical student hoarsely.

"No, they're sold," said Mr. Brush.

The skeptical student went out in the back yard, stood firmly and uncompromisingly in the middle of a large flock of hens and emitted a flow of language on the general subject of antiques, antique dealers and antique prices that would have raised blisters on an elephant's back. A few minutes later the remainder of the party emerged, glum and empty-handed, from the shed, aroused Mr. Beronol, who was still deep in admiring contemplation of his ten-dollar sampler, entered the automobile and left Mr. Brush smiling an enigmatic smile in front of his historic five-thousand-dollar chest.

As soon as the automobile had been headed at full speed toward Petersville, third great objective of the expedition, Mr. Beronol drew his sampler from his pocket, exhibited it proudly to each member of the expedition in turn, and dwelt in great detail on the exact spot where he had found it, the thoughts that had passed through his mind while he was thinking about buying it, and his plans for its ultimate destination. It was evident, however, that interest in the sampler might have been keener.

"Where do you date it, Mr. B.?" asked Mr. Herkimer wearily.

"Why, I date it 1792, Mr. H.," replied Mr. Beronol.

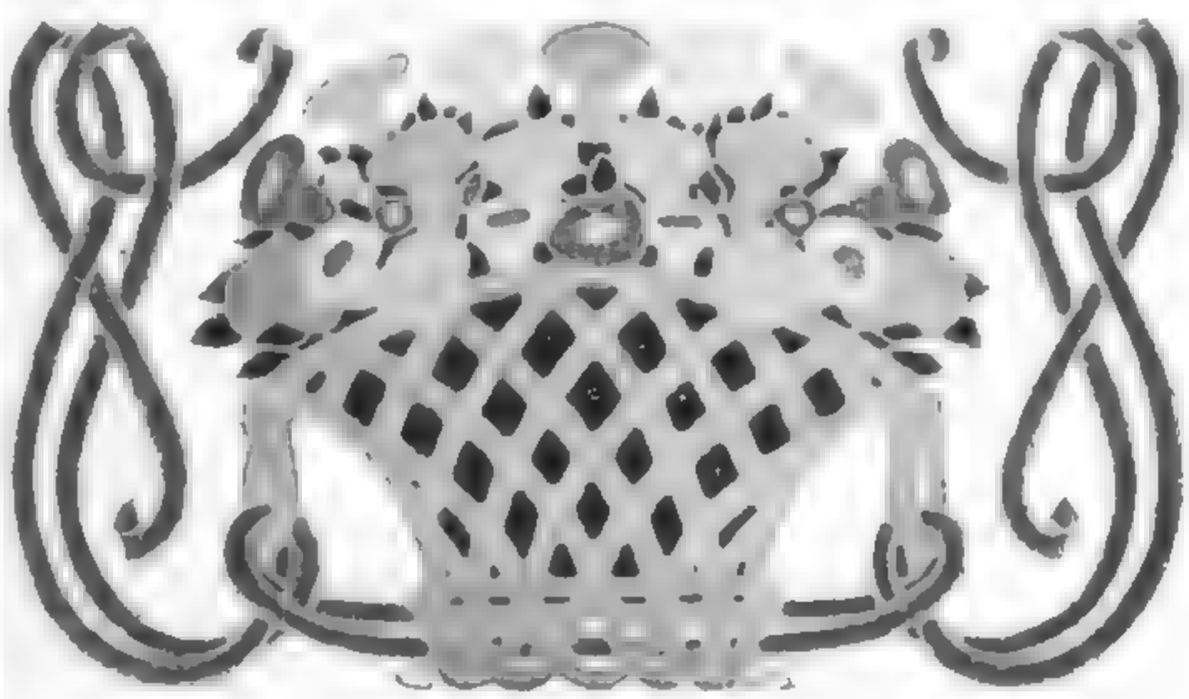
"Nonsense," said Mr. Herkimer carelessly, "it is obviously between 1820 and 1825."

"But it is dated 1792 right in the embroidery, Mr. H.," protested Mr. Beronol, earnestly.

"Probably a mistake on the part of the embroiderer, Mr. B.," said Mr. Herkimer coldly, "or a deliberate attempt of the girl to increase the value of the sampler by antedating it about thirty years."

Chattering thus lightheartedly, the antiquers quickly covered the eighteen miles between Richwood and Petersville. As the

(Continued on Page 197)



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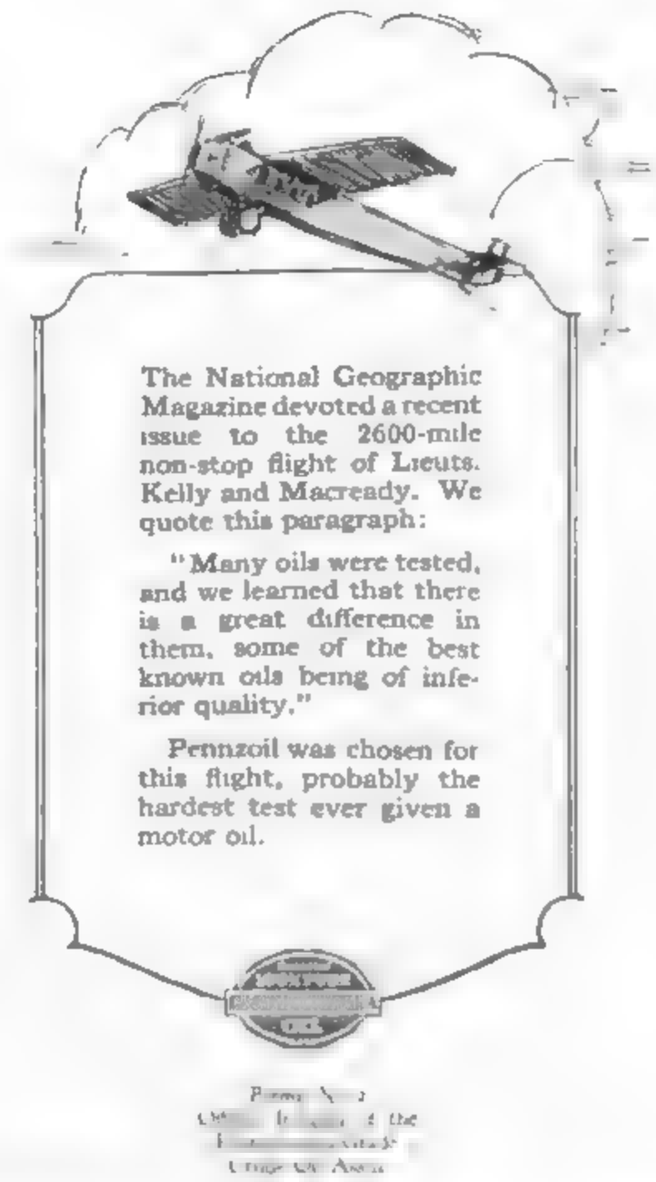

The National Geographic Magazine devoted a recent issue to the 2600-mile non-stop flight of Lieuts. Kelly and Macready. We quote this paragraph:

"Many oils were tested, and we learned that there is a great difference in them, some of the best known oils being of inferior quality."

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(Continued from Page 194)

automobile drew up before the Petersville antique shop, that hidden sixth sense that warns all true antiquers of the presence of desirable antiques led the three antique experts to eject themselves so vivaciously from their seats that they arrived simultaneously at the door of the shop.

Having effected an entry after some struggling, each one of the three swooped down on and hid behind his back an article concerning which he conferred privily with the shop owner. In each instance the owner, after examining the article in question with care, loudly replied "Five dollars!"

When the money had passed it was discovered that no butch tables or Windsor writing chairs or adorable sideboards or anything of the sort had changed hands, but that Mr. Beronol had purchased a light green bottle, evidently intended at one time to hold whisky, that Mr. Herkimer had purchased a dark blue bottle, evidently intended to hold bitters, and that Mr. Lamar had purchased a rich dark brown bottle, evidently intended originally to hold rum.

When this transaction had been completed, and the three persons had carefully secreted their bottles on their persons, they politely inquired of the skeptical but eager student whether he had found anything, and were told that he had found a fine pair of early Colonial andirons with brass tops for twenty dollars. They at once demanded to see the andirons; and they then stated that if for any reason the skeptical student did not wish to take the andirons himself, they would be willing to take them off his hands. It seemed to the skeptical student that they felt he ought to say that he hadn't really wanted the andirons, and that he would be glad to be relieved of them; but he possibly may have been mistaken.

All the Thing Needed

The skeptical student further stated to his hosts that he had been considering the purchase of a large slant-top scrutoire with a glass-doored cabinet top. On viewing this piece all three of his hosts enthusiastically recommended that he purchase it. They pointed out that the price asked for it—two hundred and fifty dollars—was not unreasonable; that only seven panes of glass had been broken out of the cabinet doors; that the doors could be rehung with new hinges and made to look all right; that only a few small pieces of wood needed to be let into the slant-top desk lid; that it needed only nine new brass handles and keyhole escutcheons, which could probably be purchased for twenty dollars or so; that its missing feet could be replaced comparatively easily with carved ogee brackets; and that after it had been gently scraped, rubbed down with pumice, carefully varnished, rubbed with pumice once more and liberally waxed, it would be a piece well worth having. So the skeptical student made the purchase and the party moved on rejoicing toward its last and greatest objective.

As the automobile sped onward Mr. Beronol fondled his light green bottle and called on each member of the party to admire it.

Mr. Lamar, however, was too busy admiring his own rich dark brown bottle, just as Mr. Herkimer was too much absorbed in the lights and shadows which played across the surface of his dark blue bottle; while the skeptical student was too deeply engrossed in picturing the beauty of his new secretary when it should have been supplied with new ogee bracket feet and beautiful new imported brass handles.

The Thrift of Mr. Beronol

When the raiders arrived at the final objective of the trip, whose whereabouts cannot be revealed because of a solemn oath sworn between them, their determination to be first through the door resulted in some damage to their own garments as well as to the cushions of the automobile, from which two of them jumped headlong instead of waiting to open the automobile doors.

At this happy hunting ground Mr. Herkimer obtained an adorable six-legged table. This and his dark blue bottle were, of course, the finest things obtained on the entire trip.

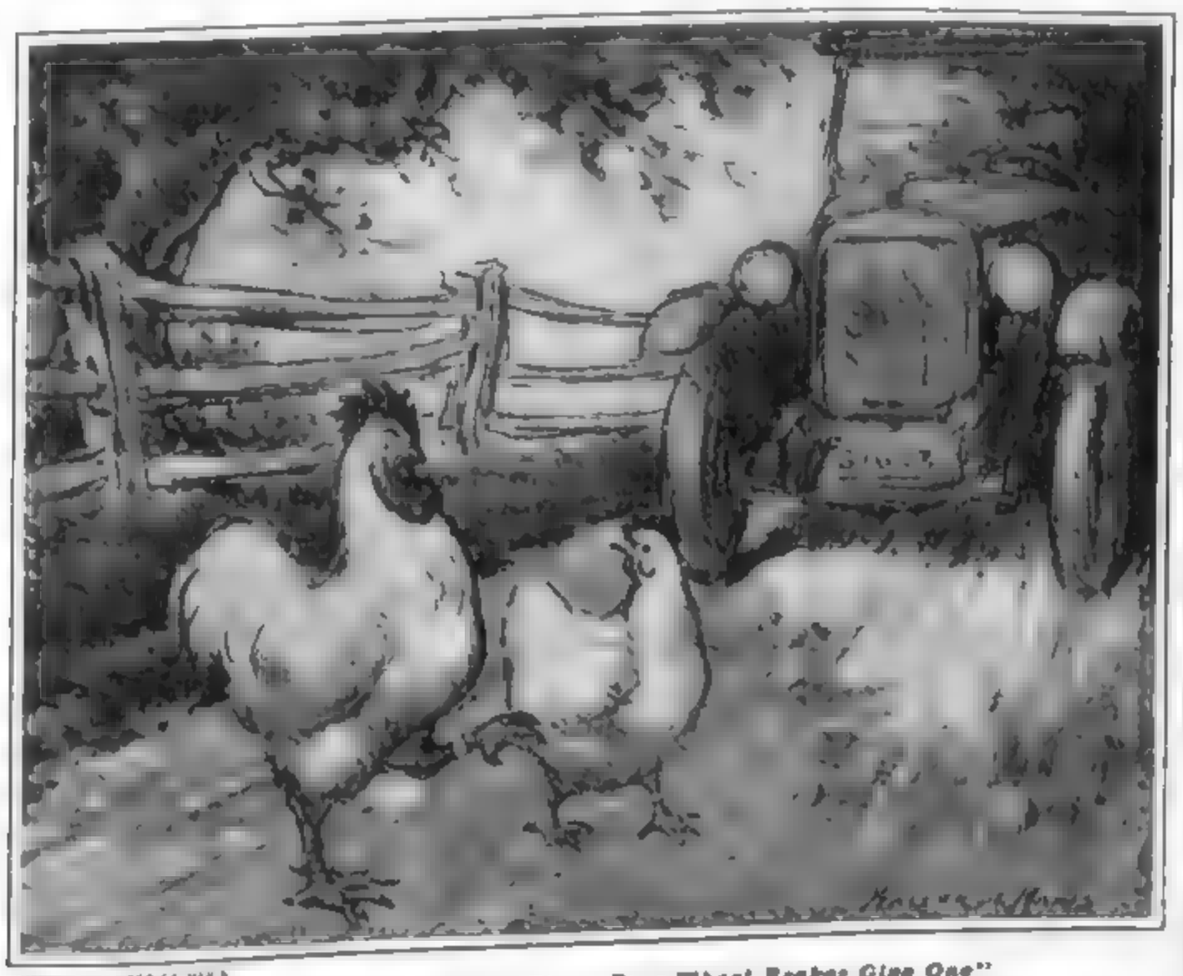
Mr. Lamar purchased an early American sideboard and a corner cupboard. Mr. Beronol, it might be remarked in passing, placed the date of the sideboard around 1660, Mr. Herkimer placed it around 1780, and Mr. Lamar placed it around 1750. These two pieces, with his dark brown bottle and his glass paper weight, it scarcely need be said, were the rarest gems of the many fine things unearthed by these three great amateur collectors.

Mr. Beronol was so fortunate as to get three early American bedspreads on which he was able to save shipping charges by absent-mindedly slipping them into Mr. Lamar's early American sideboard; and these three bedspreads, together with Mr. Beronol's other purchases—the light green bottle and the 1792 sampler—were without question the rarest and loveliest pieces that were found on the entire trip.

The skeptical but eager student discovered an early American chest of drawers with nothing but four feet and three handles missing; and this piece, the pewter bowl, the Colonial andirons and the cabinet-topped scrutoire were by far the loveliest and most worthwhile discoveries of the expedition.

All this must be true, for each member of the expedition frankly admitted it in setting forth his claims.

And that, presumably, is the reason why antique dealers are impelled to demand the price of a seashore bungalow for one pedigreed piece; they know that every victim of antiquamania is convinced by the fires of his disease that whatever he buys is worth more than he pays for it.



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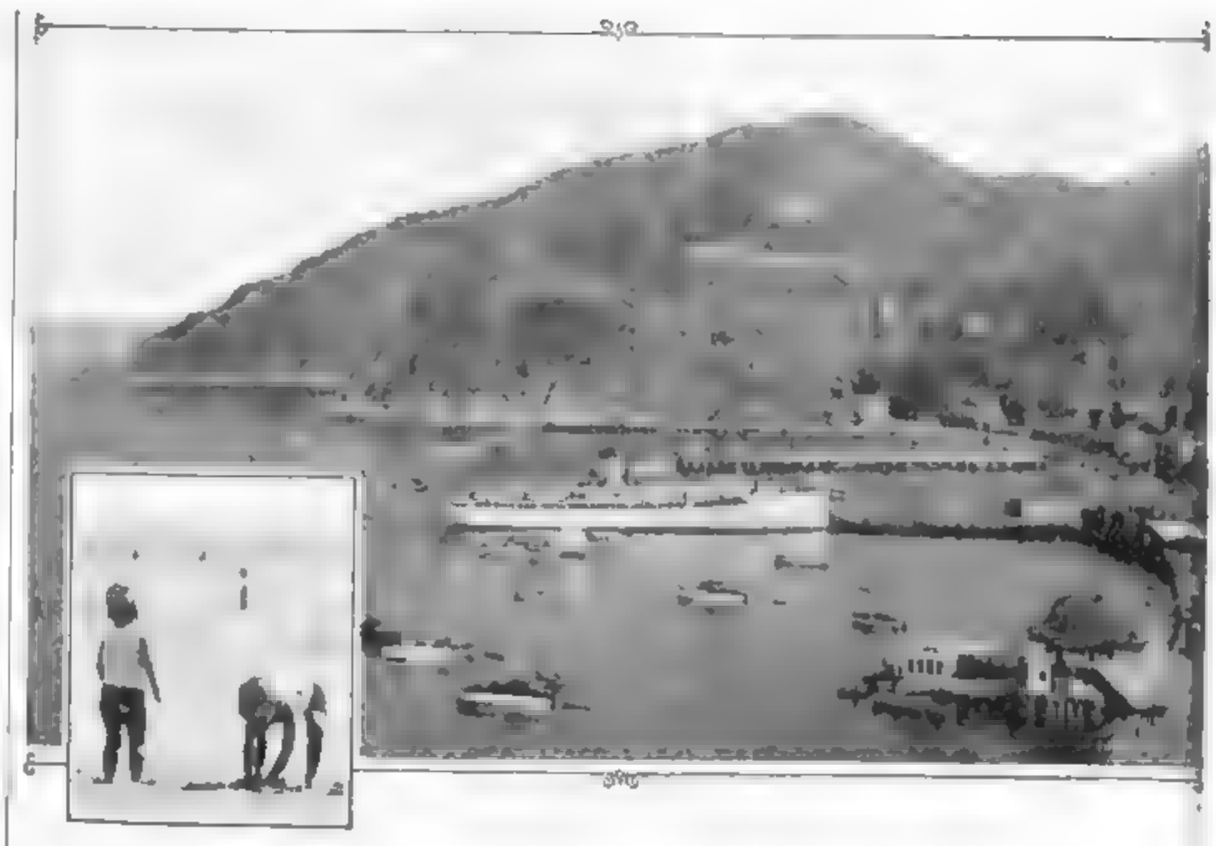

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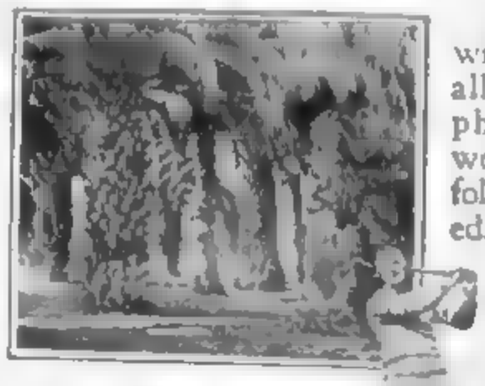

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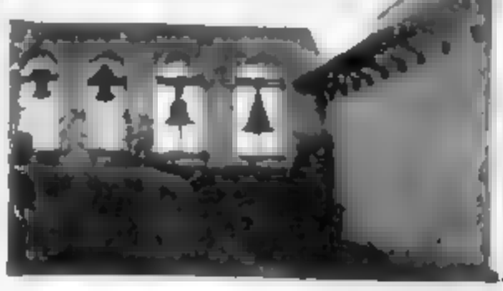

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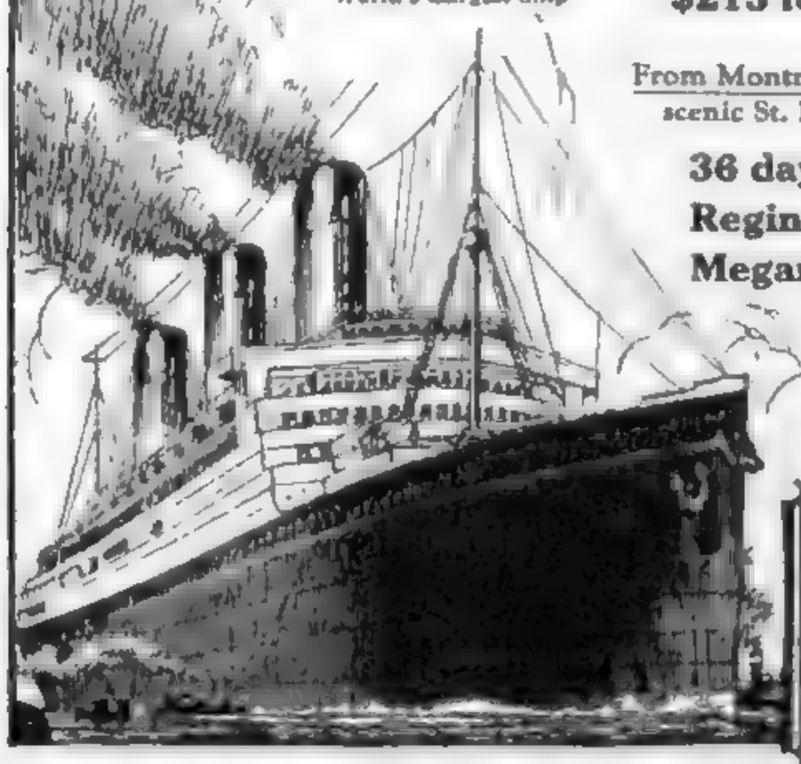

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WHOSE BUSINESS IS T■ SERVE

(Continued from Page 20

Ours was a very small town and it boasted two tiny inns. When I was sixteen my father's friendship with the keeper of one of them was strong enough to have me apprenticed in the kitchen of his establishment as a scullery boy. My job was to wash dishes, peel potatoes, and do anything the cook or anybody else ordered me to do. Sometimes I had to help the one chambermaid make beds and do the sweeping, and there were still more menial tasks which fell to my lot.

I was eighteen before there was a chance for promotion. The regular staff of the inn's restaurant consisted of the head waiter and an assistant. The latter was really a commis, though he resented the term. In the summer of that year occurred an unusual rush of tourists. Our town lay on the route of a diligence, and as the place was very picturesque, more and more travelers got into the habit of making it a stopping place. For the first time in my memory our little hotel was filled up and business in the dining room was too large for the head waiter and his assistant to handle properly. The chambermaid was put on duty as waitress, but she revolted. The wife of the proprietor volunteered for service, but her offices as cashier and accountant seriously interfered with waiting upon table. The proprietor of the establishment might have stepped into the breach, but what time he did not devote to discussion of the affairs of the day was given up to presiding in the tiny café of the establishment, for the man who assisted him there had to act as porter and concierge part of the time. And so I was pressed into service as omnibus. This gave me an opportunity to hear many languages spoken. By listening when I approached a table, I could hear French, Italian, English, German and, occasionally, Spanish and Russian, for that summer our travelers were thoroughly cosmopolitan.

Toward the end of the season the head waiter's assistant was tempted away to a near-by city, and I was put in his place. Up to this time I had been fulfilling my regular duties as well as acting as omnibus at mealtimes, but now I was relieved from most of my scullion's work and I began to find out what tips meant. In those days, however, and particularly in that hotel, fees were infinitesimal. On the average, if I served a native, I might expect the equivalent of two cents—three or four if the patron was particularly generous. Englishmen and Frenchmen in the matter of tips followed the custom of the country. Occasionally a prosperous German might hand me the equivalent of five cents. I liked the Russians because their tips were apt to be bigger than those of other nationalities.

The Waiter and His Caste

Then one day I got a chance to view my first Americans at close range. Their arrival at our little hotel was an event. A man and his wife, an elderly couple, got off the diligence on its downward trip. Their luggage was different from any I had ever beheld. It was composed for the most part of what I afterward came to know as suitcases, instead of the boxes and bags and valises and tin tubs common in Europe, the tin tub in those days being the badge of an English traveler.

Any waiter of European origin will bear me out when I say that at that time the man who wore an apron in a dining room—as practically all waiters did at that time, with the possible exception of the head waiter and his captains, when there were such—was often lower than a servant in the estimation of the patron, and however successful he might later become, he could never get away from the stigma of servility. He belonged to a caste. He was a pariah, as much so as if he had been a low-class Hindu in India. One did not expect to be treated by a patron with common civility; and, of course, the most discourteous customers were the bourgeoisie, or else persons of humble origin who had achieved some measure of success, and shopkeepers. To those of the aristocracy we were objects to be commanded and then ignored, though held strictly to account if we made mistakes, and we had to accustom ourselves to that attitude. We must always be conscious that we were inferior creatures, and so conduct ourselves, and it was not so difficult perhaps, because many of us knew nothing better. From others than real aristocrats we could never count upon the scantiest kind of civility. Such were often unfair and it was no use attempting to stand up for one's rights—if there was such a thing—for the proprietor, as a matter of policy, always assumed that the guest was right, no matter how wrong.

I had seen the new arrivals from the window of the restaurant. The proprietor rushed out of the front door and stood bowing and rubbing his hands. The bartender-concierge-porter hurried in his wake and busied himself with their luggage. The proprietor's wife joined the group. The head waiter followed her and, as the luncheon hour was over by this time, I ran out behind him, and everybody sprang to assist the man whose job it was to bring in the luggage. At a peremptory command from the head waiter, I backed again into the restaurant, but I could hear the conversation in the *bureau*.

No, the proprietor was very, very sorry, but his was only a very small hotel and there was not such a thing as a private bath. However, there was a bathroom and the tub could be filled with hot or cold water from the kitchen as soon as monsieur or madame desired. Meanwhile, perhaps they would like *déjeuner*. And so the head waiter went upstairs after the couple to take the order for the meal, and soon the chef was bustling about the kitchen, and under the personal supervision of the head waiter I was laying a fresh cloth on a table by the window.

Liberal Americans

The head waiter had known other Americans, and when our new guests came downstairs he personally attended them, whisking back the chairs, and himself passing the hors d'œuvres and even laying the plates for each course and doing the other little offices usually left to his assistant, so that I had no chance to approach nearer than the little serving table on which I deposited the dishes of food from the kitchen and from which I removed the used plates. Apparently the travelers were not disposed to linger long in our town, for I heard the gentleman inquire whether it were not possible to hire a carriage and pair of horses and thus journey on to the city instead of waiting over for the diligence the next day.

And when he learned that it was a ride of little more than three hours he said to his wife, "Well, I guess a couple of hours will give us all we want of this place. I've simply got to get where there is a good bathtub. Two nights of this washbowl accommodation put a strain on the temper. I know it's very old and picturesque, my dear, and some day, no doubt, there'll be a hotel here with all the modern conveniences, but I can't wait twenty years. Say, George," he said to the head waiter, whose name was not in the least like that, "go out and tell 'em at the desk to have a carriage with a pair of the best horses in town here sharp in half an hour."

And when the head waiter left on that errand I continued the service

"Bill," said the American to me, whose name is also not in the least like Bill, "where have you been keeping yourself? You seem to be having your share of the work, but you don't get near enough to give me a chance to look at you. Married?"

"No, monsieur," I replied, startled at the query. It was the first time any patron had ever asked me a personal question.

"Got a girl?"

I did not understand, and stood agape.

"Sweetheart—girl you like?" he explained.

"No, monsieur."

"Pay you well here?"

"Monsieur, the proprietor pays me what he affords," I replied with a bow.

"Bet that's not much. If it's not an uncivil question, how much do you draw?"

I was unused to idiomatic English, but I gathered he wished to know my earnings, and I replied, "Ten francs a week and my meals."

"Humph! Two dollars!" He reached his hand in his pocket and took out two two-franc pieces and a one-franc. "Slip that in your jeans before your boss gets back," he said.

The head waiter almost caught me, as, uncomprehending, I fumbled in finding a pocket. The idea of anybody giving me so

(Continued on Page 201)

Must my baby wear glasses?

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND,

United States Senator from New York, former Health Commissioner of New York City, points out the danger of bright, glaring lights

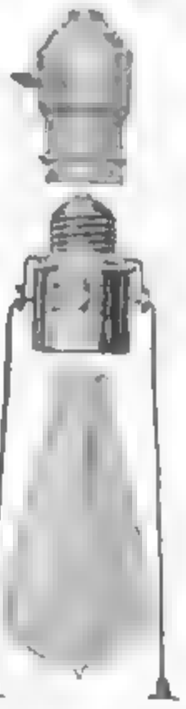
HOW pitifully drear must be childhood days when seen through weak eyes. Where can there be happiness for a child with indistinct vision? *Must your baby wear glasses?*

> Listen to Dr. Copeland: "*The great authorities on eyesight recognize that too bright a light is quite dangerous to the eyes. It is surprising how little attention is paid by the average person to the quality and quantity of light. Glare is a baneful thing. Many sensitive retinas have been damaged seriously by failure to recognize the importance of this.*"

Fortunate indeed is the mother who has learned how to control the light in the nursery—and doubly fortunate is the baby who can lie in the crib and look up, safely, at a Dim-a-Lite.

When you visit the nursery at night do you fumble about in the darkness, or do you *dash floods of bright light in your child's eyes?* With a Dim-a-Lite plug you can lift the darkness to any degree you wish!

By simply pulling the cord you can control your electric light as easily as your mother used to turn down her oil lamp!



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Must your baby wear glasses?

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Union Pacific

(Continued from Page 198)

much money—half a whole week's wages—for nothing! For as the head waiter was serving, it was contrary to all custom that his assistant should receive anything. In our hotel the head waiter did not pay his helper. I mumbled hurried thanks, but I had no opportunity to get near the Americans again. The head waiter saw to that. However, after they had come back from their drive about the town, and their baggage had been put into their carriage for the journey to the city, I stationed myself at the dining-room window and, managing to catch the eye of my patron as the carriage was wheeling to start off, I bowed and tried to express my thanks by a look. He winked at me. Then he whispered something to his wife, and she bowed and smiled. And that was my first encounter with anybody from my adopted country. And it was the little evidence of the kindly spirit of those people, no less than the generous tip, that gave me a new view of life and its possibilities.

That autumn I left the hotel and my native town and obtained a position as omnibus in the restaurant of a hotel in the city near by. There I came into contact with waiters speaking almost every European tongue, and I improved every opportunity to listen and learn, for it had been impressed upon me that a waiter must have the gift of language in order to get a good job; and I argue, and I believe my theory will find support in higher quarters, that a man who is able to speak in half a dozen tongues is possessed of more than the rudiments of an education.

Americans are not a polylingual people. Most of them are not even bilingual. That was about twenty-seven years ago, and those who recollect could tell you that in those days not one American in fifty, when it came to expressing himself, could use any other language than English, and many of the forty-nine employed what the English themselves considered a travesty on the language of Shakspere. It is unnecessary to emphasize that in the last quarter of a century the spread of education has been enormous, and the study of foreign languages over here has tremendously increased. But I am talking of the past.

During the next three years I worked in many places. In the late spring of 1900, because of the Paris Exposition and the great number of travelers of all nationalities expected to attend it, proprietors of old and new restaurants in the French capital scoured Western Europe for staffs, and many waiters, good, bad and indifferent, were assembled from almost every country.

Work Along the Riviera

Report had got about everywhere that there was to be an unusual number of Americans particularly in Paris, and the liberality of these people in rewarding service was a theme of conversation in, I'll venture to say, every spot where two or more waiters were gathered together. I obtained employment in a small hotel in a street just off the Avenue des Champs Élysées. Unfortunately, it was not a hotel well-known to Americans, and it was with such that I wanted to obtain contact. In the autumn I moved to a café on the Boulevard, which was not a wise move, for my work consisted principally of handling a coffee pot, and I did not present the checks or make collections.

That winter I went to Monte Carlo, but I could not obtain a position with the Hotel de Paris or the Café de Paris, as I had hoped, and after working for a time in a little hotel across the French border I headed for Nice. There I made the acquaintance of an omnibus who had worked in London, and who told me of the great event which was to take place there during the summer of 1902, the coronation of King Edward VII, which, he said, would attract as many American visitors as had the Paris Exposition.

I had now become familiar with the story of the great César Ritz, who at this time was the best-known hotel man in Europe, and whose fame has endured to this day, being perpetuated not only by a number of hotels in great cities in Europe with which he was actively connected during his lifetime, but by numerous others in this country and elsewhere which have been called after him. At that time his name stood for the highest and best in hotel and restaurant service.

Ritz, as everyone knew, had begun life as a shepherd boy in Switzerland. He was now the general manager of a hotel in London and one in Paris, and was supposed to be wealthy. But his story also illustrates what was true of Europe in those days—that a man who started life as a waiter remained such until the end of his days; and while Ritz was a master of hotel keeping and of waiters, and a martinet in discipline, and while he commanded the respect of his patrons, to Europeans he was still a servitor. However, his hotels attracted the fashionable and the wealthy. He gave them what they demanded in cooking and in service. I found that his hotel in Paris was too small to offer any chance for me. To obtain a position as waiter was impossible. I tried to get work as a commis, but was told that even the omnibuses in the establishment were all men of experience; that no one ever left a job there unless removed by death, and that as I could not show that I had worked in a hotel de luxe, as it was called, or a hotel of the first rank, I had better look elsewhere.

The hotel which Ritz managed in London was much bigger, and to London I went in the early spring of 1902, timing my arrival just at the period when I knew the staff of the hotel would probably be enlarged to take care of the increased amount of business. Through my old acquaintance of Nice, I managed to get a job in the grillroom of the Carlton Hotel, and there I was when the incident narrated at the beginning took place. That was in May, 1902.

On to New York

That summer I was made a waiter, and it fell to my lot to wait upon many Americans, and few there were that did not in some way remind me of those I had first seen. Of course most of them seemed to expect prompt attention and good service. The *irons* system, which required the deposit of all gratuities in a common fund, to be divided later, was in vogue at the Carlton, but there was always a way of beating it, especially when the grillroom contained a majority of visitors from overseas. The average of tips was so much higher than ordinarily that I venture to say a good many besides myself took an occasional opportunity to cut a tip in half before we deposited what we were expected to put in the chest. I had begun to save from the day I heard the conversation that really opened my eyes.

But I was not in a hurry. Where I was born a year or two did not make much difference. I asked all the questions about America I could when I could get hold of an American customer in particularly good humor, and willing to chat. I inquired about the restaurants of New York, and the cost of living over there. Of course this was insignificant compared with what it is now, but it was so much more than in London in those days that it made me reflect. I made up my mind that I would come over here some late autumn, when I was informed that the hotels and restaurants would begin their busy season, and I was determined that I would not start until I had saved fifty pounds over and above the cost of my passage. So that it was in the autumn of 1904 that I bought a steerage ticket, packed my few belongings, and embarked on a steamer from Liverpool.

Ten days later I was landed from a tender on Ellis Island. Getting past the immigration officials was then a comparatively easy matter for one in good health and able to show as much money as I had saved up.

I did not apply anywhere immediately for a job. As a matter of fact I was determined to do some investigating on my own account before looking for work. I figured out that I could spend two or three weeks in looking about. I wanted to get into the right establishment. I had no thought of going farther than New York. Several new hotels were going up here at the time, and one I discovered was to begin engaging its staff within a fortnight. I studied its possibilities, through inquiry among waiters at various establishments with whom I was able to become acquainted, and became convinced that it would attract a class of good spenders. The wages of a waiter, even in New York, I knew would not support me comfortably. What interested me most in getting a job was what it promised in gratuities. I had been surprised to learn that in the better hotels over here there was no such institution as the *irons*. I am not speaking of the hat-check department, which even then it was getting to be the custom to farm out to the highest bidder

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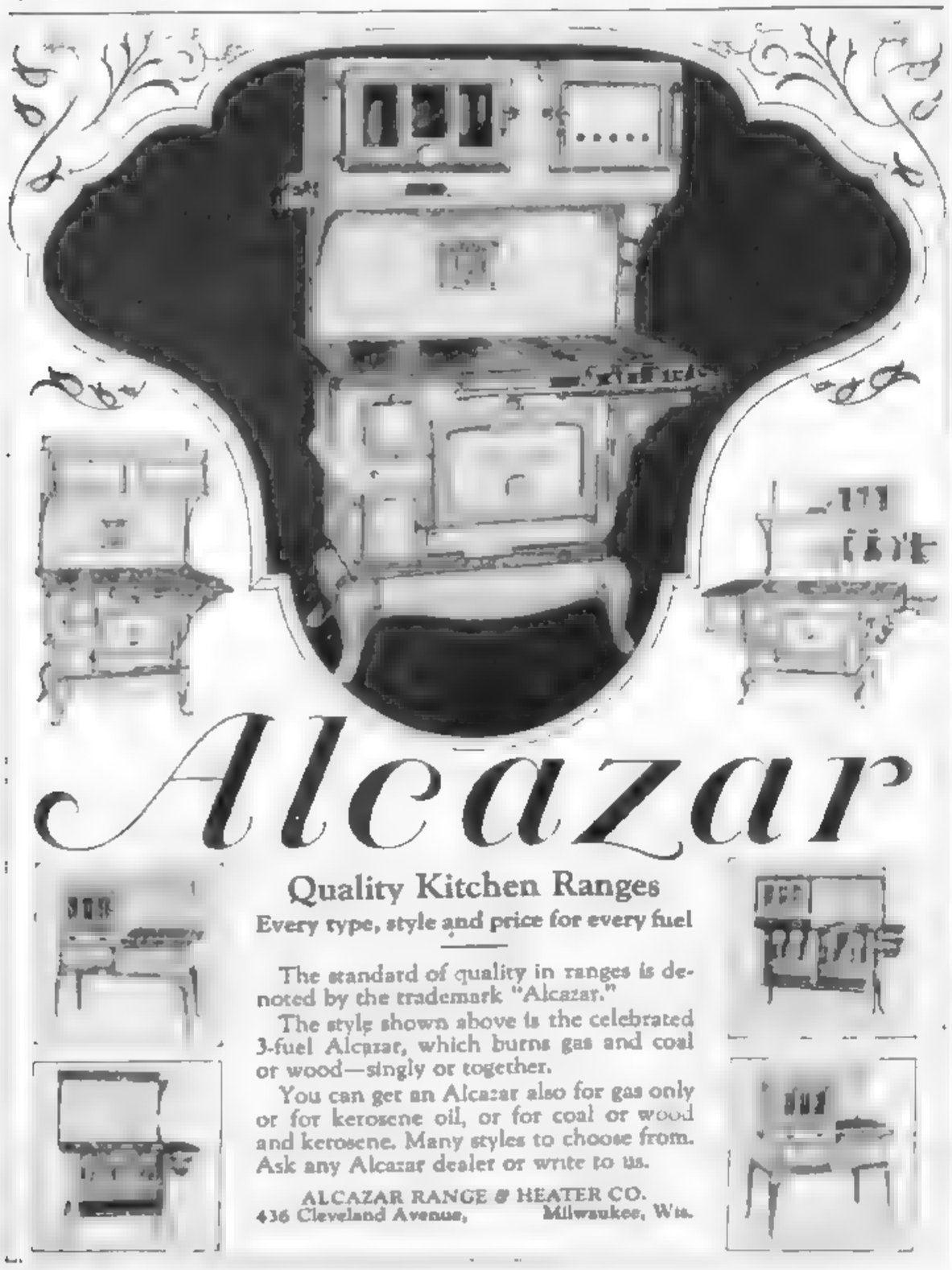

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or to some veteran employe. Whatever tips a waiter took he was expected to pocket himself, making a certain allowance, however, to his omnibus or, in some establishments, paying the latter's whole wages.

So I applied for a job at this new hotel, armed with a record of my service in London and a letter from the head waiter of the Carlton grillroom. They looked me over and took me on at once, with the full rank of waiter. That was two weeks before the hotel opened, and of course for that time I drew only my wages. We had to work a lot over the linen and the dishes, and practice laying tables and serving foodless meals, and the experienced men had to do a lot of teaching to the crew, a good part of which was very raw and knew nothing about serving meals after the fashion of the better class of European hotels and restaurants.

We opened the place with a big dinner, at so much per cover. I believe the charge was not more than three dollars -certainly not more than four. Today such a hotel would demand and get at least ten dollars for a dinner such as we served that night. But that was in the days when a good part of the revenue of a New York hotel came from the service of alcoholic liquors. And that night I was so fortunate as to serve one of my old patrons, a man I had often attended in London.

"Why, what are you doing here?" he asked. He was at a table with three other men. "Say, fellows, here's a man who used to wait on me at the Carlton."

I bowed, and the others smiled, and two of them shook my hand. I discovered afterward they were from the West. That reminds me that since then American travelers who come to New York have not all got above shaking hands with a favorite waiter. Many always shake hands with the head waiter. That used to be a favorite method of leaving a bank note with the latter at departure. You know the head waiter does not always like to be seen taking a tip. Nowadays, particularly, when he has become a man of considerable importance in his line, he does not enjoy having a third person discover him in the act. I do not mean that he is now above tips. But some tell me they prefer to receive what is coming to them in an envelope, or in the form of a check. I have even known captains, the lieutenants of the head waiter, to become embarrassed when a tip was proffered them baldly.

Tactful Tipping

The method some tactful persons employ in the bestowal of a gratuity upon a restaurant captain is to hand the same unobtrusively when passing back the *carte du jour* from which they have ordered. In well-regulated restaurants it is always a captain who takes the patron's order, and many who tip the captain know that it insures good service if he gets his before the meal. And of course the proper way to tip the waiter is to leave it on the tray with the bill after paying. I have known certain American travelers in Europe to proffer tips in an offensive fashion, and that was before I had come to lay such stress upon the term, for it is true that some things would not have offended me then which I would consider almost an insult now. It's the result of living over here.

But this man was not only rich; he considered his importance was measured by his money. Arriving in a restaurant—he never lunched or dined alone, and in Europe such is not necessary if one has means—he would seat himself with such a bustle that it would attract the attention of everybody; but he did not know that the comment of the Europeans, if they said anything at all, would almost invariably be, "Only another of those vulgarly rich Yankees!" The waiter would bustle up to see that the table was in order, and the captain would follow him and supply the members of the party with the *cartes du jour*. n them the host would turn disdainful eyes, issuing the command, in a tone that could be heard for yards around, "Send me the head waiter!" To the latter only would he give his order.

After that dignitary arrived, however, there was a certain ritual to be observed before the customer made his choice of foods. First he must reach into his trousers pocket and bring up a purse. Holding this well above the table, where nobody interested could fail to see the operation, he would take out between thumb and forefinger a golden sovereign and dangle it before the head waiter in such a position as to force the other's discreet but possibly itching palm to appear above the level of the table, and then drop it with a gracious, but meaning smile. And the effect upon the head waiter—I often noticed it—was extraordinary. He would realize that the incident must be under observation by most of his staff. He couldn't afford to reject the tip; he was embarrassed by the way in which it was given. And invariably in the effort to appear otherwise, he would fumble with his menu card and his pencil and his order pad just as awkwardly as if he had taken something that he did not know what to do with. I used sometimes to think that the American was willing to spend a sovereign just for the pleasure of humbling the head waiter. But perhaps he really meant well. He was liberal, but he wanted everybody else to see how liberal he was. And, naturally, the sight of that gold piece would excite the acquisitive nerves of the captain, the waiter and the omnibus in attendance upon him; but the chances were that of them only the waiter would receive a tip, and that not on an unusual scale.

However, it was all in a day's work. One was glad to get the money. Having accepted the lot of a waiter, one's skin had been subjected to a process of hardening. It may surprise some to learn that a course of living in America often softens that cuticle very appreciably.

A Slippery Customer

The hotel where I got my first American job did an excellent business from the start. I am not going to give as many details from now on, but I might mention that within a year I was a captain, and as such left that hotel after two years to go to another just opening, where the pickings promised even better. Two or three years later I changed to still another for the same reason.

By this time I had acquired a fairly large circle of acquaintances. Some persons had got into the habit of demanding to be served by me when they entered the dining room. Men from out of town impressed me into service for identification when they wanted a check cashed. That was before the hotels had instituted the system of credit and identification that many of them now consider their mainstays. And so it was that one rather cruel lesson fell to my lot.

An American I had served often in London came in one night for dinner. I had not seen him since I had been on this side of the Atlantic. But I recognized him, and when I spoke his name he shook hands and seemed very glad to see me. He had a young lady with him. When I presented the check he looked into his pocketbook He beckoned to me. "I am in a very embarrassing position," he whispered. "I forgot to go to the bank today, and invited my friend to have dinner with me without thinking. I am not stopping here, and they don't know me at the office."

"Why, Mr. Blank, that is easy," I replied. "I will identify you to the head waiter, and he will pass the word on."

"Would you? That's awfully kind. Helps me out of a hole. I guess, while I am at it, and as I have to buy a couple of theater tickets, I'd better make it out for fifty. That be all right?"

"Surely," I replied, though I had a faint qualm.

He filled out a check with a fountain pen I brought him, and I took the same to the head waiter.

"You know this man? You're sure he is all right?" he demanded.

I was now not quite so positive as I had been, but I said I was.

The head waiter grunted. He had had experiences that had not fallen so far to my lot. However, he made me put my name on the check, and then he wrote his own initials on it, and I carried back to the table a pile of bills.

The diner left two one-dollar bills on the plate. Such generosity made me forget my fears. It should have awakened my suspicions. The second morning afterward when I showed up at eleven o'clock I was halted by the timekeeper at the employes' entrance.

"Paymaster left orders for you to report to him immediately," he said.

The paymaster grunted at me. Then he took out a check to which several slips of paper were clipped.

"Know anything about this check?" he demanded, passing it over.

I explained.

(Continued on Page 205)

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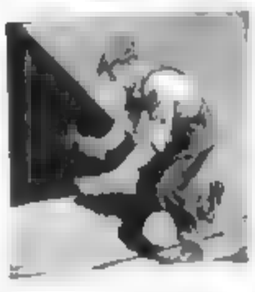

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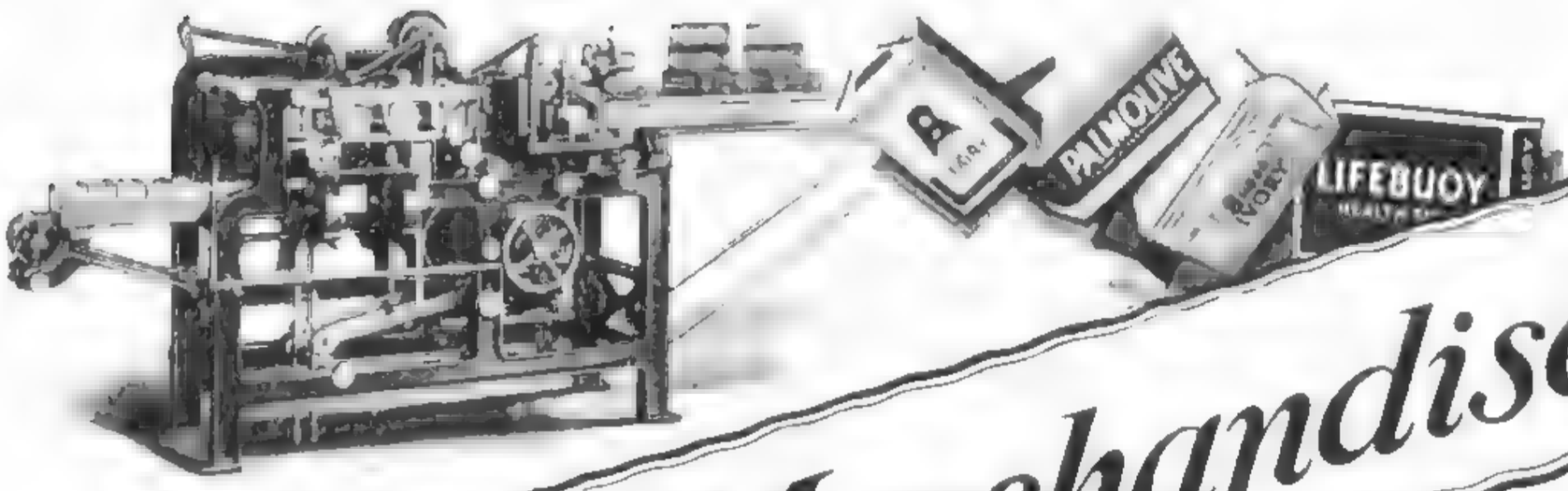

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NEW YORK: 30 Church Street, CHICAGO: 111 W. Washington Street

(Continued from Page 202)

"Will you fork over the fifty now, or shall I take it out of your wages for the month? Orders came from upstairs to give you your choice."

I protested, but it was of no use. That check had been returned marked "No funds." My wages from the hotel were just fifty dollars per month. That was a bitter experience. Of course, since I have had my own establishment I have taken many a chance. That is a part of the game. I have lost on checks made out for several times fifty dollars. But in those days fifty dollars was almost fifty times what it means to me now.

After I had been a year in this third hotel, a really big opportunity came my way. A fashionable new hotel was opening. I had worked under the man who was its maitre d'hôtel, and was made head waiter, not of its main restaurant, but of its two others. There I remained during the war. Then I became head waiter in the main restaurant of another hotel, this time not a new establishment, but one which its new management desired to build up. By this time I had acquired a large acquaintance and had a good following, and that is a most valuable asset for a head waiter. My department thrived Business grew to such an extent that I soon felt I was worth much more money than I was getting Besides, I had married after I had been in this country a little more than two years—not an American by birth, but an excellent woman who had been brought here as a small child, though not originally of the same nationality as myself. She was very ambitious, and I frankly admit that she has furnished much of the driving force that has urged me on. At the time I speak of, my children were all of school age, and their future began to concern me. As soon as I was able I moved to a suburb easy to reach at all hours, and after a few months bought a house, giving a mortgage on it for the greater part of the purchase price. But my wife was thrifty, and soon after I landed my really good job in the last hotel, we made the last payment.

By this time the matter of their father's occupation had begun to be of concern to my children. There are snobs among the boys and girls, even of our public schools, and some of these would taunt my youngsters with the fact that their father was a waiter. It was just about this time that my great chance came along.

A Pleasant Proposal

For many years a patron of mine at the various restaurants in which I had been employed was a man who seemed to be making money fast. He hadn't so much when I first knew him, but he was in a growing business, and I could tell as the years went on that he was becoming a very substantial citizen. I could guess this from the character of the men he brought to luncheon, from the orders he gave, from the fact that he was very frequently called to the telephone when eating—and, of course, from what I heard or read in the papers. It seems he was a very shrewd investor.

One night several years ago, contrary to habit, he was dining alone. He ordered an unusually expensive dinner and, also contrary to his wont, lingered over his coffee, smoking. Apparently he had no engagement for the evening. Most of the diners had left the room when he beckoned to me. After some general remarks he suddenly said, "Ever think of running your own restaurant?"

I replied that for some time I had thought of little else.

"I have come to the conclusion that the right man can make money in that line," he said.

"I am sure of it," I replied.

"Would you consider yourself the right man?" he pursued, with a half smile.

"I do."

"Tell me why."

I gave him my reasons, which modesty forbids mentioning. But at the end he said, "Well, you are as good as a lawyer. Got a place picked out?"

I had, and I told him its location.

"That site looks pretty good. Convenient to shops; not too far from theaters; ought to be good for luncheon, dinner and supper. Do you know what it can be picked up for?"

I told him I had made inquiries.

"How much money could you put into a venture?"

I answered that by selling or mortgaging my house I could manage to raise almost $25,000.

"Saved that much since you have been over here?"

I replied that I had accumulated that much, partly through fortunate investments. Then I told him about my family.

"Come to my office tomorrow at ten o'clock," he said.

When I showed up there he informed me that a representative of his had that morning obtained an option on the property named, but at a price ten thousand dollars less than I had figured upon.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," he went on. "I'll buy that place and have it renovated. I must not appear as the owner of anything but the building. But you put up ten thousand dollars of your capital, and I'll match it, and if that isn't enough to swing the business, we'll each put in five thousand dollars at a time until we get it going. If you make money, and in a few years wish to swing the thing alone or take in a working partner, I'll sell out at a fair price."

My wife was very much excited over the prospect. I had told her nothing of the conversation the night before. "As soon as you open the new place we'll move," she said. "I know just where we will go."

Building Up the Business

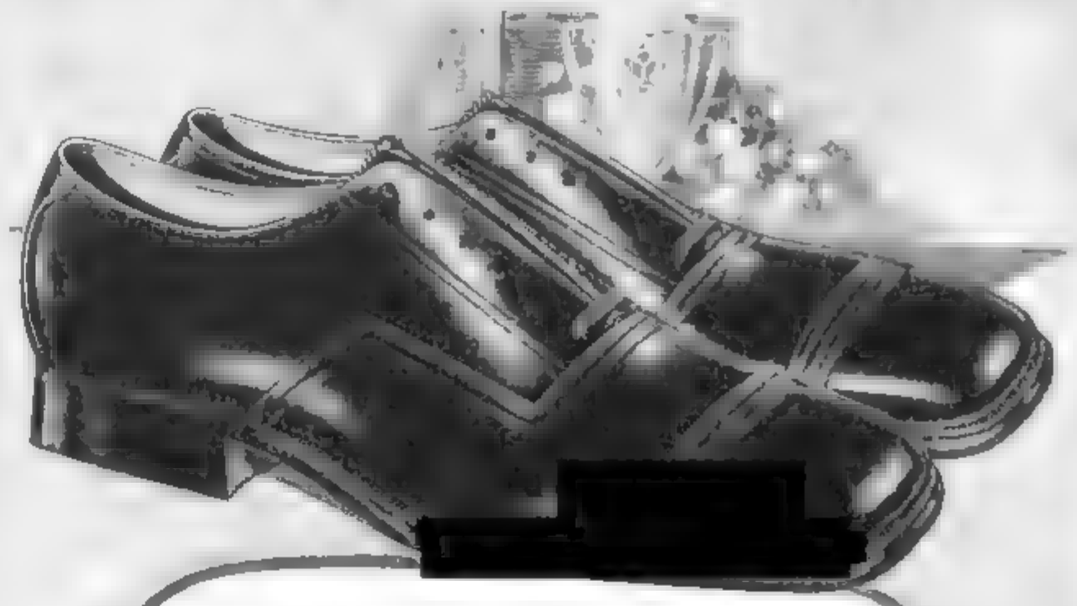
I knew exactly what was in her mind. She was not ashamed of me or my work; she had no reason to be. But being a proprietor of a restaurant would make a difference in our whole social status, provided we got away from the neighborhood where we were now fairly well known. The children could then go to school and hold up their heads with the best of them. Being a proprietor would give my fatherhood a dignity which in the eyes of other youngsters was often lacking. You can say what you please, but no matter how callous a man grows, he can be subjected to indignities through his children which cannot reach him in any other way. I wanted mine to have every advantage that had been closed to me in Europe, and for their sake we must get new surroundings for our home and our private life. Even if among our new neighbors my story should become known, it would be excused by my proprietorship and evidences of my present prosperity.

And so it proved. For the business was successful almost from the start. One reason was that my patron's idea of renovation included not only structural alterations but fitting and furnishing as well, consequently I had to put up only five thousand dollars over the original ten thousand dollars. I was able to select and employ just the crew I wanted, including the chef and head waiter, and down to omnibuses and pantry boys and even scrubmen. I knew them and they all knew me. We were able to attract a prosperous class of patrons and to get away with a good couvert charge, and we put our prices at those altitudes which in New York are sufficient to cause curses, but also often necessary to bring the most productive sort of patronage. We soon had people crowding our rooms, and for three meals—luncheon, dinner and supper.

For a time I closely supervised everything. It took only two years for us to get on the map in large letters. At the end of that time, in addition to having paid for a nice little place in the country, I had saved up sufficient to justify me in approaching my patron with a proposition. I knew a man I could trust, one who had grown up in the business, and who had some money. I wanted him for an active partner; for one reason, because I could then put a good deal of my work on him. I was getting interested in other things. I had established a little importing business which was beginning to flourish. I wanted time for it; I wanted to spend more time in the country, and to enjoy myself.

As I was willing to pay him a good profit on his investment, except for the building, which he preferred to retain, and which I did not want to buy, my patron was quite ready to sell. He said his main purpose, anyhow, had been to see that I got the right sort of start; I had made him money and, better than that, had made good, and some other nice things; and so he is now our landlord. Our business is increasing and it is possible that I may soon ask him to build me an entirely new restaurant, or at least put one into a new and fashionable apartment house. My children are doing very

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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well in school, and I am enjoying my own life and speculating over the possibilities life may hold for them.

Had I remained in Europe I might some day have risen to be the head waiter in a good or even a fashionable restaurant, but there was no certainty. Such positions were fairly scarce. Or, in time, had I so desired and been able to save enough money—or perhaps have married the daughter of a hotel proprietor, as frequently happens over there—I might have become the owner of a small hotel. But that is as far as I could have hoped to get. I should always have been looked down upon by my patrons and possibly by many in my community; and had I married over there my children would have followed in my footsteps. I am very, very glad that I did not marry until after I had left Europe.

Perhaps you will say—and I admit that it is more or less true—that even over here people look down upon waiters. Many do, but their attitude is quite different from what it is in Europe; and after all, with the majority of Americans a man is what he makes himself. In Europe, so far as the generality of people is concerned, a man is what his father made him.

I recall one day many years ago when I was serving luncheon in London to a well-known Englishman, a theatrical manager, whose rise is a part of the theatrical history of his country during the last thirty years. Success apparently robbed him of anything like courtesy toward or consideration for those of an inferior station, though his own beginnings were comparatively humble. He used to come in often for a late breakfast. Invariably he was in a bad temper, and the Scotch and soda that always accompanied the meal never served to improve his mood, so far as I was concerned.

On this particular day I was having quite a bit of trouble with him. Nothing pleased. I took back two omelets to the kitchen, and the lamb chop I brought as a substitute he swore was burned. While he was fussing and fuming an American acquaintance came over to his table and sat down, after a pleasant enough greeting. But the good humor was solely for the American, for no sooner had the other seated himself than the Englishman turned to me.

A Lesson in Manners

"Damn you, take that away and get me a decent chop," he said. As I stooped over to pick up the dish I accidentally touched his sleeve. He drew back with another oath. "You blank-blanked swine!" he shouted. "Don't you dare touch me!"

I apologized. Then to my astonishment and joy the American expostulated.

"Come, come! The man did not mean to touch you," he said. "You raised your arm at the moment he bent over."

"I don't give a damn," was the reply. "They should teach these dirty blockheads their business."

"Well," rejoined the other, "it was not the man's fault. In my country we consider even waiters human. I was going to talk business to you, but I guess I'll wait until you have got over that grouch. Good day!" And he rose and left the table.

The Englishman sat back in his chair looking after the other. "Bally idiot!" he muttered.

However, it gave him a lesson, for he made no further complaint during that meal, and at the end he left a half crown on the plate, whereas I had never known him to hand out more than a sixpence.

Of course there are Americans who have just as bad manners as that Englishman, but most of them seem to keep such manners for exhibition when they go abroad. Once in a while some patron is overbearing or peremptory, but usually the fault is not in the heart or the head, but with the digestion. It is true that Americans as a rule have not learned to give plenty of time to a luncheon or dinner. Few are willing to order in advance, unless they are giving a dinner party. They forget that in order to do his best the chef should have plenty of time for the preparation of a meal. The principal requirement, so far as most persons is concerned, is speed. Prompt service often excuses a lot of faults.

Waiters' Luxuries

But the attitude of the patrons of an American restaurant, I repeat, is unlike that of the run of patrons of European establishments. Over here it is not unusual for a patron to discuss the weather, politics and questions of the day, particularly if he is dining alone, and often he will ask the waiter about his family. He is human and kindly. The average European when alone at his meals would rather not talk at all than converse with the waiter

Of course I do not say that waiters are received into society, although it is not infrequently the case that the man who serves a meal is much better educated and possessed of more of what constitute the graces of a gentleman than the man who is being served. Few waiters would be ambitious for a social position for themselves were such obtainable. We have our clubs and some of us belong to clubs not composed of our kind. Some of us enjoy a summer on our country places perhaps quite as well as some of our patrons, and even get a lot more out of it.

But here, in my opinion, is the all-important thing: Our children have practically every chance for success in life that is open to the offspring of the wealthiest parents or those of the most ancient lineage.

That is one reason why I am glad I did not marry until I came to America. My children were born American citizens. One of my boys is in college, and as his father is proprietor of a fashionable restaurant and is known to be in receipt of a fairly good income it is not held against him that his immediate ancestor came to this country in the steerage and began his American career with an apron tied about his waist and took tips.

And so, after all is said and done, I believe it is not what has happened to himself, but what it has meant for his children that has proved the greatest of the advantages garnered in by any waiter who came over here years ago to seek his fortune and who has achieved real independence. It is one thing that probably he knew nothing about beforehand, as I did not. His sons have a chance open to no lad born in Europe.

You see, there's the White House! Stranger things have happened!

A Badger on His Native Heath

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BARBEROUS

(Continued from Page 23)

Mrs. Fosdick's eyes lighted. Here, indeed, was a find.

"I'm interested. If I like your wife as well as I do you, I believe I can offer you both good permanent positions. Your salary will be fifteen dollars a week. Your wife will receive ten dollars as maid. I will furnish meals and a steam-heated room on the yard. You will have every Sunday afternoon off and an additional afternoon every second week."

Achilles experienced a sudden all-gone feeling. Here was the position for which he had prayed. A nice steam-heated room for himself and Azalea, three good meals a day, plenty of time off and a net total salary of twenty-five dollars a week! It was music to his ears.

"S'posin' Azalea don't care to leave off workin' where she is at, Mis' Fosdick?"

"Influence her. Surely you can do that."

"Y-y-yas-sum, I reckon I ought to could. But then a feller never can tell positive 'bout no wifes."

Mrs. Fosdick smiled.

"I'll hold the position open until day after tomorrow, Achilles. My present chauffeur leaves tomorrow evening, and I believe I'd like to have you and Azalea."

"Bofe?"

"Yes, both. I'll look for you Thursday."

"Yas-sum, tha's right; you look fo' us."

Achilles stumbled down the steps in a daze of excitement and forlorn hope. In the driveway was a shiny new car and beside it an elongated colored gentleman in the habiliments of chauffeur.

"You work heah?" inquired Mr. Grimes.

"Uh-huh. But Ise leavin' tomorrow night fo' Toledo, where I gits me a job janitorin'."

"H'm! Ise thinkin' of comin' heah ——"

The eyes of the present incumbent shone with enthusiasm.

"Cullud boy, you suttinly woul'n't be makin' no mistake. These is the swellest folks on Mountain Terrace to work fo'. Always they is givin' you extra money an' presents an' things, an' does you git kind of behime in yo' lodge dues or somethin', they is willin' to lend you. If you craves a real good sof' job, you has got it when Mis' Fosdick hires you, an' that ain't no lie."

There were two good and sufficient reasons why Achilles did not board a street car for the return trip to town. The first was that he greatly desired to save the seven cents car fare that he might eat more adequately; the second was that he yearned to think.

The problem presented to him was not easy of solution. The plaudits of the departing chauffeur, the enticing prospect of a job in company with Azalea, the imminence of winter and the comfort of a steam-heated room on the yard of the Fosdick establishment ——

"Wife," soliloquized Achilles, "if you is ever comin' back to yo' husban', now is the time."

Deep in his heart Achilles believed that Azalea's love for him had not entirely fled. His only shortcoming had been his antipathy to work, and now —— He knew that he must get word to her, immediately and in person. But Azalea was not easily approached. He set his jaw and stationed himself across the street from Obese Foster's barber shop.

The day was drawing to a close. Already smoky dusk was merging into blackest night and the shop across the way shone brilliantly. Through the plate glass Achilles could discern the Gargantuan figure of Mr. Foster moving here and there as he busied himself with the last customer of the day. At a small table near the front door was Azalea, immaculate in her uniform of white. Achilles' heart missed a beat at sight of her; his own Azalea, the wife of his bosom.

He viewed the exodus of the last customer, watched the lights go out save for a single bulb in the rear; and then his heart sank as he saw Obese accompany Azalea on her homeward way. Discreetly in the rear, Achilles trailed them. He tried to conscript sufficient nerve to accost Azalea then and there and lay before her the proposition of Mrs. Fosdick; but courage was not one of Mr. Grimes' most prominent qualities.

For perhaps ten minutes Mr. Foster and Mrs Grimes stood at the door of the latter's boarding house They appeared much interested in each other. Achilles, watching safely from the protecting shadow of a large oak, shifted nervously and invoked misery upon the head of the mammoth Mr. Foster. At length Obese turned away. He strutted proudly, and as the gloom swallowed his immense figure Achilles scurried across the street and accosted Azalea.

"Mis' Grimes?"

The lady did not immediately recognize the voice of her husband. Wherefore she turned and waited inquiringly. Achilles insinuated himself beside her and placed an affectionate hand upon her arm.

"Azalea, honey ——"

Mrs. Azalea Grimes stiffened.

"Mistuh Grimes," she remarked frigidly, "I advises that you keep yo' han's offen me."

"But, sugarfoots ——"

"I ain't yo' sugarfoots, an' I ain't never gwine be."

"I craves to make talk with you."

"An' all I craves fum you is yo' absence fum my presence. Good night."

She turned and swept into the house with gelid hauteur, leaving a very small and dejected husband limp against the veranda railing. His eyes were popped wide and his jaw sagged.

"Misery suttinly swatted me in the eye," groaned Achilles. "I sho'ly never thought I'd see the day when Azalea woul'n't even talk!"

He oozed down the steps and into the street. His cosmic scheme was all awry and the future appeared a drab and impossible thing. Gloom settled upon him in great clammy gobs and for perhaps ten minutes he seriously debated the advisability of suicide.

There had been an air of finality about Azalea's manner which struck terror to the gentle and affectionate heart. No hint of weakness there; just a final and definite good-by. He thought of her, of the job on Cliff Road, of the pending divorce.

"All I has got is hahd luck," he moaned, "an' I don't know what to do with that."

He walked slowly homeward. Once there, he wallowed for an hour or so in the very deepest slough of despond, from which he emerged to borrow a sheet of writing paper, a misused envelope and a new two-cent stamp. Until after midnight he labored mightily upon a letter:

"*My honey Azalea:* i have got a good job for i an you bofe with steam heat an nice folks. pleas take this job insted of divorsing me an we will be very happy and i will be wating outside bro. Fosters shop at noon to make talk with you. i love you and this job is sure swell for bofe of us.

"Yrs respt. "ACHILLES GRIMES."

He posted the letter in the huge white marble edifice on Fifth Avenue, and the following morning he witnessed its delivery to his beloved wife. From the safe side of the street he watched her long slender fingers tear it into tiny bits.

His heart sank, then rose again. Perhaps that had been mere discretion, a natural desire that the large and jealous Obese Foster should not see a letter from him. But even at that, she might have read it. The very thought of the surveillance which Mr. Foster was exerting over his wife made him angry.

"Dawg-gone his ornery hide!" anathematized Achilles. "If a man cain't write letters to his own wife, whose wife can he write to?"

From 11:30 he was at his post. But he was not destined for success. When Azalea emerged it was upon the muscular and shielding arm of Obese. Achilles knew that she saw him, and he knew also that her lip curled disdainfully and her head tossed with a gesture of dismissal.

He followed them to the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, where—also from outside—he hungrily saw them partake of many luscious sandwiches and much ice cream before returning to the scene of their diurnal labors. Achilles turned miserably away.

He was confident that Azalea had not fully understood the import of his letter. Perhaps she fancied that he merely had secured a job for her. No, he had made that quite plain. There was something radically wrong somewhere. If only he could talk to her, could make her understand that he had seen the error of his ways and changed his mode of life!

Tomorrow morning the golden opportunity would be forever gone. The job on

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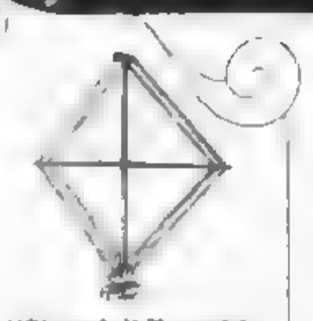

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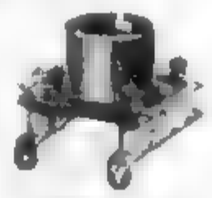

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Cliff Road would have been turned over to someone else. His brow corrugated with intensive thought and from somewhere a vestige of courage came to him.

It was a very desperate Achilles who determined to beard the lion in his den; to enter the shop of his hated rival and demand a shave—and manicure. Azalea could not refuse to wait on him, and while she busied herself about his finger tips he could manage in some way to get his message across.

It was a daring scheme and one which caused him to tremble to the soles of his huge splay feet. But there appeared to be no other course. He must do it. Then he shook his head. The ever-present question of finance now presented itself. He was excruciatingly broke, and entering the Foster shop without money would be like giving death an engraved invitation to visit him.

He set out on an earnest quest for money. Bud Peaglar refused firmly and rather unkindly. Semore Mashby was even more abrupt.

"Yo' credick ain't wuth nothin'," he sizzled, "an' I woul'n't loaned you that without gilt-edge security."

As a last resort he called upon Lawyer Evans Chew. The shades of night were preparing to fall and Lawyer Chew was making ready to close his office. He listened with some impatience to Achilles' rambling tale and eventually gave him a silver dollar.

"If that ain't enough, Brother Grimes, you is plumb out of luck. An' fu'thermo', if I don't heah fum you to the cont'ary notwithstanding by tomorrow evenin', I files said suit fo' divorce against you."

Fortified by the large silver coin, Achilles turned doubtful steps toward the shop of Obese Foster. On the threshold of this desperate adventure nothing but the spur of absolute necessity could have impelled him to go ahead. He regretted now that he had ever conceived the scheme; he stood in mortal dread of Obese.

He approached the shop. It was empty of customers. Obese was chatting with the vivacious Azalea; the two other barbers sat hopelessly in their chairs. Achilles braced himself, closed his eyes prayerfully, took a deep breath and entered the shop. He made for the nearest chair and settled himself therein.

"Shave," he ordered.

The barber languidly arranged his patient. He tilted the chair backward, daubed some lather on the ebony countenance, applied a hot towel and commenced stropping his razor.

Achilles' heart was pounding; but now that the die was definitely cast, he was breathing more easily. Here he was, for better or worse, and thus far nothing had happened. He could hear the hum of street noises from outside and the rhythmical strop-stropping of the razor. All quite simple and natural; and then, thundering in his ears, came a deep, rumbling voice:

"I'll shave this feller!"

For a few moments Mr. Grimes' heart ceased to function. It came to him quite illuminatingly that he had made a ghastly mistake. He wiggled his nose until the hot towel moved a bit and his wide, startled eyes met the baleful glare of Mr. Obese Foster. There was nothing about Mr. Foster which was reassuring. The ponderous proprietor of the barber shop hovered over his victim, brandishing his razor triumphantly. He said nothing, but his very silence was fraught with lethal menace. Mr. Grimes' Adam's apple danced frenziedly.

"I got a hunch," communed Achilles, "that I is about to git accidented."

Obese looked down at him and smiled. It was a terrible smile, a forbidding leer, a promise of early and painful demise. But Obese did not speak. With professional precision he whipped off the towel and applied more soap. For an instant he held the gleaming razor poised over the unprotected throat, and then with care-free abandon he commenced the task of shaving the quivering face.

Achilles' body was stretched rigidly in the chair. From out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed the fair Azalea, staring at him with amazed bewilderment. It was evident that she had been surprised by this display of reckless daring. For that matter, Mr. Grimes himself was even more surprised. Never before had he exhibited any marked degree of courage, and it was small wonder that amazement was writ large upon the fair features of Mrs. Grimes. That he should court disaster by placing himself in the razor-wielding hands of Obese Foster was a startling and impressive thing, and the thoroughly interested Azalea could not know that he heartily wished himself out of it.

Not only did he wish himself elsewhere, but with Obese hovering over him he dared not demand a manicure from Azalea. That savored too greatly of flaunting a red rag in the face of a he cow. He'd let Mr. Foster complete the shaving job, pay him - He allowed one hand to probe into a trousers pocket in search of that large silver dollar which Lawyer Chew had loaned him. He quested earnestly for it, but no silver greeted his fingers. Instead, one of them continued to travel through the place where nothing but pocket should have been.

The extent of this disaster did not strike Achilles all in one moment. It penetrated slowly and with horrid force. The dollar was gone! Thoroughly and completely and irrecoverably gone!

"Oh, lawsy!" he moaned to himself. "Why coul'n't the dollar have stayed an' the hole have went?"

Here, indeed, was a predicament beyond his most torturous nightmares. He cocked one eye up at the grim-visaged countenance of his *bête noire*. It was plain that Obese was excessively peeved and that he needed only slight excuse to commence a complete job of mayhem. Achilles visioned the inevitable scene:

"Ise sorry, Mistuh Foster, but I ain't got no money to pay you with."

"Says which?"

"Ise broke. Done lost my cash."

Zowie! Crrrrrash! Soft music and sweet-smelling flowers!

No doubt about it, it'd be that or worse It didn't seem possible that the dollar could actually have slipped away. That was a too unkind stroke of fate. Mr. Grimes' fingers searched madly for the missing disk of silver. Obese grimaced with distaste at the squirmings of his customer.

"What you wiggilin' around fo'?"

Achilles gulped.

"I—Ise got the itch."

One thought—and one alone—presented itself to the little unfortunate in the chair. The moment for payment must be deferred indefinitely. No matter what happened, Obese must never learn that he was cashless. The last towel was applied to his face and Mr. Foster voiced the professional languid barberian inquiry:

"Anything else?"

The words were out before Achilles knew what he was saying:

"Yas-suh; I craves a massage."

"Pff!" Obese made a gesture of disgust. "Kinder handsomin' yo'se'f up, ain't you? I reckon you desires a mud pack too, eh?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Achilles eagerly, fighting for time and plenty of it; "I suttinly does."

He glimpsed the start of surprise with which Azalea greeted this announcement. But he was not interested in her. The large and sinewy Mr. Foster snorted violently as he uncovered the jar of mud with which Achilles' complexion was to be clarified. Only one idea came to console the terrified man in the chair.

"When I does die," he reflected, "I sho'ly is gwine make one han'some corpse."

The mud pack and massage took a luxuriously long time. Achilles found plenty of opportunity to think, but his thoughts were not reassuring. Here was a dilemma which offered no hope; he was merely deferring the inevitable to the ultimate moment. His brain worked in circles. No matter how desperately he schemed, it always came back to the same thing—Obese's demand for payment, his inability to pay, and the distant wail of the funeral march.

The job was finished. Achilles' pain-racked eyes looked up into the face of his captor.

"Gimme a face steam," he demanded.

Obese shook his head in puzzlement as he turned to obey. It occurred to him that Mr. Grimes was in the process of successfully operating a deep-laid scheme. Grim and surly, he proceeded with the steaming process, nor heeded the agonized grunts of the other man when the towels happened to contain entirely too much heat.

"You ast fo' steam," grated Mr. Foster, "an' what this shop gives is service."

At length even that task was completed and the chair tilted upright. Achilles scanned the elaborate program of prices which hung on the wall.

"I craves a haircut, Mistuh Foster."

(Continued on Page 212)

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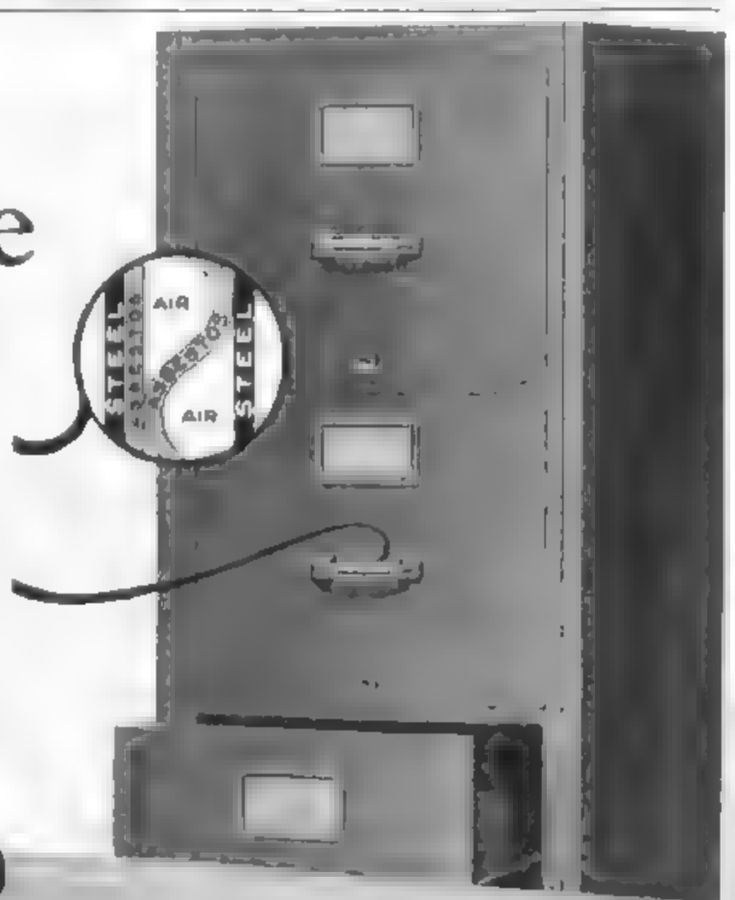

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(Continued from Page 210

And now Obese was thoroughly peeved. He dismissed his two assistants and informed Azalea that she might go. Terror struck at Mr. Grimes' faint heart. His wife's departure would leave him alone in the shop with his Nemesis, which was a situation he did not crave. It was the fierce desperation begotten of this possibility that gave him the courage he had theretofore lacked.

"I want a manicure!"

He closed his eyes and waited for the blow which was to start him flying toward the hereafter. But Obese was too amazed. And before the monster barber could find words and arguments with which to keep Azalea from manicuring her husband, that young woman had suspended her little bowl of warm water from the arm of the chair and was busying herself with the instruments.

Azalea was not only interested but profoundly impressed. She regarded her husband through new eyes. Here was a stranger, a dauntless male whom she did not know at all. And she welcomed the opportunity of closer contact without in any way lessening the severity of her position as regarded their pending divorce.

Her proximity loaned further strength to the smaller man. But even yet he dared not address her direct. An idea came to him in an illuminating flash—he spoke to Obese.

"Mistuh Foster," he said ingratiatingly, "Ise got me a good job."

He caught the flicker of interest in Azalea's eyes, but Mrs. Grimes spoke no words. Obese merely growled.

"You never could hol' no job. You ain't nothin' but plumb wuthless."

"Tha's right." Conversation seemed to lighten the tension. Achilles spoke desperately at his wife. "I never was wuth much; but Ise gwine be fum now on, 'cause this is a swell job chauffeurin' an' buttlin', an' it's got a room which has steam heat."

"Hmph!"

"Fifteen dollars a week sal'ry," ambled on Achilles. "But the lady says she wants a chauffeur which has got a wife so they can work there together an' live also. She's willin' to pay a good maid ten dollars a week."

Mr. Foster's brain did not work with lightning speed, but even he was beginning to see what Achilles was doing, and with that knowledge a great fury welled up in his bosom. He gave a violent dig with the clippers and Achilles emitted a startled "O-o-och!"

"Hush talkin' so much with yo' mouf," growled Obese. "You gits me nervous. Ise libel to slip wuss next time."

The thinly veiled threat did not escape Mr. Grimes, but at the moment he was exalted by the supreme cunning of his strategy. Azalea had not missed a word, nor the significance of his conversation; and Achilles was not minded to hesitate now, particularly since the immediate future was so unrelievably drab.

"I just got to talk," he confessed to his barber. "Always I has wanted a place like this. But it sho'ly is a shame I ain't got no wife to go there with me an' take that maid's job. Us two could earn twenty-five dollars a week doin' easy work an' livin' in steam heat. I reckon tha's somethin' pretty good, ain't it?"

"If you don't leave off speakin' so many words you is gwine live in heat which ain't steam."

Their eyes met. Obese's orbs flamed with bitter hostility and Achilles wisely took counsel from the glance. Better not tempt the large gentleman too far. In fact Achilles was not at all certain that he had not already overstepped the bounds.

The haircut was rapidly nearing completion. Achilles did some slow and painful calculation. His bill totaled more than three dollars. He possessed five copper cents and a forlorn hope. The moment of final reckoning could not be forever postponed.

His brain functioned rapidly. One wild thought occurred to him as Obese produced a razor and commenced shaving the rear of Mr. Grimes' neck. It struck Achilles that he might give a sudden jump and so cause the razor to slice him a bit. Following that he could roll out of the chair as though exterminated, and in the excitement attendant on considerable red blood probably make his escape.

It was an excellent idea; quite the best that had come to lighten Achilles' gloom since the beginning of this horrific situation. He decided to do it; just a little cut—certainly that was better than utter annihilation. But when the time came to make the jump, his muscles refused to respond to the dictates of his will. Try as he might, he could not make his neck push against that blade. His inhibitions against incisions were too strong.

And then the manicure was completed, much lavender water sprayed upon his shining countenance and he was on his feet again. He stood there trembling violently. Opposite was the Brobdingnagian figure of Obese Foster glowering upon him: Obese, who waited grimly and menacingly for his money. Wildly, Achilles' eyes roved the shop—and suddenly they lighted with enthusiasm.

"One mo' thing," he announced.

"What?" Mr. Foster was visibly displeased.

Achilles' eyes were focused on a large gilt sign over the door leading from the rear of the shop.

"I craves a bath," he proclaimed.

A gasp from Obese Foster. A look of startled inquiry from Azalea Grimes. This, indeed, seemed to be adding insult to cleanliness.

"Wh-what you want with a bath?" queried the proprietor angrily.

"I aims to git 'maculate fo' that new job I was infohming you about."

Obese was conscious of the fact that something was being done to him, but as yet he was undetermined what that something might be. He selected a towel which he tossed at his spendthrift customer.

"Make it snappy, Achilles. It's pas' my suppertime."

Achilles strutted rearward. This last device had been a stroke of genius. It not only offered a reprieve but presented the possibility of complete escape. The bathroom was beyond the rear of the shop at the end of a dreary hallway. The shop itself backed on an alley. Undoubtedly the bathroom contained a window. What could be simpler than to slip through that aperture and vanish temporarily from the sight of Obese Foster? Mr. Grimes allowed himself the luxury of a deep chuckle.

"Hot dam!" said he to himself. "Won't Obese be plumb s'prised when I neglects to return?"

He entered the room and his eye lighted upon the window over the bathtub. And then much of his enthusiasm vanished. The window was barred!

Once again Mr. Grimes plumbed the nadir of despair. He slipped thumbs into his vest and tapped his fingers speculatively against his anatomy. The index finger of his right hand touched something; something round and hard. Fearfully Achilles slipped his hand into the watch pocket of his trousers. It emerged clutching the missing dollar. Achilles stared in horrified amazement.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated. "I had it all the time!"

The coin leered at him and mocked him. Too late now. The bill was uncomfortably more than three dollars; a single simoleon was not of the slightest use. But it indicated that Achilles' present predicament was unnecessary, which ironically made it seem doubly bitter.

Mr. Grimes was convinced beyond all doubt that the cards were stacked against him. The supposedly lost money, the pyramiding of the barber bill, the finding of the coin when it was too late, the refusal of his neck to get cut, the fact that the window of the bathroom was barred. It was a combination of adverse circumstances which mere mortal could not hope to combat.

But life was very sweet to the trembling little man in the gloomy bathroom. He had not the slightest craving to be the honored guest at a funeral. His was the desperation of the cornered rat, the fury of the worm that has turned.

Thought of his scheme concocted in the chair recurred. It had been his idea to become a casualty, and as such to be removed from the barberous confines. Certainly even Obese Foster would not demand payment from a person being ambulanced away. That then offered the only hope of escape. Achilles arrived at his decision by a process of elimination. He must make a casualty of himself, else Obese would do the job for him.

His eye roved the bathroom, and then quite suddenly he threw back his head and chuckled. An idea—a glorious, magnificent, superb idea—had come to him full-panoplied. He crossed the room and stroked the polished sides of the instantaneous water heater with a deep personal affection.

"Gas heater," he murmured beatifically, "heah's where you an' Achilles goes partners together."

How simple it was after all! He would turn on the gas and leave the door slightly ajar so that the fumes would penetrate the shop. Then he would stretch comfortably on the floor and pretend to be overcome. They would rush back to see what was the matter, and there he would be on the floor—"Plumb black in the face, tha's what." He grinned as he visioned the excitement; the phoning for an ambulance, the crowds. "Hot dawg! Heah's where I corpses myse'f."

The preparations for his temporary demise were beautifully simple. He divested himself of one collar and one coat, turned the gas on the least little bit and placed his anatomy full length on the floor. Now, indeed, he was at peace with the world. He closed his eyes happily and waited. Here was relief supreme after the mental agonies which he had undergone in the chair of Obese Foster.

Just to lie around and wait for nothing to happen! A smile of pleasurable anticipation creased his lips. Mentally, he patted himself on the back. He was a genius, no doubt about it. The average man would have spinelessly reconciled himself to the inevitable and made a date with his favorite undertaker. Not so Achilles. He was a gentleman of resource.

He wondered why his wife and her employer did not come to investigate. It seemed impossible that they could not smell the gas. The pungent fumes assailed his own nostrils most flagrantly. In fact he realized that his head was spinning a trifle. It occurred to him that perhaps he had been a bit too artistic—had carried verisimilitude too far. He decided to diminish the flow of gas.

He tried to rise. But as he lifted his head from the floor it spun crazily and the walls of the bathroom did a jazz dance. He attempted to move an arm; he commanded the arm to move, but the arm refused to obey.

He gazed at his own helpless limbs. The final stroke of terror came when he opened his lips to shriek for help and found that he was unable to call.

In the front of the shop Obese Foster was glaring at the door through which his customer had passed. On the other side of the shop Azalea was preparing to depart. She wrinkled her nose.

"Obese," she announced, "I smell gas."

Mr. Foster sniffed.

"You an' me bofe."

"It's coming from that hallway," she said positively.

A smile crossed his lips.

"Ise afraid you is right, I hope."

Fear struck her and she darted toward the rear of the shop, Obese in hot pursuit.

"Hey, gal, where is you goin'?"

"To see what's happened to my husban'."

"Ain't nothin' happened to that feller. An' if it had, it woul'n't of happened to nobody."

She whirled on him.

"You lay off of Achilles. He's my husban' an' I reckon I can save him fum bein' gassed to death if I want."

As they approached the bathroom there was no mistaking that the situation was serious. Both felt faint, and Azalea flung open the bathroom door. The foul air smote her forcibly. Slowly the air of the little room cleared. Azalea, frantic with fear at sight of her husband's limp form, assumed charge of the situation and snapped her orders so imperiously that Mr. Foster obeyed without question.

They dragged the semiconscious figure to the front of the shop and propped him up by the open door, where the inrush of fresh air served to clear his head somewhat. There was no question that he was genuinely overcome. Even Obese was frightened.

"R-r-reckon us better call a ambulance," he suggested

The keen wifely eyes of Azalea saw that Mr. Grimes was on the road to rapid recovery.

"Never min' no ambulance. Git me a taxi fum Acey Upshaw." Achilles nodded heavy thick-tongued assent.

"Uh-huh, taxi."

By the time the cab arrived Achilles was sufficiently recovered to understand that he had been on the threshold of the hereafter. He understood also that all thought of his indebtedness to the massive barber had slipped temporarily from the mind of that individual.

He allowed Obese to help him into the cab. Azalea climbed in beside him and ordered the driver to make the circle of Highland Avenue before carrying Achilles to his home.

"Fresh air is what you needs, honey."

The cab turned southward, threaded through the maze of traffic on Eighteenth Street, bumped across the L. & N. tracks and swung eventually by Five Points onto the long winding pavement of the city's chief residential thoroughfare.

The night was quiet and peaceful; the cool fresh air circulated through the cab and drove the final vestige of gas from the lungs of Mr. Achilles Grimes. That gentleman lay blissfully in the arms of his wife. He feared to move or speak lest the magic spell be broken. It was only when she bent her face to his in token of surrender that he knew all was well.

"Honey boy," she crooned, "I suttinly thought yo' life insurance was about to become due an' payable."

"An' you is glad it ain't, Azalea?"

"Oh, Achilles ——"

A long silence, and then ——

"Azalea!"

"Yeh?"

"Does us take that job together?"

"We sho'ly does, sugarfoot."

"An' we ain't never gwine git separated fum each other no mo'?"

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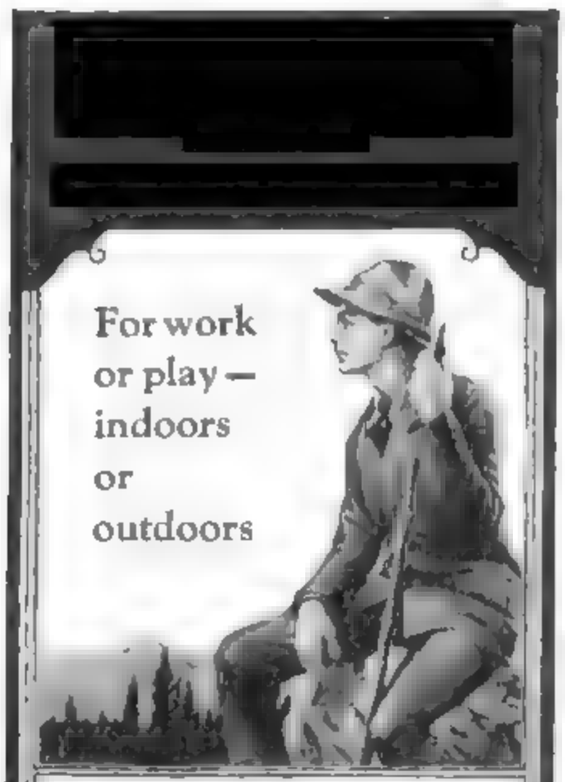

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"Not never again."

"Golly!"

Achilles was superlatively happy. He was pleased with life in general and himself in particular. Most especially was he delighted with the manner in which he had outwitted Obese Foster. A deep throaty chuckle agitated his slight frame.

Azalea questioned, "What you laughin' at, Achilles?"

"Somethin'."

"What?"

Briefly and graphically Mr. Grimes sketched for her his recent predicament. He was laughing aloud by the time he was finished, but on the wifely countenance was an expression of wide-eyed horror.

"Y-you turned on that gas yo' ownse'f?"

"Yeh, sho'ly I did. I was desprit, not havin' no money or nothin' an' Obese cravin' to carve me." He raised his head slightly and turned inquiring eyes upon her. "It's funny, Azalea. Why don't you laugh?"

"Because there ain't nothin' to laugh at. You acted foolish an' unnecessary, an' you 'most died for doin' it."

"What you mean—foolish an' unnecessary? I di'n't have no money an' I owed Obese three dollars."

She shook her head.

"Tha's the thing, Achilles. When you turned on that gas you didn't owe Mistuh Foster nothin'."

"Says which?"

"You didn't owe him a cent. Because I knowed when you went to take that bath somethin' was wrong, an' havin' been yo' wife fo' sev'al yeahs, I guessed that you was broke."

Achilles experienced a sinking sensation.

"An' then?" he prompted.

"Well, I didn't want to see nothin' happen, so I paid Obese all what you owed him."

HOW SHOULD WE ORGANIZE OUR NATIONAL AIR POWER?

(Continued from Page 7)

properly designed, particularly with a view to minimum requirements in number of personnel, it is not so bad. It is possible to work out the capacity for supplies without difficulty and it can be safely said that if properly designed, a sea endurance can be obtained which balances the fuel radius. These factors give a vessel which can keep the sea for long periods, cover long distances and operate unsupported.

Any valid criticism of war value seems to question the submarine's powers of offense against surface war vessels. At present development we have seen that they were powerful enough to lay mines secretly and where they liked; their guns, which during the war were only patched on, did effective work; while their torpedoes, husbanded for safe shots only, caused heavy losses in men-of-war. Aside from the direct results were the restrictions that their menace placed upon the Allies. It was a nuisance to have to zigzag, and so on. Escorting vessels used up a lot of our resources and energy; for instance, destroyers had to be specialized in armament and tactics at the expense of their value in the missions for which they were built. What the German submarines did against Allied men-of-war alone amply repaid them for their total effort.

The direct offensive power of the submarine is still developing. A British boat carries a twelve-inch gun which operates successfully. It is easy to mount powerful guns up to eight inches or more and to provide ammunition supply and fire control. Guns on submarines probably are only auxiliary weapons, and underwater attack is still their main job. There are also said to be weapons other than torpedoes for attacking under water. These new weapons are mainly in the paper stage only; if successful they will surely destroy any ship built or building. It seems that a vast improvement in offensive power—certainly all that needs to be added to present-day submarines—is practicable.

Submarine officers think our next national emergency will find them fighting on our most advanced front from the day hostilities begin. It is conceivable and probable that there will be a long period of hostilities before any surface fleets come into action. The weaker surface fleet would certainly retreat to the protection of its air power in the radius of aircraft action of its own coast. The superior fleet menaced by submarines and long-distance aircraft could not long exist on the high seas and would be of little service there under such conditions. A fleet action in the old sense may never occur again. Undoubtedly submarines will be developed into aircraft carriers in addition to their other uses.

A modern organization of a country's military power, therefore, indicates that aircraft will be used over both land and sea for combating hostile air forces, demolishing ships on the sea and important targets on the land. Submarines will be used in and on the seas for controlling sea lanes of communication and assisting air power. Armies will be used on land for insuring domestic tranquillity, holding operating bases for aircraft and seacraft and, in a last analysis, together with air power against hostile armies. What might be termed battleship sea power is fading away. Only a few nations still maintain it. If an attempt is made to use it in future it will be so menaced by aircraft from above and submarines from underneath that it will be much more of a military liability than an asset. To this extent have the advent of air power and the use of submarines wrought a change in methods of war. In the future, therefore, surface navies based on battleships cannot be the arbiters of the communications over the ocean.

The tremendous cost of these craft and their upkeep will be applied to more efficient and more modern methods of defense. Fighting airplanes can be built in production with their engines for $15,000 to $75,000; at an average of about $25,000. Therefore, so far as construction is concerned, at the price of a battleship and its

(Continued on Page 216)

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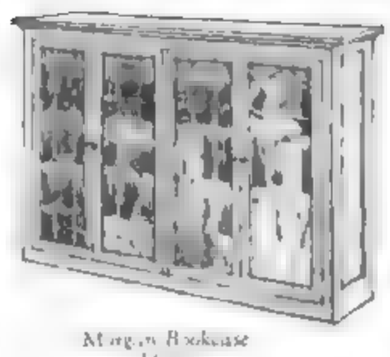
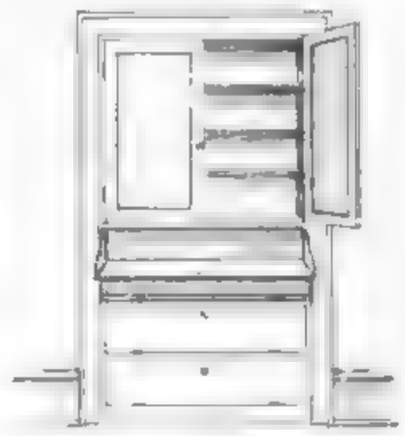
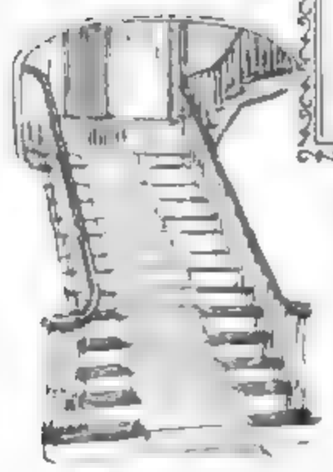


Morgan Bookcase M42



Morgan Linen Case M103



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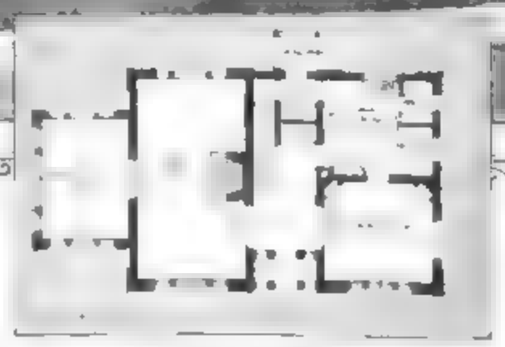
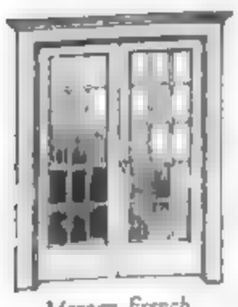


Main Floor Plan

On the day you write your *last rent check*



Morgan French Doors M831

MAYBE you are counting the hours. Or maybe it is still just beyond reality. But some day your last rent check will have been written. You will be a landlord—a home owner. Then *real* life will begin—out where the grass is greener—where the air is sweeter—where there is space for a garden—where a glorious evening breeze blows the curtains straight out, and the old Bull Frog Quartette sings you off to sleep.

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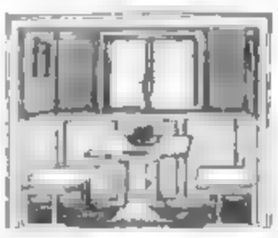

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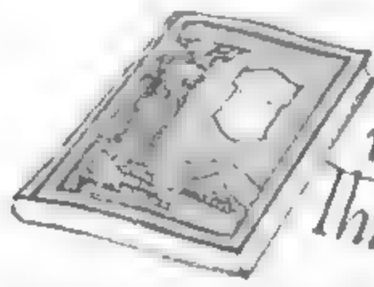

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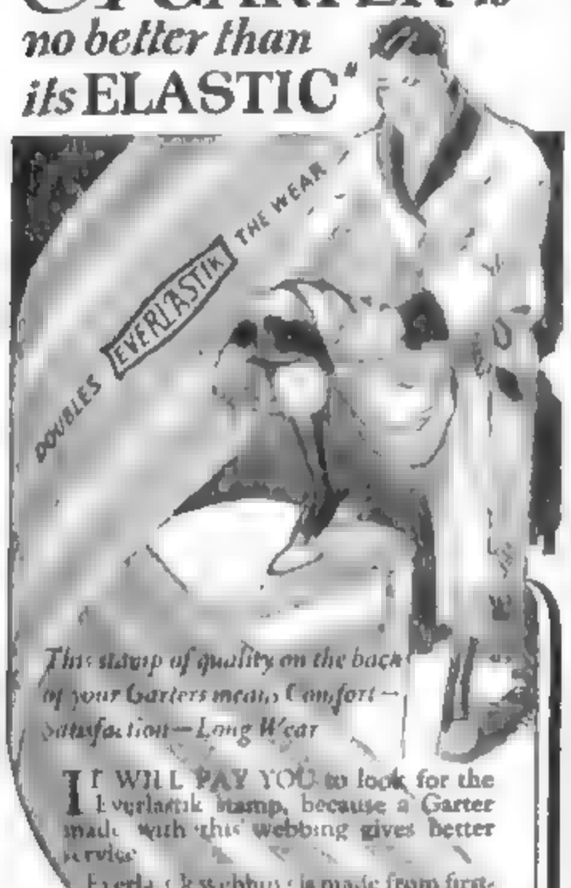

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(Continued from Page 214)

accessories—that is, $100,000,000—an average of 4000 airplanes can be built for the price of a battleship. The United States is now allowed a fleet of eighteen battleships. On this basis, 72,000 airplanes could be built. In any national emergency that we can visualize, the country certainly does not need more than 3000 or 4000 airplanes at the decisive point; these can be built and maintained for a relatively small proportional cost and still have great use in civil and commercial aviation in peacetime. The cost of the battleships and their accessories is not all. The navy yards cost tremendous amounts. In the United States and possessions there are about nineteen of these, whose value aggregates $1,300,000,000. The cost of upkeep and depreciation of these amounts to a vast annual sum. Into many of these navy yards a wounded battleship drawing forty feet of water cannot go, as there is not enough water on the sills of the dry docks.

If the defense of the coast is intrusted to aircraft and the Navy's coast-defense functions are modified, many of these stations can be dispensed with or changed.

In order to carry on offensive operations a surface navy has to have tremendous naval stations and bases, thousands of miles away from their own country in some cases. These take the form of dry docks, fuel stations, oil and ammunition depots and shops which cost millions of dollars and are quite vulnerable to air attack. The amount of money and effort put into these might be applied to better use for aircraft and submarines.

Constant Development Needed

So far as land forces are concerned, airplanes will reduce the cost of coast fortifications. As they are able to attack seacraft at long distances from the coast they not only will keep surface seacraft entirely away from cannon range of the coast but they will eliminate the necessity for many of the great seacoast cannon. Every time a large seacoast cannon is installed on its concrete foundation it costs half a million dollars. In the ten years preceding 1920, the United States expended about $1,800,000,000 on coast defenses of different kinds. The present land system of fortifications has changed little from the system employed during the Revolutionary War, which was to have all estuaries, ports or harbor entrances garnished with cannon so as to keep away all hostile surface ships. Part of the money and effort saved from some of these expenditures could be put into more mobile cannon to be used with an active army or into aircraft to keep the enemy away from the coast and frontiers. With a well-organized air force it is hard to visualize how an enemy could gain a footing on land in a country such as the United States.

Constant development must be kept up in civil and commercial aviation as well as in military aviation, and again accurate vision is required to see what will take place several years hence. The older services, such as the Army and Navy, to which aviation was attached at first, were entirely incapable of visualizing aviation's progress, particularly in its civil and commercial application, which must work hand in hand with its military use.

Another very important consideration is the budget. So long as the budget for the development of aircraft is prepared by the Army, Navy or other agency of the Government, aviation will be considered as an auxiliary and the requisite amount of money, as compared with the older services, will be subject to the final decision of personnel whose main duty is not aviation. This has resulted in an incomplete, inefficient, and ultimately expensive system of appropriating money.

Centralized Authority

Of equal importance is the question of the personnel, of the people who have to act and actually fly in aviation. We now have an airgoing personnel as distinguished from a seagoing and landgoing class. In military aviation, in time of peace, the Air Service in the United States loses nearly half of the total number of deaths in the Army per year; in time of war the number of casualties among the flying officers is proportionally great. We therefore need a system of training, education, reserves and replacements entirely different from that of the other services.

As important as anything else is the placing of one man in charge of aviation who can be held directly responsible for the aëronautical development of the whole country and, next, an air respresentative on councils of national defense who has equal power with that of the representatives of the Army and of the Navy. Not only does this give proper weight to aëronautics, both in peace and in war, but the Army and Navy have always, and will always, deadlock upon certain issues where they have equal representation. The introduction of a third service would tend to break this. Eventually all military power of the Government should be concentrated under a single department which would have control over all national defense, no matter whether it be on land, on the sea or in the air. In this way overhead might be cut down, definite and complete missions assigned to air, land and water forces, and a more thorough understanding of the nation's needs would result.

When the great nations considered these things and many others, they gradually began changing their governmental organization to keep step with the progress of the time. England created a separate air ministry equal with the army and navy. This department handles all aviation matters—the central air force, the aviation assigned to the army and navy, civil aviation and commercial aviation. It maintains its airways, weather services, radio-control stations, and subsidizes its passenger and cargo planes. One air man has charge of all of England's air defenses. An air man sits in the Council of Imperial Defense. He has an equal voice with the representatives

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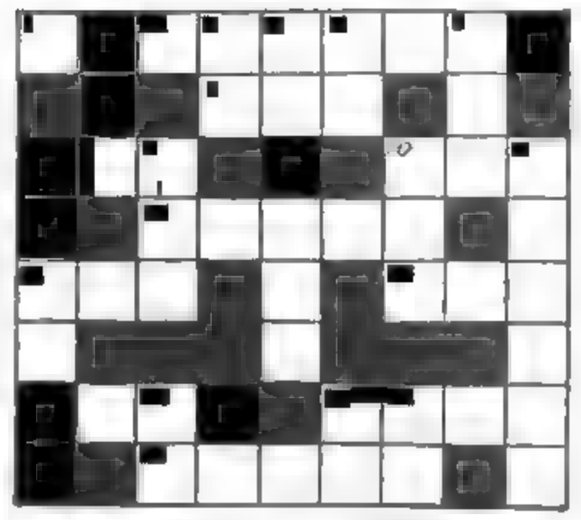

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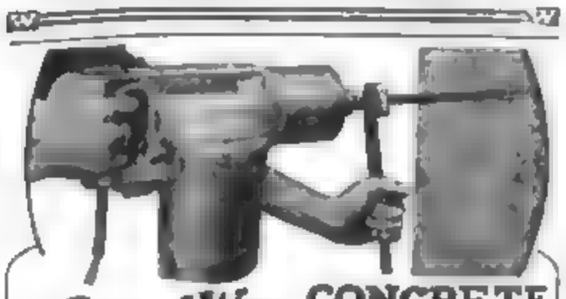

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from the army and the navy. It is probable that both the army and the navy will be under the air commander's orders for the defense of the islands; certainly in the beginning of a campaign, as the paramount interest of the services in the event of an attack on the British Isles resides in the air. Later, if a campaign or war develops so that the army or the navy has the paramount rôle, the supreme command would pass to the one which is the more interested. Wherever the air force can administer an occupied territory more economically and better than the army, such territory is turned over to it. For several years, now, England's air force has had control and the complete administration of Mesopotamia.

The British air force is composed of men who have complete confidence in the future of aviation and who can visualize what is going to happen and what aviation can do and should do, instead of what it cannot do and should not do, as the armies and navies were inclined to do when aviation was under them. The British air force has given excellent service to the army and has greatly improved the aeronautical equipment for the British navy. Its influence on the design of the latest capital ships of the British service has been marked. These are really great armored airplane carriers: their guns and their planes can probably destroy any other surface ships that now exist. It appears that they have made all the present battleships as obsolete as when the original Dreadnought appeared and made all the others obsolete. It is a matter of discussion now whether it would not be better to wipe out every battleship and begin all over again, putting one's faith in entirely new developments which can compete with and be more efficient than these new carriers on the high seas.

Aviation on the Continent

France has preened her wings also. She has abandoned the construction of battleships, has constructed submarines and has developed the greatest air force in the world. She has a separate department of aviation. The actual fighting part of the air force still remains under the army, but the development of aviation is now intrusted to a department. It is better than the old arrangement, but not so good as England's organization, and there is strong agitation for an air ministry to control all air matters.

Italy is organizing a separate department of aëronautics similar to that of England. Germany had a separate air service in 1916. Denmark has abandoned her army and navy and relies for protection on her air force and police. Sweden has a separate air service and is concentrating her power on the development of the air. Japan is diving into the aviation pool as deeply as possible. She still has an inefficient organization but is consolidating her aviation activities more and more. Russia is developing her air power and has a single department of national defense.

America still hesitates to consolidate her aëronautical activities, but the question is becoming more important every day, and the more it is investigated the more apparent is its necessity. The only American mission consisting of representatives from civil life, the Army, the Navy, the Council of National Defense, leaders in the aeronautical industry and headed by the Assistant Secretary of War, that ever made a careful study of this matter, reported as follows to the Secretary of War on July 19, 1919:

"To the Secretary of War.

"*Sir:* In accordance with your instructions, the American Aviation Mission visited France, Italy and England. It was able to confer with various ministers of these Governments, ranking Army and Navy commanders, and the foremost aircraft manufacturers."

Recommendations

"A thorough study and investigation were made by your Mission of all forms of organization, production and development. As a result of these studies your Mission desires to emphasize the universal opinion of its members that immediate action is necessary to safeguard the air interests of the United States, to preserve for the Government some benefit of the great aviation expenditures made during the period of the war, and to prevent a vitally necessary industry from entirely disappearing. Ninety per cent of the industry created during the war has been liquidated. Unless some definite policy is adopted by the Government, it is inevitable that the remaining ten per cent will also disappear.

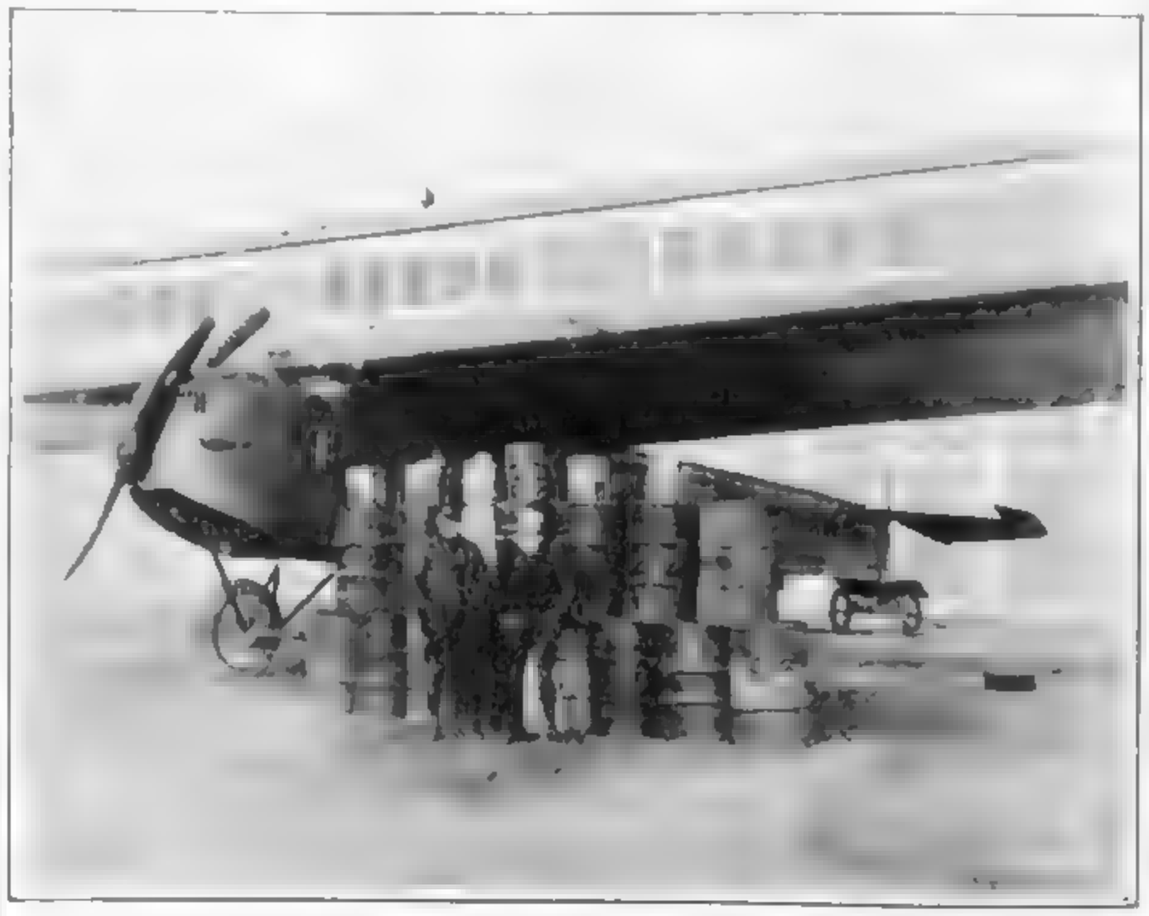
"In placing this matter before you the subject falls into three important heads:

"1. General organization;
"2. Development, commercial;
"3. Development, technical.

"1. GENERAL ORGANIZATION

"The findings of the American Aviation Mission and its recommendations are submitted after a careful review of the situation in the allied countries mentioned, but always keeping in mind the situation in the United States. Under the above sub-heads the results of these investigations are presented to you, which, in the opinion of the Mission, demand the most earnest and immediate consideration along the broadest lines, with a view to establishing some fixed policy which will save the aircraft situation in the United States and give the United States an equal place with the great powers of Europe in this great new commercial development.

"The American Aviation Mission therefore recommends the concentration of the air activities of the United States, military, naval and civilian, within the direction of a single Government agency created for the purpose, co-equal in importance with the Departments of War, Navy and of Commerce, to be called in this report, for the



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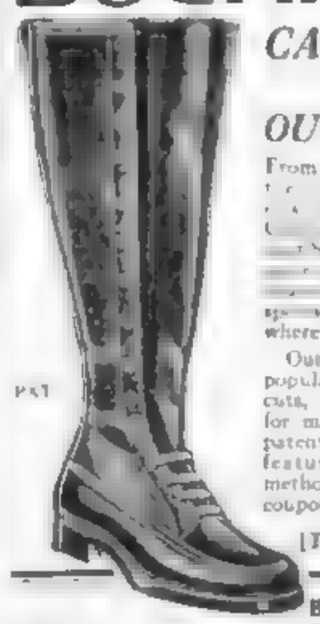

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purposes of identification, the National Air Service.

"In making the above recommendations, the following views and data of the Mission are presented:

"Visits were made by the Mission to England, France, Italy, and conferences have been held with those largely responsible for the successful prosecution of the war and especially with those men most experienced in the aërial development within those countries. Among others, interviews have been had with:

"FRANCE: Marechal Foch, Commandant-en-Chef des Armées Alliées; André Tardieu, Ministre des Affaires Franco-Américaines; Général M. Duval, Chef de Service de l'Aéronautique; Jacques Dumesnil, Député, formerly Sous-Secrétaire de l'Aéronautique; M. Loucheur, Président du Conseil de Guerre, now Minister of Reconstruction; Daniel Vincent, Député, formerly Sous-Secrétaire de l'Aviation; Gaston Minier, Député, Chef du Comité Aéronautique au Sénat; and Major d'Aiguillon, of the Commission Interministerielle de l'Aviation Civile.

"ENGLAND: Honorable Winston Churchill, M.P., Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for Air; Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; Admiral Sir David Beatty, R.N., Admiral of the Fleet; Major General Right Hon. J. E. B. Seely, Under Secretary of State for Air; Major General Hugh M. Trenchard, Chief of Air Staff, Royal Air Force; Major General E. L. Ellington, Director General, Supply and Research, Royal Air Force; Major General Sir Frederick H. Sykes, Controller General Civil Aviation, Royal Air Force; Sir W. A. Robinson, Secretary, Air Ministry; and Major General Sir W. S. Brancker, Royal Air Force, now with the Aircraft Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

"ITALY: G. Grassi, Chief of the Italian Aviation in Paris; Colonel Guidoni, Italian Foreign Aëronautical Mission; Admiral Orsini, Chief of Italian Naval Aviation; Colonel Crocco, Chief of the Technical Bureau; and Signor Conti, Secretary of State for Aviation.

"In all countries visited, and in the minds of all persons met in conference, appears an extraordinary similarity in condition and in conclusions drawn from the experiences of the five difficult years of mistake and achievement in the prosecution of the war. Perhaps no stronger or more simple presentation of the regard in which the future of aviation is held in allied countries can be given than by quotation from two letters of M. Clemenceau, copies of which were obtained in France. The first is addressed to the President of the United States, urging upon him the immediate consideration of matters aëronautical and in connection with the Peace Conference. The second is addressed to the President of the Republic of France, submitting the draft of a decree creating a separate department of Aëronautics placed transitorily under the Ministry of War an intermediate step possible without legislation and looking to the early creation of an Independent Ministry of the Air."

Those interested in the future of the country, not only from a national-defense standpoint but from a civil, commercial and economic one as well, should study this matter carefully, because air power has not only come to stay but is, and will be, a dominating factor in the world's development

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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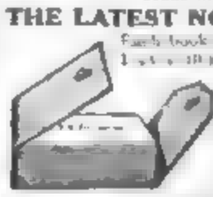

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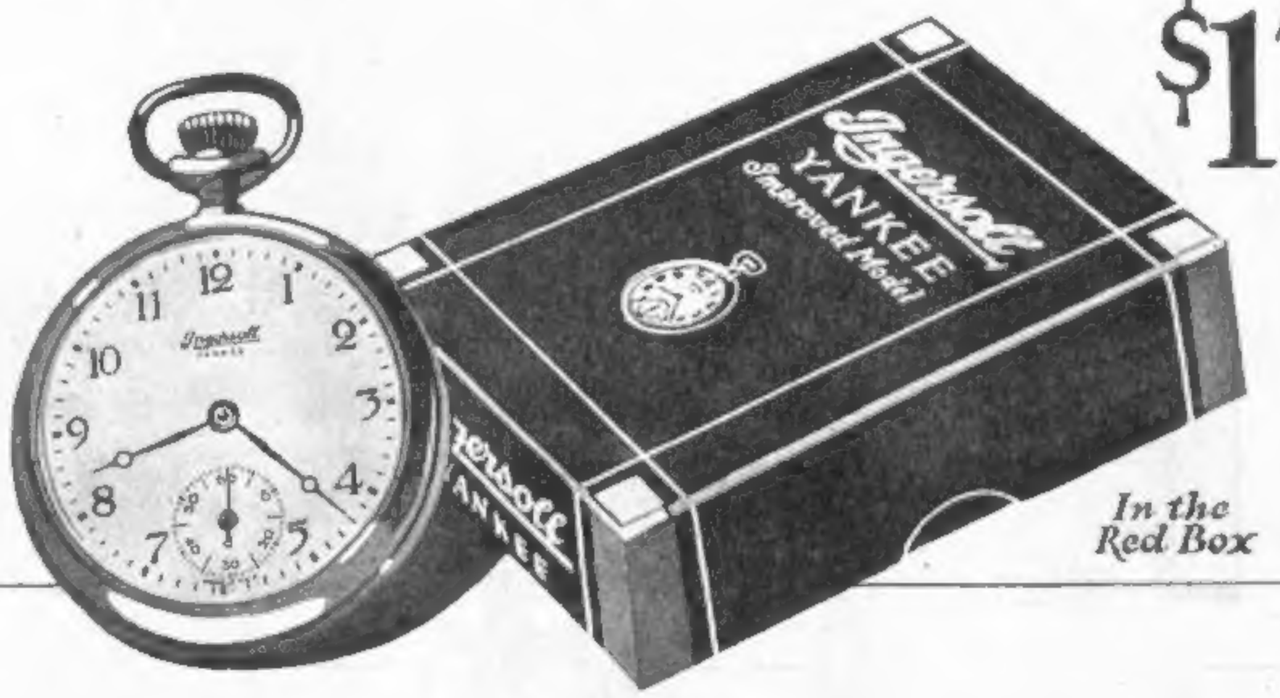

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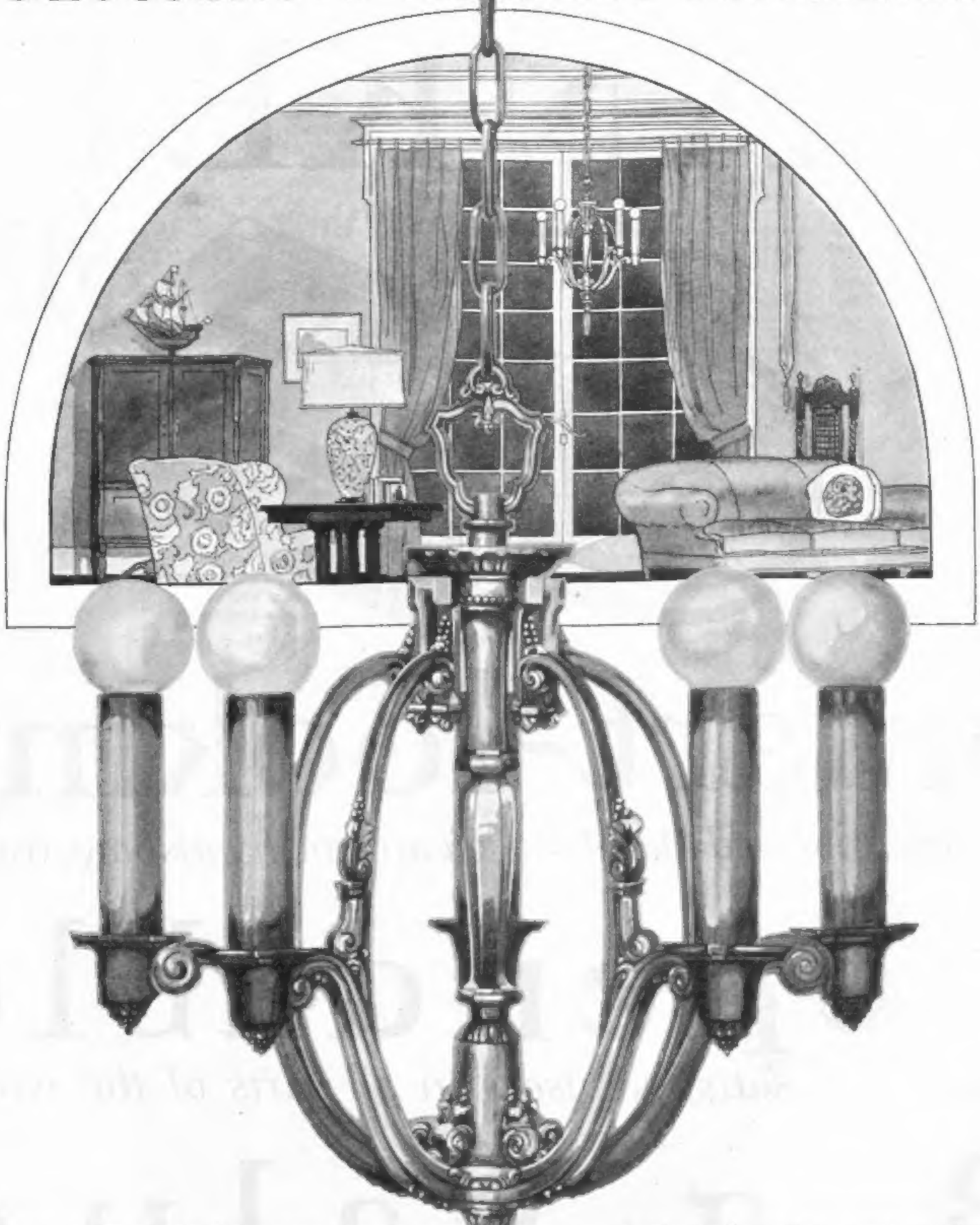

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